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AMERICAN BUSINESS AND HITLER

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[UNTIL 1939 Douglas Miller served as Commercial Attaché at the United States Embassy in Berlin. During his fifteen years in the German capital he observed German industry and particularly noted the ruthless determination with which it was directed after Hitler came to power. The article which follows is taken from his book, *You Can't Do Business with Hitler*, just published by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company. — THE EDITOR]

IF Hitler can defeat Britain, he has removed the last obstacle to his effective control over Europe, Africa, and Asia Minor. The Nazis will control the oceans. They will soon force a considerable part of South America into their economic orbit. We cannot overlook the possibility that they may secure a working agreement with the Soviet Union and the Japanese new order in Asia for a terrific assault upon us.

They will be able to turn to their advantage our need for foreign markets, our lack of certain critical raw materials. They can exert pressure upon American property in the territories which they control. They can project fear into the hearts of millions of Americans through relatives and friends in the Old World. They can and will use the device of a centralized economic system, buying and selling for half the

world, to put pressure upon our economy at many points.

They will have the assistance of numerous agents throughout North America, some of them moved by racial consciousness, some bribed by propaganda funds, and some despairing of democracy's continued existence in a totalitarian world. The Nazis hate the United States more poisonously than any other country. Our very existence disproves their racial and economic theories. We have welcomed their beaten enemies. We persist in speaking, printing, and broadcasting disagreeable truths which they would like to see suppressed. Above all, we alone possess the loot which would make a world conquest worth while.

The Nazis have often said that there are two opposite poles in the world — Germany, the pole of order, discipline, and scientific progress; and the United

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States, the pole of democratic anarchy, decadent Christianity, and the degeneration and loss of efficiency which accompany a system of free enterprise. Hitler's conquest is only partial and incomplete until we are brought into his world system.

I make these statements on the basis of fifteen years' residence in Berlin, close association with Nazi leaders and their party, and a detailed study of National Socialist books, pamphlets, and newspapers from the very beginning of their movement, when they were less cautious about discussing ultimate objectives. These convictions I formed slowly under the pressure of overwhelming evidence.

One and a half years before Hitler assumed power — that is, in October 1931 — I prepared a report to Washington of how the coming National Socialist State in Germany would operate. This account still stands substantially correct. Several years before the outbreak of the present war I had arrived at the belief that war was coming and that further commercial relations between Germany and the United States would come to an end. Accordingly, on September 1, 1938, I cabled a request to return to the United States, which later was acted upon. In the American press I foretold that war was imminent in the summer of 1939. I believe that this record entitles me to make public some of my experiences with the Nazis and — after drawing conclusions from them, discussing Nazi aims and methods — to project existing Nazi policy into the future and describe what sort of world we shall have to live in if Hitler wins.

I

One fundamental characteristic of all totalitarian economies is their essential unproductiveness. This arises first of all from their militaristic nature. They are economies of conflict, working toward an expansion of their territory and an increase in their power. They can never be

disassociated from the thought of war. Hitler's solution of the employment problem is the stimulation of war industries. This is natural on psychological grounds because Nazi economy is an economy of conflict, and on material grounds because it seems easier for central planning to operate by militaristic rather than by peacetime methods.

In Germany the Nazis have been kept going in the past through exploiting the Jews, the Catholics, and other minority groups, cutting down their property and income; by heavy taxation of wealthy citizens; by high-speed exploitation of mines and timber resources and intensive exploitation of agriculture; by the non-payment of existing debts to foreigners and the creation of more foreign indebtedness, both monetary and commodity; by the gradual consuming of all liquid capital in the country; by exchanging government short-term debt for existing securities held by private persons; by bleeding the financial structure, including banks, insurance companies, trading houses, and manufacturing concerns, forcing them to exchange their equities for worthless government paper; and finally, when this process had gone on to its final limits, by preying upon other economies. Totalitarianism is by nature parasitic and predatory. It cannot live on its own resources, but must forever consume the wealth of its neighbors. The whole technique of German commercial policy is one of exploiting the assets of others. While the Nazi State grows ever more powerful, its citizens suffer continual reductions in their living standards. All totalitarian régimes must keep their peoples warlike and poor in order to hold them in line.

This essential sterility of the Fascist system is one explanation of its aggressiveness. The totalitarians are a group of bandits who have learned no useful trade or occupation but are well armed and have no scruples about attacking their neighbors. Germany has, under Hitler, thrown away her possibilities of

peaceful trade and understanding with all the world and has no option but to go forward in the campaign of aggression. She must not, in Hitler's words, 'export or die'; she must fight or die. Under these circumstances it is completely useless to await any peaceful settlement of Europe's troubles. The Nazis are not organized for peace. They are not prepared for it. They would not know what to do with it. Hitler dare not demobilize his armies or end his war economy. He has promised future war to boys too young to participate in the present struggle. He has written in *Mein Kampf*, 'The human race has grown great in war. In peace it would only decay.'

II

If we assume a Hitler victory over the Old World, just how can we continue to conduct ordinary day-to-day relations between the hemispheres? Let us try to imagine how difficult this would be and some of the troubles that would arise for us. International relations are a complex affair. We touch the Old World at many points and through a variety of channels. Just how can we arrange the normal exchange of telegraphic messages over ocean cables when one end lies in a free country and the other is controlled by a totalitarian dictatorship? Shall we have to cut the cables, or can we set up some American government ownership or operation of our end of these lines to prevent Hitler from using them as a method of forcing an entry into our internal affairs? What shall we do about radio connections across the Atlantic? Can we allow our people to listen to insidious propaganda designed to break down our morale? Shall we have radio telephone connections with the Old World? Shall we radio pictures across the ocean? What arrangements shall we be forced to set up regarding the exchange of letters and second-class mail, including newspapers, magazines, and packages? Will it not be necessary for this country to

have a censorship of mail at the frontiers? If we have to control foreign trade, as we shall surely have to if the Nazis win, shall we not be obliged to control movements of foreign exchange? Will our government not have to open all first-class mail to see whether it contains currency? Shall we be able to have exchange of funds by money order with the totalitarian postal systems? It would not seem so, as they control all movements of funds through a control station and seize any foreign money coming in, no matter for whom it is destined.

Could we allow Hitler's newspapers and magazines to circulate freely in this country? He would not allow ours to go to his subject peoples. Should we dare to permit American ships to visit the harbors of dictator-controlled countries? Our sailors and shipowners could not be guaranteed proper protection against arrest or the confiscation of property. Could we maintain consular and diplomatic officers in the New Europe? Would they be allowed to retain traditional privileges of extraterritoriality? Could our tourists travel abroad? What about the millions of people of this country who have close friends and relatives on the other side? What arrangements could be made for the exchange of Axis citizens here for American and Canadian citizens caught in the Old World?

What about the billions of dollars' worth of American property held in Germany or in the countries that Hitler has been taking over? What about the debts owed to American banks and bondholders by Germany and other European nations? If we are to be engaged in permanent hostilities with the dictators, all private interests must continue to suffer. But if we are to have a period of formal peace, some arrangements must be made to adjust these matters. They will prove extraordinarily difficult to settle.

We must not forget that the Nazis have long experience in this kind of negotiations. They have worked out new

revolutionary methods of turning every one of these factors to their own advantage. *We shall be fearfully handicapped if we allow individuals on this side to negotiate with a centralized bureaucracy on the other.* Almost inevitably the United States Government must extend its control over all matters of this kind in order to present a stiff front to the Nazi pressure. We shall have to change very many of our present practices. We could no longer allow American probate courts to pay out to totalitarian governments money bequeathed to individuals and institutions by wills. We could no longer allow the United States Veterans Bureau to mail every month millions of dollars in checks to our discharged veterans who are now living abroad. This money, of course, goes right into the pockets of the dictators, while the beneficiaries are paid off in different varieties of Hitler's phony currencies.

What arrangements would be necessary to take care of American patents registered in Europe? Under probable circumstances the owners here would get no royalties, nor would our authors and composers be able to collect anything in the way of royalties on copyrighted books, articles, and musical compositions used over there. Should we be willing to grant such rights to authors, composers, and patent owners of the Old World when we know that the money would go to the central government? Would we allow Hitler or his agents the right to appear in an American court to recover sums due from the people playing Strauss waltzes? Under the new setup Hitler would be the effective owner of the trademarks of French champagne, Harris tweeds, and Copenhagen porcelain. He would control all stock of American corporations now owned anywhere in Europe. Can we let him vote that stock in our annual meetings? The impact of an immense totalitarian state through all these channels upon our economic life would be most dangerous and destructive.

If Hitler wins, we can expect our economic picture in the United States to be somewhat as follows: an expanded war industry which we must maintain and enlarge for the purpose of North America and hemisphere defense; a backed-up supply of certain exportable commodities, including cotton, grain, and tobacco, for which no market in the Western Hemisphere can be found; a growing shortage of certain critical materials which up to now have been secured from the Old World. These shortages would not amount to much in terms of American dollars, but they might mean dangerous deficiencies in certain areas of our defense program and in the supply of many goods commonly used in the United States. We might, for example, have very little chrome. At the present time the automobile companies are requesting that when new chromium parts are ordered the old broken parts be immediately sent back to Detroit in exchange. We might be seriously short of manganese, mercury, tin, antimony, tungsten, rubber, scientific instruments, optical goods, and other commodities.

Our economy would be characterized by easy money, a nervous and depressed stock exchange, rising indebtedness, a high level of employment and wages in defense industries, and a feeling of dread regarding the future outlook. If Germany wins, our foreign trade will come almost to a standstill. At the present time two thirds of our foreign trade is with the British Empire. We have placed that proportion of our eggs in one basket. Hitler bids fair to smash both basket and eggs. Another large segment of our trade lies with Japan. If Hitler wins, he might take steps to integrate European and Asiatic trade, so that this market and source of supply would be suddenly taken from us. We should find an immediate drop in our business with the southern part of Latin America. What was left of our foreign trade would be only the portion which goes to North America and the Carib-

bean area. This restricted trade zone contains a large number of our good customers, but it would be impossible for them to absorb our customary total exports.

We have a carry-over of fifteen million bales of cotton, and we need to sell one half of our current crop to prevent further increase. If we cannot come to satisfactory trade relations with Hitler and the Japanese, we shall have to restrict the production of this commodity and find new sources of livelihood for a vast number of persons in the South. If Britain goes down, our leading foreign market vanishes. Our other markets in the Old World have already disappeared. We shall have to revise our economy to take care of the workmen and industries now employed on sales to Britain and possibly Japan; we shall see a sudden contraction of our foreign markets for office equipment, machine tools, and other mechanical devices, petroleum and its products, copper and other nonferrous metals, miscellaneous items of iron and steel, chemicals, naval stores, canned, dried, and fresh fruits, not to mention many other items. We shall be forced either to trade with Hitler or to make a sudden readjustment of our economy which is bound to be painful and distressing to millions of Americans. Either choice involves us in acute difficulties.

Suppose we try to trade with Hitler. The American Government must then commence negotiations in Berlin for some sort of exchange of commodities. We shall be handicapped at every turn because the Germans can put pressure upon factions and commodity groups in this country to secure larger shares of the deal for their own particular advantage. We shall not be able to interfere in the same way in Germany, because over there no one but the central government can conduct business negotiations with a foreign power except on pain of death. If the American Government decides to negotiate, it may prefer to draw up only a covering agreement under which Amer-

ican interests could buy or sell with Berlin. If this is done, the Germans will outrade us. They will use their united strength to force unfair concessions from individual groups in this country.

If, on the other hand, we conform to the Nazi pattern and conduct special negotiations between Washington and Berlin, covering commodities on a barter basis, we shall have to upset our whole economy as we know it now. This would put the American Government directly into all sorts of trading enterprises. Our authorities here would have to swap stocks of American goods with the Germans at fixed prices, and then import the Old World equivalents and allot them in some manner to firms in this country. Just how shall we maintain our system of free enterprise if our government is thus forced directly into all the deals which concern trade with the outside world? A quick result would surely be the introduction of fixed prices covering the imported commodities and those which we exchanged. This would lead to a forced allocation of commodities to private individuals and firms in the United States. We should be on a fair way to planned economy and a system of State Socialism.

III

If Hitler wins in Europe, he will control the Pope, the Vatican, the overwhelming majority of the Cardinals of the Catholic Church, and its central executive organization. He will be in a position to exercise pressure upon the Church through his power to confiscate schools, universities, orphanages, asylums, hospitals, monasteries, and other kinds of Church property. The present Pope was formerly Papal Secretary of State and before that Papal Nuncio in Berlin. He knows the Nazi system as few men have ever learned it. He is an accomplished scholar and diplomat, as well as head of the Church. I had the privilege of knowing him during his long residence in Berlin, and I am sure

that he will do everything in his power to preserve the ancient liberties of Catholics living under the dictators.

But how far will the Catholic Church be able to protect itself? It has no weapons of force. Hitler is not open to reason or argument. He understands the logic of the sword alone. I fear that by the exercise of brutal pressure he can make the Pope an involuntary prisoner and hamstring Church activities. What is the result going to be upon the great body of Catholics in the United States? For example, this country has been the largest source of funds for carrying on the work of the Church. If, by a control of foreign exchange, money is not allowed to be sent from the United States to Europe, what will happen to the structure of Catholicism? How will American Catholics feel if they are not allowed free access to the head of their religious community? Can Hitler and Mussolini, by putting pressure upon the Church in Rome, assure themselves that such pressure could be indirectly relayed to Catholic bodies on this side of the water — not only in the United States but in Latin America as well? Will the Catholic Church, in order to save its European property and protect the lives of its leaders, have to consent to a political compromise which would endanger our safety in so far as American Catholics follow their Church? Would Hitler even go so far as to hold the Church up to ransom from the New World? These speculations raise alarming possibilities for the future.

IV

Now, what about the possibilities of barter arrangements with victorious Germany after the war? Remember that, according to the Nazis themselves, Germany is Europe. Could we barter with Europe? A great deal has been written and conjectured on this subject. Probably no American has had the opportunity to see as much negotiation for barter deals as I have.

I suggested to the American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin in 1934 that a special barter committee be set up, and it met regularly on Friday afternoons over a long period. We found numerous firms coming to us for aid, but they all wanted to get goods from the United States. Few firms came in with practical suggestions regarding German goods which they wanted to buy and take to the United States and resell at prices that would show a profit. Such goods were extremely rare. One art dealer from Munich told me that he did have business of this kind: he sold Bavarian paintings in New York and had built up quite a satisfactory trade. He was so fearful that this business would be taken away from him by some greedy larger firms in Germany that he did not allow any payments to be made by check, for fear the German banks would find out too much of what was going on.

It was my experience that the only successful barter negotiations our American firms were ever able to conclude with Germany were small deals, averaging perhaps one to two thousand dollars apiece. These arrangements usually covered commodities which the firm produced or used itself and which were not for resale to others; and in our modern world it is rare to find the possibility of large business arrangements of this type. Seldom could we find a case of an American company that could exchange an article of its own manufacture with a single German company that happened to manufacture some product the American firm wanted, and where the price of the goods on both sides proved suitable. Usually international trade occurs in items which are for resale and not for use directly by the importer. In cases where goods must be resold, this simple type of barter fails to meet the situation.

Not only that, but the German Government set up rules and regulations for the conduct of barter deals which made them almost impossible as far as the United States was concerned. Since

Germany desired to reduce imports from the United States and increase exports to this country, the German Government was unwilling to allow barter deals with us at the straight ratio of one for one — that is, an equal value of goods exchanged. They insisted that the barter ratio should be set at a minimum of one unit of American goods in value, and the balance in cash, against 1.3 units of German goods in value.

I do not happen to remember any deal which we actually were able to work out at this minimum rate. The usual barter ratio for our ordinary commodities was set at three to one. For example, American walnut growers tried to arrange a barter of \$100,000 worth of walnuts, but found that they would have to buy \$300,000 worth of German burlap bags and barbed wire in exchange. This meant that the Association here would have to invest \$200,000 in cash and hope to be able to recover this money by the resale of the bags and wire in the United States.

Such an arrangement makes trade practically impossible for American interests. Most of our firms know their own business better than any other business. Our walnut growers know something about selling walnuts, but very little of the market for burlap bags and barbed wire. If they succeeded in getting rid of their walnuts to Germany, they found themselves faced with the problem of getting rid of three times as large a quantity of unfamiliar German goods. No wonder that the negotiations broke down.

In the case of manufactured articles which Germany was deliberately trying to keep out of the local market, the barter ratio was set at an even higher figure. On one occasion I pressed the German Ministry of Economics to give me the best terms on which it would allow American automobile companies to bring in cars and parts in exchange for German goods. The Ministry was reluctant to set any terms, but finally agreed that

we could bring in cars and parts against German goods in the ratio of one to ten. In other words, an American automobile company that sold \$100,000 worth of cars and parts would have to purchase a million dollars' worth of German goods.

Of course, in any barter arrangement the German Government insisted upon fixing the price of both the American and the German goods in question. The price set on German goods was usually the local price, naturally a high one on account of the high nominal exchange value of the mark and the amount of currency and credit inflation that has gone on inside Germany. The price set on American goods was usually an arbitrarily low one and represented an attempt to beat us down. For example, I worked long and hard in 1937 in an attempt to barter 10,000 tons of West Coast prunes for an assortment of German products, but the German Government would allow a maximum price of only three cents per pound for our prunes delivered in Hamburg. The deal, of course, fell through, because even the lowest-grade prunes were worth more than that on the Pacific Coast.

In order to save something from the wreck of their German holdings, many American companies have been forced to accept merchandise that was either unsalable or so different from their usual line of business that they could hardly hope to put it on the market in this or other countries except at considerable loss. In this category come the 8,000,000 mouth organs which an oil company took in payment for petroleum, the 200,000 canary birds which a manufacturing company got in exchange for a large press for making automobile bodies, and the live hippopotamus which a motion-picture firm took as part payment for motion-picture films.

Other firms have taken patents, participations, processes, and stock as part payment on unpaid bills; but there are still outstanding large sums, much of which probably means total loss. It is

not as if the Germans were completely unable to pay their debts. It seems to me distinctly unfair that the German Government suspends interest payments on bonds held in the United States until the market price of such bonds falls to very low levels — for example, five cents on the dollar. At that point the Germans quietly proceed to buy up the bonds. They are doing so even at the present time, and thus profit by their own default. In the same way, the German Government has claimed to be unable to allow payment for American merchandise shipped long ago to Germany, and unable to pay Americans the judgments which German courts have rendered in their favor, but is quite able to finance propaganda in foreign countries and to produce military supplies and equipment for cash.

There is no doubt that if Germany wins the war she will attempt more or less to standardize industry for all Europe and can hold out to individual firms the hope that their design might become the standard one for an entire continent or even for a Nazified world. Hitler can use prospects such as these as bait to tempt foreign business men to coöperate with him. Probably more important than such promises and inducements, though, are the threats which the Nazis can use and the control which they now exercise over the property of unfortunate firms in their territory. Before the war started, most of our smaller American companies had fled from Germany, abandoning such property as they had; but larger firms with more extensive investments were hanging on desperately and sending in good money after bad, because they could hardly afford to give up their large holdings.

When we think that an American company has been making more than half of all the passenger cars in Germany, that another is building the Red Cross ambu-

lances for the army, that still another has 20,000 filling stations, besides other large properties, that a number of other important United States firms have many million dollars invested in plant and equipment, we can understand that they are peculiarly subject to pressure and threats from Nazi quarters.

Now the property of these firms and many other firms in surrounding European countries is affected. Suppose Great Britain falls, and other parts of the British Empire: this would increase the pressure which the Nazis could put upon American firms with property in such areas. Look down the list of our large industrial firms as quoted on the New York Stock Exchange. You will find almost every one has property abroad, if not in plant, then in distribution organization, patents, or stocks of goods. All this property is in danger of being used by Hitler as a hostage for the good behavior of the parent companies in the United States.

Some people express the fear that the Nazis may confiscate such American properties. This seems unlikely. They know a trick ten times as effective as that. They will allow the American holders to maintain their title to property in lands under Nazi control, but will subject them to threats of punishment and confiscation on the one side and promises and inducements for good behavior on the other. In this way Hitler can be assured of plenty of points to apply pressure right inside the United States.

Of course, if he puts on the pressure too strongly, he will defeat his purpose. American companies are patriotic. They would not betray the interests of the United States under pressure, if the issue were clearly presented to them in that light — but it would not be. They would be asked to make only small concessions of policy at the beginning. . . .

(For further details in regard to Hitler's blueprint for a world economy, we refer the reader to Mr. Miller's book, 'You Can't Do Business with Hitler.')

OUR ALTERNATIVES

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

As the war widens, the range of alternatives for the United States narrows. By his proclamation of a total emergency the President has recognized implicitly that war is imminent. By his assertion of determination to see that war material reaches Great Britain he foreshadows the possibility of at least a limited naval conflict. And he has suggested that America's modern Bunker Hill may be fought thousands of miles away from Boston.

Hard and decisive choices are being forced upon other countries besides our own. The aged Marshal Pétain must weigh the immediate pressure of German land and air power against the potential might represented by Anglo-American sea power. The inscrutable Stalin in the Kremlin, by his recent assumption of the post of Premier, has very probably served notice that the sands are running out for his preferred policy of aloof fence-sitting while the 'capitalist' world destroys itself. The time may be very near when he must become a much more active partner of Hitler or fight. If Stalin is left any choice in the matter, it is safe to predict that he will prefer collaboration to a trial of strength between his much-purged Red Army and the Nazi Panzer Divisions.

In Tokyo there is a small group of brown men — generals, admirals, statesmen — who must also make difficult and fateful decisions. Behind an Oriental screen of group anonymity, of secret conferences, of ambiguous statements, the

rulers of Japan are weighing the relative risks of implementing and evading their pact with the Axis. Some day there may well be the making of a dramatic historical scenario in reconstructing the scenes in which one nation after another made its choice of alternatives, for war or for peace, for involvement or abstention from a world war that carries strong overtones of a world revolution.

II

The approach to a war crisis always brings to the surface a vast amount of emotional froth. Sentimentality is mixed with sentiment, heat with light, sometimes in unequal proportions. What is perhaps most needed is a clear, balanced view of the world situation into which we are being precipitated, free from hysteria and from the exaggerations of optimism and pessimism that are so prevalent in periods of crisis.

It is possible to draw some lessons, general if not specific, from the tragic mistakes which brought France to its fall and England to the gravest ordeal in its history. Three capital blunders stand out in this recent record. The first of these was the passive acquiescence in German rearmament and in German remilitarization of the Rhineland, in violation of the Locarno Treaty. Both Czechoslovakia and Poland were militarily lost from the moment when Hitler was able to wall off his western frontier against invasion.

The second great blunder was the giving to Poland of guaranties of military support which there were no means of implementing. The consequences of this abrupt lurch from 'appeasement' to adventurism in British and French foreign policy were more disastrous than is generally realized.

Any possibility, however slight, of a compromise settlement of the Danzig and Corridor questions was ruled out. By promising to go to war on behalf of Poland — which, as events were to prove, they could not help — Great Britain and France canalized Hitler's tide of aggression from an eastward into a westward channel. They played into the hands of Stalin, who had always desired a European war in which he would not participate. They also brought it to pass that the war, when it came, possessed the best propaganda buildup for the Germans and the minimum stimulus for the peoples of France and England. Nearly all Germans, even before Hitler came into power, believed they had a legitimate grievance in their eastern frontier. Very few British and French wished to die for Danzig.

The third cardinal blunder was to fight the war half-heartedly after the irrevocable decision to engage in it had been taken. During the quiet first eight months of the war there was nothing like a total mobilization of French and British national energies and resources. France only awakened from this lethargy when it was already too late. England rose to the full height of its moral and material power when its darkest hour had come, when it was compelled, as an island, to beat off the attacks which were backed by the resources of a continent.

In these mistakes there are certainly lessons for ourselves. There should be a clear recognition that wars are not won with words. There should be no reckless giving of assurances that cannot be fulfilled. There should be no humiliating fiascoes, no enterprises which fail for lack

of proper appreciation of risks to be run and obstacles to be overcome.

If war proves to be America's destiny it should be resorted to only on an issue where the government can be certain of an overwhelming support of public opinion. A deeply divided people will not pass the ordeal of modern war. Such a war will require efforts and sacrifices of which America's present social, economic, and financial setup does not offer the faintest prevision.

For war cannot be won on a basis of limited liability. The successful prosecution of modern war excludes business as usual, pleasure as usual, strikes as usual. France and England and Canada can all afford us valuable object lessons. All began by giving too little. For France the 'too little' spelled 'too late.' And for England too the penalties of a slow start have been cruel.

III

One should not put on rose-colored spectacles to view the international situation. Full American intervention, should it come, will be attempted under conditions definitely less favorable than those of 1917.

At that time Germany, while still victorious on land, had been bled white of man power and reserves of food and raw materials. There was a stable front in France into which American troops and supplies could be fed at such a rate as to make ultimate victory almost a mathematical certainty. Japan was an ally, and the whole American Navy could co-operate with the British in checking the submarine threat. And submarine activity was less formidable because Germany did not hold the entire coast of Europe from the North Cape to the Pyrenees.

The present year is very different from 1917. Germany's man power has scarcely been touched. The number of Germans killed in all the campaigns up to the present time is probably less than 100,000.

France is knocked out and may be forced still further into at least passive coöperation with Germany. As for Italy and Japan, both members of the coalition which defeated Imperial Germany, the former is an active, the latter a passive, ally of the Third Reich.

We must face these facts and their implications, not in a spirit of defeatism, but in a spirit of realistic appraisal of the enormously greater effort and sacrifice which will, in all probability, be required of America if there is to be a total victory over the Nazi régime.

There are, of course, counterbalancing factors. The British and American navies together can still dominate that greater part of the world's oceans where air power is not yet a serious threat to sea power. The industrial and natural resources of the two Americas and of the British Empire are well in excess of what Hitler controls now.

But the result of the Battle of France shows that it is dangerous to be complacent about potential resources. It is only the material that is transformed into fighting power on land, on sea, or in the air, that really counts.

Nothing is impossible in a world scene that has witnessed Rudolf Hess dropping from the skies and the amazing war of the elements in ancient Crete. But it would seem that, barring the desperate gamble of an attempted invasion of England, the war is deadlocked at the present time. And the deadlock is perhaps less easily soluble than the stalemate on the Western Front in 1918.

Bismarck once said that a war between England and Russia would be as absurd as a fight between an elephant and a whale, since neither combatant could get at the other. This same figure of speech might apply to the struggle between Hitler's land empire and the British maritime empire. There can be campaigns in subsidiary theatres and competition in air destruction. But, always excepting the possibility of invasion of the British Isles, neither side

would seem to stand much chance of giving the other a knockout blow. There is, of course, the possibility that if the German air and submarine threat should seem to outweigh for England the immediate prospect of American aid, the stage might be set for a compromise peace.

While Americans are thinking how they can help England win the war they should not neglect the problem of how humanity is to win the peace. One could almost call the last world conflict *The War Nobody Won*. For the true victors in that gigantic struggle were not the Kaiser or the Tsar, not Wilson or Lloyd George or Clemenceau. They were three men of whom one, now the most powerful, was totally unknown and the other two familiar only to small revolutionary circles. Their names were Adolf Hitler, Lenin, and Benito Mussolini.

We should never forget that the war is only a link in a long chain of chaotic transition from an old liberal civilization that has collapsed to a new civilization that is still struggling to be born. If any ordered stability in the international and internal relations of states is to be achieved, three problems of transcendent importance must be solved. The right of small peoples to cultural independence must be reconciled with those larger economic units which modern mass-production technique demands. Security against political aggression must be reconciled with provision for economic change and growth, and combined with more all-round equality of economic opportunity as between nations. And within the states the precious heritage of individual liberty must be harmonized with the insistent demand of the masses for economic security.

Perhaps these problems are as difficult as the Riddle of the Sphinx. But unless they are answered more satisfactorily than was the case during the aftermath of the last war, the downward course of our civilization, caught in an infernal cycle of war and revolution, will continue.

WORLD OR NOTHING

BY HERBERT AGAR

I

WE cannot understand the history of our time if we think of today's agony as just another stage in 'the same old war.' A world revolution is taking place. If we study the nature and the causes of the revolution we shall find our duty to ourselves and to mankind. We shall also stop arguing about whether to 'stay out' of the war. Nobody can stay out of a world revolution. The revolution can be resisted or accepted; it cannot be ignored.

The war, which is now torturing three continents and which has brought back piracy to 'the dark, the serpent-haunted sea,' is only an incident in the revolution. War today is a sign that the more dangerous revolutionary weapons have failed to do their full work. These weapons include threats and bribes and blackmail, as in the Low Countries and the Balkans; they include economic pressure and treason, as in South America; they include soft promises of friendship for whatever nations the revolution is not yet prepared to murder; above all they include an appeal to the dissatisfactions, the confusions, and the guilt which infest our world because we have too long been untrue to ourselves. The revolution against civilization could not have started but for the sins of civilization.

In our upside-down world it is almost a sign of health when war occurs; because war means that men are somewhere still willing to resist the revolution, still confident enough to try to earn for our civilization a second chance. When there are

no more such men the Decline of the West will be complete; we shall have what many pacifists call 'peace.'

If we are to know the meaning of the revolution we must first know the true meaning of peace. Peace is not the absence of war; peace is the presence of justice. Peace — domestic or foreign — is what men get when they have built a world which deserves to survive. It is not what men get when they refuse to fight, or when they have been so badly beaten that fighting is impossible.

There are three kinds of false peace. The first is the peace of the grave — the peace of Poland. There is an absence of war in Poland today. There is also an increasing absence of Poles. The ancient Polish problem is being solved by the destruction of the men who might lead Poland to revolt. If the Axis has its way for another decade the solution will be complete. There are no problems in the quiet grave.

The second false peace is the peace of the jailhouse — the peace of France. Partly because America must still be lulled into inaction, it is not yet expedient to 'solve' the French problem. The blueprints for the solution have been prepared. They have been announced repeatedly. But for the time being, since news still leaks out of Western Europe fairly fast, the solution must be postponed. So France waits disconsolately in the jailhouse, until other men liberate her or until the hour of destruction is at hand.

The third false peace is the peace of the Laodiceans — the peace of the United States. This is the peace of the men who cannot make up their minds. It is the best prelude to the peace of France or of Poland. Saint John said to the Laodiceans: 'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. . . . Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' A world in revolution is not a healthy place for those who are neither cold nor hot.

All three of the false forms of peace are characterized by an absence of war; yet none of them is a peace which a patriot would wish for his own country. Nothing less than the peace of justice is worth attempting; and there can be no justice until the revolution is destroyed.

The roots of the revolution are in the cynicism, the disbelief, and the despair which for years have been spreading across the world. These were in turn the fruits of our bad conduct, our betrayal of a great cause. It is more profitable to examine our own sins than those of our neighbors, so I shall review some of America's contributions to this betrayal.

The soldiers and the sailors of the last war were scarcely demobilized before our country had turned its back on every obligation we had assumed. We pledged our sacred honor in the Armistice that we would help to build a world institution whereby the status quo could be altered progressively by negotiation, instead of convulsively by force. We then broke our word, after careful debate and after ratifying the dishonor in a national election.

It was made clear during that election that if we broke our word we condemned the League of Nations to become a League to keep the status quo as it was, in the interests of the French and British Empires, instead of a League to amend the status quo from time to time in the interests of mankind. Nevertheless, we backed out; we did not choose to be dis-

tracted from the delicious pastime of selling each other as many automobiles and iceboxes as possible. We assumed that the fate of mankind did not concern us. We said, 'I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' And then we assuaged our consciences by abusing the British and French for allowing the League to become what we knew it must become if America abandoned it.

We did not behave much better on the domestic front. In the development of a social conscience we lagged thirty years behind Western Europe. Labor's rights to collective bargaining were overridden at will. The progressive expropriation of the landowning farmer was ignored, although since the days of Jefferson we had boasted of the small landowner as the backbone of our democracy. The Negro, who had been promised a new justice because of his patriotism during the war, received nothing but the same old invidious treatment sicklied over with the same old palaver about 'democracy.' And every protest against these and similar abuses was drowned out by talk about 'economic law,' 'technological necessity,' and the glories of 'progress.'

The other rich and powerful 'free nations' were behaving as blindly as the United States. For increasing millions in America and Western Europe, freedom and democracy became fake words; the promises of politicians became a synonym for fraud. But injustice was real. And unemployment. And the need of simple men to have something to believe.

Out of the hunger and the unemployment, which were at their worst in Central Europe, and out of the cynicism which was the moral climate of the whole Western world, came the chance for revolution. A world where too many people cannot earn their way, and where too few people believe in anything, has small survival value.

Hitler was a necessity. Unless the great betrayal had led to a collapse of values and a revival of savagery, modern

history would be a tale told by an idiot. 'Something has come to an end,' wrote Hitler. He thinks that the 'something' which has ended is the brief period of modern democracy, beginning with the invention of the steam engine and ending with the invention of the dive bomber. He thinks that modern technology, plus the decline of faith in our civilization, has made it possible for a few ambitious leaders to return the plain man to his traditional place as a slave. This was the message of Oswald Spengler, the John the Baptist of Naziism. This is the purpose of the buccaneers who lead the revolution of nihilism.

Hitler may be right. But there is another answer to the statement that 'something has come to an end.' The 'something' may be defined, not as the period when men are so foolish as to strive for democracy, but as the period when men are so slack as to betray it. Democracy, as a cheap and boastful creed that demands no sacrifice, is dead. Hitler has murdered it. But democracy as a code of conduct, as the struggle to make institutions which will bring man nearer to his ancient need for 'equal rights and no special privileges,' is not necessarily dead. The punishment which our sins have brought upon us may teach us to live better, for a time at least — if we have a second chance. The one thing certain is that there will be no second chance unless the revolution is beaten.

There is no use pouring ashes on our heads and saying with Anne Lindbergh and Robert Hutchins that we are too sinful to resist. We must resist, for this is not a constructive revolution that threatens us. It is not a revolution in the name of a great new cause, which may be expected to settle down into something tolerable after the violent phase is ended. This is a revolution against great causes, as its origins imply. It is a revolution of cynicism and therefore of death. It is a revolution which says there is no law of God or man which holds in this brave new world. Power alone is to be wor-

shipped; there is nothing which may not be done in the name of mastery. The revolution is carrying to its logical end the immoral and antichristian behavior of our world since the last armistice day.

Unfortunately, a world which fulfills its worst sins logically is a world which is dying. Where 'anything goes,' everything is gone. If we permit the revolution to conquer, we shall see the end of the world which began with Rome and Palestine. This, too, is predicted by both Spengler and Hitler.

II

The belief that the Axis revolution can settle down into something tolerable ignores the simplest and the most universal rule of history. The rule has been stated briefly by Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'The ends preëxist in the means.' Or as Eduard Lindeman states it, 'We become what we do.' This implies that good ends cannot follow from atrocious means.

The means which are used to promote this revolution are treachery, murder, blackmail, the torture and enslavement of the mind as well as of the body. The permanent institution — the end — which must result from these means is government by the Gestapo. The return of slavery to the modern world, the degradation of man's reason, must lead to government by the secret police. Whenever the armies of the Axis Powers overrun another nation, the secret police arrive to rule the lives and break the spirits of the people. When the work has been well done the armies may withdraw; but the Gestapo stays.

It is not clever of Americans to think we could 'get along all right' in a world run by the Axis. It is like saying that a man with his own private suite of rooms, and his own private income, could 'get along all right' in a jail or a madhouse.

Yet there is nothing which this revolution of destruction, carried on by torture, can build except a world combining

the worst features of prison and asylum. Hitler may cheat and deceive all men; but he cannot cheat history. He may abolish all other laws; but he cannot abolish the law which says that 'the ends preëxist in the means.' This too was predicted by his John the Baptist, who cried out in an ecstasy of masochism that the future belongs, not to the decent human race, but to the Cæsars and the soldier-emperors whose wars will teach us to endure pain like Chinamen and to hope not at all.

Incidentally, we must not pervert the doctrine that 'the ends preëxist in the means' by using it as an excuse to accept evil. If force is brought against us to degrade our lives and to destroy our humanity, we must fight back with force. For this is the revolution of slavery, which intends to abolish our world. If we don't fight back we accept destruction, betraying ourselves and also our descendants for generations to come. Some day, somewhere, man will begin again the long ascent from slavery — but not because of any help we gave him. We shall be known forever as the men who were neither cold nor hot, who would not fight the enemy while there was still time and who therefore handed their world to ruin.

If we turn from morals to economics we find fresh proof that this revolution is one of destruction only, that it must go on until it poisons the world or until enough men stand together to resist it. The Axis Powers are not creating an economic system; they are perfecting a system of making war pay for itself. The unemployed millions of capitalism's shame are turned into soldiers and munition makers. Then comes a period of 'guns instead of butter.' When the supply of guns is sufficient, the soldiers and their guns are sent abroad to steal the butter. The Axis exports troops the way a civilized nation exports surplus commodities, to acquire the imports without which it must perish. Berlin now boasts it has a higher butter ration

than London; but the butter is stolen from the nations whose corpses ring the frontiers of the Third Reich.

This is not an economic system, because it is a system that can only work by continual expansion. It can never reach a point of equilibrium. A nation which exports soldiers instead of goods and services, a nation whose imports are gained by plunder rather than by exchange, can set no limits to its conquests. It must expand or die. Physically as well as morally, this revolution of nihilism lives on death. The minute it cannot steal new food, new fuel, new slaves — at that minute it collapses. This is why Austria was not enough (though Hitler promised it was enough); this is why the Sudetenland was not enough (although Hitler swore it was his last ambition); this is why Poland was not enough, nor all the little democracies of the North, nor France, nor blackmailed Bulgaria, nor treason-killed Rumania, nor war-killed Greece and Yugoslavia. This is why the British Empire will not be enough, nor the Ukraine, nor Turkey, nor China if she is finally downed by bombs made of American scrap iron and dropped from planes flown on American fuel.

South America cannot be enough, either. This revolution is a disease. It is the Black Death of civilization. If it is not halted it must spread and spread so long as there is still a healthy body to infect. To be sure, as our appeasers say, the disease must some day run its course — but not until the patient is dead. The 'new order' of slavery may then last a thousand years, as Hitler hopes. It may last a much shorter time. But in any case our world is ended. And the essential point is that because of its moral and its economic nature the Axis revolution cannot stop. The Axis sword, once drawn, can never be sheathed.

It is ironic that there should be Americans who assume that the revolution will stop short of our shores. For not only is it incapable of stopping short

anywhere until it has conquered the world or been conquered by the world, but we in America are its natural enemies. We are rich, and the revolution lives on plunder. We still hold in our hearts the great tradition of freedom, and the revolution depends on the spread of slavery. We have boasted for a century and a half that we welcome 'all men,' and even though the boast is sometimes vain we still intend to make it come true; the revolution boasts that it will divide the world into a few masters and a multitude of slaves. The leaders of the revolution hate us as no enemies have ever hated us before. They despise us as only envy can teach men to despise. They call us 'Jewish,' 'decadent,' and 'capitalistic.' They mean that in so far as we stand for anything we stand for the eternal opposite of their world. It will be a sad day for the Americas if we let them control the Atlantic Ocean. And control it they will if we let the British Empire follow the French Empire into their greedy hands.

III

Even so brief a review of the origins and the nature of this revolution may help to answer the arguments of those who still urge that we make terms with the enemy. With her usual calmness and good taste, Anne Lindbergh asked for a negotiated peace in the last issue of this magazine. She said she would like to help England, and she added that 'the world would be a poor one without an England and without those qualities which are imbedded in English culture: justice, tolerance, and compassion.' And then she asked whether 'the prolongation and expansion of this war will contribute to their survival.'

If a man has a mortal illness, he does not ask whether fighting the illness by all the means at his disposal will contribute to his survival. It may or it may not. He knows, however, that refusing to fight the illness must contribute to his immediate death. And he knows that

he cannot make a negotiated peace with his disease. Yet Anne Lindbergh asks, 'Should we not approach our objective more nearly by putting the strength of our influence behind an undefeated England for a negotiated peace than by pushing a hard-pressed empire still farther down the path to ruin?'

The question could only be raised by someone who thinks of this war in terms of a contest for Alsace-Lorraine, or the Cameroons. Mrs. Lindbergh must be one of the alarming people who have never learned Emerson's law of history. How else could she imagine that we can negotiate a 'peace' with people who conquer by torture and terrorism and by the destruction of man's chance to use his mind or to possess morals?

One illustration may suggest the weakness of this well-meaning hope. The American papers recently carried pictures of the new Ghetto walls built in Poland, in the year 1941. Anyone with a sense of history, seeing the pictures, must have felt his blood run cold. Those Ghetto walls are not the relics of a dark past. They were built this year, in 1941, in order that man might the better oppress and degrade his neighbor. They are a physical sign of the slavery that the revolution is bringing back into our world, along with the Nordic gods of pessimism and the Spenglerian philosophy of doom. They represent the contempt for your neighbor which will take the place of the Christian affirmation; they stand for the reign of pure power which will supersede our effort to create a reign of law.

The men who build such walls cannot negotiate a peace with the men whose hearts are outraged that such walls can be. The two groups can only negotiate an armistice, so that the silly men who still think this is a war and not a world-revolution can go home and resume business as usual, while the revolutionists prepare for the next stage in the slaughter.

The last and most attractive and most

lethal of Anne Lindbergh's arguments is that the revolution is too bad to endure. 'The Nazi order,' she writes, 'as far as we can judge it from literature, speeches, threats, and present examples, will have to moderate or it will fall. It is not built on principles that are lasting.' Mrs. Lindbergh does not seem to understand that civilizations, like men, can die.

The Nazis are not reforming capitalist democracy; they are murdering it. They are not substituting a new and vital philosophy; they are substituting plunder and slavery. In the world of today, writes Spengler, 'the conflict of intelligences that had served as substitute for war must give place to war itself in its most primitive form.' And in the world of tomorrow 'high history lays itself down weary to sleep. Man becomes a plant again, adhering to the soil, dumb and enduring. The timeless village and the "eternal" peasant reappear, begetting children and burying seed in Mother Earth — a busy, not inadequate swarm, over which the tempest of soldier-emperors passingly blows. . . . Men live from hand to mouth, with petty thrifts and petty fortunes, and endure. Masses are trampled on in the conflicts of the conquerors who contend for the power and the spoil of this world, but the survivors fill up the gaps with primitive fertility and suffer on.'

This is the stuff on which our modern Cæsars feed. This is the philosophy — with technological refinements both for efficiency and for cruelty — which is being applied in Poland today. It is perhaps too much to expect our politicians to read the writings which formed the mind of Hitler, and which explain the pessimism and the contempt for man out of which this revolution rose. But authors who would persuade America to make peace with the revolution might be asked to take into account the nature of the movement they would appease.

Even if we take the short view, and look on the world tragedy of today as a war, it is a war which we dare not lose

because it involves the control of the Atlantic Ocean. Our leaders in the past, from Jefferson to Woodrow Wilson, knew that if that ocean passed into hostile hands it would no longer be a bulwark for our liberties; it would be a broad highway for any desired attack on this hemisphere. But the war, as I have said, is only an incident in the revolution. And if we take the long view and look upon the revolution raging across the continents and the oceans, it is a revolution which intends to destroy our values, our hopes, forever. It is a revolution which affirms as the rule of life 'war itself in its most primitive form,' a revolution which believes that all mankind, except a few masters, must become 'a plant again, dumb and enduring.'

It would be folly not to recognize that no such revolution could have begun were it not for our sins. It would be a double folly to say that because we have sinned we must now lie down dejectedly and die. We shall die if we try to negotiate with this gospel of doom. We shall die if we try to do business with these makers of slaves. We shall live if we still have faith in man, without which we can have no faith in America.

Man everywhere is waiting for a sign that those who believe in freedom are willing to stand together against those who affirm slavery. The revolution is winning because that sign has not been given. The revolution can be destroyed, by outside pressure and by revolt from within, if man is offered hope. (Even the favored workmen of the 'master race,' for whom the Nazis are building model factories and imperial swimming baths, will be disheartened when they discover that the price of these luxuries is endless expansion, endless conflict.) Man wants a second chance to make freedom work, to serve the cause of decency. No people but ourselves can supply that chance. It cannot be done by bargaining with the Cæsars who despise us. It can be done by beating the Cæsars while we still have friends to help us.

TO SEA LIONS!

BY JUANA ALLRAUM VOGT

I

I SHOULD like to sing an ode to sea lions. But the only form that could convey the delight and thrill of their motion would be the simple spontaneous chant of a three-year-old. You can't freeze this movement in a classic shape.

I've been watching one, on and off all afternoon, in the little cove next the house. At first I thought it was just Spring that made it caracole so gayly. Such leaping, springing dives, his body arched, and cutting down again in beautiful spirals and curves! He is perhaps seven feet from whiskered mouth to stiff, fanlike tail — dark and liquid-sleek — and at the moment he is my ideal of beauty.

The sea has been *brava* for three days. The ocean races up the cove with foam flying, and the waves break on the shingled beach with crash and shatter. In the breathless seconds of calm, foam wreaths float down from the rocks on the dark green-blue water. Then the swirling sea comes racing in again, curvetting on the rocks, and pouring back in great scrolls and flourishes — and through the swirling water and the curls of foam I can see the swifter swirl of the *lobo*, down and up and leaping, and down and around. Now he flies through the waves toward the bank, turns like a racing swimmer, and for one sharp bright second I see the gleam of a silver fish in his mouth. So it wasn't Spring! But nothing could convince me that he isn't enjoying something more than the taste of *lisa*.

A desert island may seem a strange place in which to become suddenly enamored of movement — unless one wants to be facetious about getting off it. But perhaps it isn't only facetiousness — perhaps, whether one knows it or not, there is an inner sense of physical restriction, so that the sharp contrast of vigorous activity has a special punch, in the best theatrical sense of the word. I think I never saw motion so distinct and lovely and satisfying as I have seen it here.

I used to think of it as a blurred something that went with cities, and crowds of people and machines. And in the country there was a slightly intoxicated, and intoxicating, kaleidoscope of windy leaves and light and too quick birds. But here on Isla Chinchá Norte, on this bare white rock, the world is so stripped one can almost see its parts pure. Color as straight as cognac, in the sunset. Form, in the jutting castled rocks against the sky. And motion — always, and always different in the sea; then in the birds; in the unexpected, ever-exciting whales; and in the sea lions. Even most human beings here on the island seem not to have worried and constrained and pretentious attitudes, but move simply and sit quietly.

Nor am I the only one to feel the peculiar pull of motion. I see my ornithologist husband stop in his note taking, with that lifted look and imminent smile that have nothing to do with temperatures and microscopes. The island guard-

ians sit watching the terns sweep in and out in mock alarms from the caves. The cook leans his black knotted arms and white apron against the railing, and stares at the sea in long absorbed meditation. And when a whale blows! Were we a boat, we should capsize with the rush of humanity to the rail.

'*Ballenas!*' the shout goes up.

'*Allá!*' cries the *mayordomo*, pointing shoreward. '*Señor! Señora!*'

'*Allí están!*' shrieks the cook's wife.

'*Allí!*' we echo with delight as the fan of spray blows.

Often a pair of them will include us as one of the points of interest in their promenade for several days running. They aren't very big, and they seem to be playing — but such slow and stately play! Surely nothing can equal, for serenity and confidence, the large ample leisurely movements of a whale. One rolls and dives, and then the other after him — like a round. And then one turns a complete somersault with great dignity, the white underside of his tail sinking majestically out of sight.

II

But for steady enjoyment and guaranteed thrills give me *lobos*. Whales are niggardly with their performances. After that opening fountain exhibition they are quite capable of showing you nothing else, and the first excitement becomes tempered with a certain irritation after searching a dazzling deceptive sea for ten minutes or so without results.

But sea lions are nearly as good in the wild state as their cousins in a zoo. Their private lives, in the dark recesses of echoing caverns, may be full of domestic strife and tribal wars, but when they appear in the amphitheatre of the sea for our benefit they combine all the delights of a circus — including the clowns.

I first met one face to face on my second or third day on the island. I had been launched by Blanca in the little

rowboat, with much ceremony, and I pulled firmly out of the deep purple shadow of the dock into open sunlight and a delphinium sea — calm as satin and laced with broken silvered ribbons. I could see Blanca clinging absently to the rope ladder, with prehensile toes and a casual crooked arm. He had assumed I was going to be rowed. He looked after me now with profound skepticism, so I took great pains to dip and feather my oars in my best Central Park style.

I had the loveliest sensation of being on a spree — a boat all to myself, and a calm sea. The Water Rat and I have always seen eye-to-eye on such things: 'There is *nothing* — absolutely nothing — half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.' I pulled exultantly out and away and along the shore, looking up disdainfully at the long veranda whence I had been looking down. The little beach came into view, and the houses disappeared behind the promontory — and I was alone on the Pacific.

There is one consolation for those who have a certain timorousness. They can achieve the sense of adventure, the thrill of danger, very cheaply. Whereas your lionhearts need at least a parachute, or an Alp, or a charging elephant, the large family of Caspar Milquetoast can get the same result by taking the canoe out of sight of camp.

I leaned on my oars and contemplated a virgin world — when all at once, out of the tranquil sea six feet in front of me, a head rose slowly: a sleek, dark head, with great curious eyes and long whiskers, set on a long, long neck, the whole effect incredibly Andy Gumpish. I am sorry to say his composure was greater than mine. I jerked upright and the oars splashed, and my inquisitive neighbor sank in reproachful ripples.

I now hoped violently — with what I am told is typical feminine psychology — that he would come back. But I broiled my arms for nothing. My *lobo*

was wary of creatures that move so unexpectedly.

This, we have found, is the greatest barrier to being truly *aficionados* of sea lions. They will pay our watery front yard unexpected and delightful calls, and stay for hours on end. They will inspect us inquisitively from a close but safe distance when we are out in boats. But they will never let *us* approach *them* very near — especially when they are on land (with one exception, as we found later). They have a long racial experience of the menace of men. Only in sickness does the instinct seem to weaken and the animal turn toward man — or, perhaps more accurately, away from his own kind. Twice a dying *lobo* has come for refuge to the rocks near our house.

These are tragedies one seems to have no resources to meet. There is nothing one can do to ease even one's own pity. To approach the animal for any reason is to drive it painfully back into the water. And, as we face the event starkly for the first time, the deep feeling arises that our insulated modern lives, in protecting us from unpleasant sights, have deprived us of some vital iron — like soil that has never known leaf decay.

A female sea lion in parturition came to the rocks near us one morning. She had been wounded — mortally wounded, by what must have been a ship's propeller. And in her fatal weakness she could not complete the parturition. She tried to help herself in every possible way — and the most poignant thing was that she made no sound through it all except occasional deep gusty sighs for breath.

As we watched her from across the little cove — and it was impossible not to watch and hope for her — the first unbearable sick horror changed to an anxious long suspense, and then, as we knew how it must end, to profound pity and sadness. But somehow the pity and sadness touched bottom — some solid bottom of irrevocability. The heart

wept for it, but the spirit accepted it. That was part of the difference, one realized, between tragedy and frightfulness. She slipped back into the water at last, and disappeared.

III

One of the guardians told us that in the wide beachy caves of Chinchá Sur — the wildest and ruggedest of our little group of three islands — the sea lions bred, and lived during the season of *cría*. He said that on a calm day we could come very close to the herds from the sea, in a rowboat.

It was a most enticing prospect. Not only 'for to admire and for to see,' but to add more pieces to the biological jigsaw puzzle, and to make a record of them with the cameras. My husband's work is ornithological, but the smallest crustacean in the Humboldt Current and the biggest sea lion on the Chinchas are bound up irrevocably with the lives of the birds.

So we consulted with old Peña, the chief of the island's guardians. He has lived on guano islands all his manhood; he has a most intimate knowledge of guano birds, and sea creatures, and young wardens with a tendency to *sacar la vuelta*. (The nearest literal translation of that island slang seems to be 'to give someone the run-around.') And after sixty-five years he delivers the weight of his judgment with a most beguiling salty humor.

For our benefit he adds gestures. His Ica dialect, his sparse teeth, and his sea-lion whiskers added up at our first meeting to something nearly unintelligible for the gringos. By now we're expert at catching what he means, but he is still convinced — to our delight — that he must act out everything he tells us.

'*Sí, Señor!*' he answered emphatically. 'In January there will be *bastante lobos*,' with that invariable lingering and marveling emphasis on the second syllable of *bastante*; 'big lobos — small lobos — chi-

quititos. Having begun with his powerful sun-black arm well over his head, he had now arrived squatting within a foot of the ground.

'But can we get really close to them?' we asked — 'close' for a guardian's eye and 'close' for a camera lens having two distinct meanings.

'*Cómo no?* In a rowboat, with two guardians to row you' — at which Peña rowed us all briskly across the storehouse floor. 'In the caves of Chincha Sur they give their babies to the light.' (Why haven't we as pretty a substitute for our obstetrical terms? But then the Latin has a special feeling about these things.) 'And all day they sleep' — and Peña pillowed a leathery cheek on his folded hands and slept cherubically for a convincing second. He never skimps his dramatic effects.

So on a sunny Sunday afternoon in January, when the sea was sleek and tame and purring on the shores, we got into the long rowboat, with the movie camera, two still cameras loaded with color and black-and-white, exposure meter, binoculars — in short, the usual festoons that make a naturalist and his wife look like display frames of ocular goods. I am often impressed with the innate politeness of our staff. How can they help laughing at these two tall long-legged creatures, topped by enormous straw hats, wearing wide dark glasses, and seriously going about these extraordinary occupations! But they don't. They even participate in our seriousness.

One reason is that my husband always tells them what he is going to do, and, as simply as possible, why he's doing it. And they respond with the most faithful help and the most fascinated attention. In fact, the attention is often so wholehearted it has to be pushed back a few steps out of the light.

Blanca and Luis were our oarsmen that day. Alcibiades acted as dispatcher, and I thought I detected a look of wistfulness on his face — but I can never be sure

what his slow faint changes of expression may mean. He is *not* a volatile Latin. I once supervised his scrubbing the floor of the *salita*, and the effort to read the thoughts behind that low placid brow exhausted me much more than the scrubbing exhausted Alcibiades — and that was a good deal! I know he would much rather have spent the day carrying 200-pound sacks of guano.

We were rowed out to the *remolcador* and tied on firmly behind. The motor started, the rowboat lifted its bow from the sea, and we slid across the calm water. Next to sailing, this is one of the pleasantest ways to travel on the water — provided there are no waves. It can also be the wettest way, outside swimming!

But that afternoon was calm. We slid past Chincha Centro, and out between Centro and Sur in the general direction of China. Then we turned back around Chincha Sur, the *remolcador* stopped and threw us our rope, and we started off propelled by Blanca and Luis.

IV

What is more exciting than a cave! The old answer is still right — two caves. And here were a row of them — great sea caverns scooped out of the whitened striated cliffs, with fantastic outposts and pillars of raspberry rock. The jagged islets rose like stalagmites from water so calm there was only a thin piping of white along its edges. We all agreed the sea was like a *taza de leche* — a cup of milk being the local cliché equivalent of our millpond.

'*Muy mansa,*' we chorused complacently, '*mansita!*' (If we had only known then . . . as they say in the mystery stories — a device I disapprove of, but find irresistible here.)

From the great dark mouth of a cave ahead of us a roar reverberated crashingly, and another roar answered it. It sent a shiver of delight up the spine. A pelican flapped slowly away with a pom-

pous look at us that said, 'Of course this isn't a question of being afraid — I just don't like your company.'

The boatmen swung the boat parallel to the cliffs and we moved along slowly, peering into dark interiors where light shapes flickered obscurely and blurred the sight — the white breasts of penguins, perhaps, or the bleached bones of sea animals.

An enchantment of light and color and shivering reflections bathed the cliffs and caves and us. None of us spoke. The sun was low enough to reach halfway into the grottoes, and the gently pulsing sea threw shadows on the walls, so that the golden light was dappled and alive like the water, and the dark caves quickened to Aladdin colors — malachite and emerald, jasper and ruby and topaz; and, deeper still within them, cool depths of endless green. I wished that one could take and keep that cold briny air, that deep green peace in which the eyes stretched and rested — as one takes and keeps a picture.

There might be sea lions in all of these caves — but what we needed were both sea lions and light. We came to it at last — a bay in the cliff, and at the end a wide shallow cave and a white beach, light enough for pictures. And on the beach, myriads of sea lions!

There were great mountainous grandfathers like old elephants, opening the red caverns of their mouths and bellowing defiantly, majestic in their grizzled manes. Around them were harems of slim Quaker-colored females, and little black shapes that must have been new pups. In the surf was a bevy of honey-colored and fawn-colored slim young things that watched us with round brown eyes, and dipped and swam together and swayed back and forth in the spray, very much like an Aquacade ballet.

And coming steadily from the beach in a solid wall was such a stench as I had never encountered anywhere before! Sea lions must have lived and bred and died on that beach since the Adam of

all sea lions. We clasped our noses and opened our eyes and shook our heads. We marveled that the boat went through it. But it did. And, amazingly enough, our lungs went right on functioning. After all, here we were approaching near enough to a herd of *lobos* to take their pictures! What was a smell?

There were waves running in here. Our boatmen kept us miraculously just beyond their breaking point, and I held cameras and passed them on request, while my husband feverishly took notes, ground out movies, clicked out candid shots, with the boat bobbing and straining against the oars, in the pull of the sea. We murmured invocations that the boat shouldn't bob too much, that there should be enough light to catch the colors shining in the roof of the cave. But we had that lovely sure feeling that the exposures were right — that we really *had something* this time!

We backed out at last, skirting the rocks. Three large plump males followed us for quite a distance, bobbing up for curious and disapproving inspections of us from various angles. With their droopy moustaches they looked so very Victorian we called them 'the uncles.'

One by one the uncles dropped behind, and we relaxed, and piled the cameras in a dry place, and sat back to enjoy the high precipitous cliffs moving slowly past us. At intervals up the sheer wall were *piquero* nests, shaped like semicircular tapering little pulpits glued to the rock — begun undoubtedly from a minute ledge, but almost pure sculptured guano by now.

I took off my dark glasses to see the colors better — the emerald grass at the water line, the wet rose, and the verdigris and saffron stains rising in the white. The boat rounded a point of rock toward a small high-walled beach. I looked back over my shoulder toward the cliff — and I saw a wave. It rose diagonally in a long seam from the point of the cliff and it increased in size with remarkable rapidity.

'That wave's going to wet us,' I remarked clearly and with no conviction whatsoever, but I hunched my shoulders. Before anyone could answer, there was a wet hearty blow on my back, a rush of foam over my head, and I felt myself sailing lightly through the Pacific Ocean in a kind of slow-motion picture.

I thought two things with great distinctness: 'I hope I don't come up under the boat!' and, trusting relic of some childish swimming lesson, 'If I just hold my breath I'm sure to come up!'

I did come up — after a much longer time than that early coach had ever led me to believe. I came up spluttering and bleary. From somewhere near, my husband's voice shouted encouragement and his hand appeared. I grabbed it and was hauled in limply to the side of the boat that lay bottom up, one end pegged to a rock, and the other bobbing in the waves. For there were waves! I wish some oceanographer would tell me how the rest of the Pacific could have been like a cup of milk and this little saucer of it behaving like a churn.

'Are you all right?' we shouted simultaneously, over the roar of surf. 'Fine!'

Luis, clinging in a daze to the stern of the boat, looked at our grins with complete bewilderment — as well he might, since we found later that the tholepin had given him a nasty blow on the head. We looked toward shore, and for one second took in a world like the frame of an arrested movie film: perhaps a hundred feet away, a small narrow beach, with a white wave about to break on it, and wet rocks piled in places like a barricade; the steep white cliff touching the blue sky high above it; and on the edge of the beach — on the edge of flight, attack, what? — a battalion of sea lions. For a hair slice of time the frame stuck — and then the reel went wild.

A wave broke and washed us off the slippery keel without half trying. The sea lions galloped into the surf in a body. We made a struggling dash back to the

boat. Blanca was swimming in a dizzy circle with the official notebook in his mouth, looking like a spaniel we used to have who loved zwieback. I thought hazily, 'One should take one's shoes off when shipwrecked,' and started to wriggle out of one with the help of the other. Then the water around us suddenly boiled with sea lions, and I reached down hurriedly and pulled the heel back on.

The *lobos* were swimming frantically around us, since we were in the passage to the open sea. They were close enough to touch — bounding sleek bodies, and great whiskery heads and flopping tails and fins. By some extraordinary effort I got myself up on top of the boat — to hear my husband say, 'Let's make for the beach!' What an appalling idea!

Blanca had piled an assortment of hats and notebooks and his own shirt on a rock — from which they were promptly washed away — and he swam back now, shouting encouragingly, '*No muerden!*'

So, not at all reassured that they wouldn't bite, but with uncomfortably suspended judgment, I slid back into the water. We scarcely swam. The waves pushed us with astonishing velocity. Fortunately the point we arrived at was strewn with rocks only knee-high, so we stumbled up to the beach with nothing worse than barked shins. There were still some die-hards left of the battalion on the beach. A great *caimán* — as they call the old males — was perched on a ridiculously small rock and roared at us angrily. His mane was thick and long and yellow, and it gave his fat shape the most absurd coyness. He lumbered off into the water, and another younger male followed him. There were left three little black wrinkled pups that flopped their flippers in bewilderment and emitted long lamb-like 'ba-aas,' with another great *caimán* standing guard over them.

We didn't even say, 'What a picture!'

We looked at each other mournfully and sighed. The cameras had been piled in such a dry, safe place! And, to cap my disgust, I looked down and found myself still clutching my sun glasses!

Out beyond the welter of surf and sea lions, in the calm Pacific, the *remolcador* rocked gently — tranquilly unaware, from all appearances, of what had happened to us. It was finally decided that Blanca and Luis should stay. The rowboat had been washed off the rock, and they were to tow it out into still water, right it, and paddle back to the *remolcador* — with whatever salvage could be found! We were to climb up the cliff and meet them at the dock on the other side.

I threw a wistful look at the bleating pups. 'I should love to pet a *lobito*!' I suggested hopefully. My husband, with his shoes already tied around his neck and his toes dug into the sliding cliff, looked at the glaring *caimán* and looked at me, and said very gently, 'I don't think I would if I were you.' And for once I was not disposed to argue.

V

Ah, such excitement, such compassion, such dramatic retelling of the event as met our return! Give me a Latin-American household for a really satisfactory audience. You can find no translation for the word 'empathy' in Appleton's dictionary, and perhaps it is because the participation in each other's emotions is such a constant and common thing that they've never thought to isolate it and name it.

(But there's no doubt that it is a trait of Latin-American temperament that bothers many Northerners to the point of exasperation. Being used to neighbors that leave them emotionally alone, except for the prying few, they cannot imagine a whole continent of people who *enjoy* living in emotional publicity and intimacy. They suspect them of all manner of malicious curiosity, of invidious comparison and criti-

cism, of calculating purposes; when, as a matter of fact, what may seem to us the most outrageously personal questions arise only out of a very natural desire to fit us into their world — which happens to be a very personal, sociable, emotionally warm, and gregarious world.)

So when we climbed up to the dock, damp and slimy and rolled in guano dust like well-crumbed scallops, Roca threw up his eyes and hands and all but beat his breast for not having discovered our plight a mile away and had hot water ready for us. To and from the bath, we received visits of condolence, and felicitation over our miraculous escape. The guardians one and all came down from their hill, the kitchen staff and family all came out, and we were cosseted and posseted to the hilt of those comfortable snug words. Luis, too, had his share of attention, with a large flourishing bandage around his head and a great deal of limelight.

There were few ill effects — a restless night or two, in which tall and unexpected waves played an important part for me; and recurring pangs whenever we thought of the notes and the lecture material gone to Davy Jones. Fortunately the financial loss was lightened by the insurance we carried. We felt, on the whole, more gratitude than regret, because there was an infinity of accidents that we had missed. It might have been one of us to hit the rocks, instead of the bow of the boat that came back shattered. And the special Providence that looks after naturalists must have kept that particular rocky beach free of the bayonet-like barnacles that infest this coast.

But I think the most heartening consequence, to me, was the accolade I received by way of the kitchen. I was told they had heard that the Señora was as '*serenita como una palomita*.' The compliment on my serenity didn't count, — only the actor in such an accident knows how much his serenity depends on numbed senses and the rapidity of

events, — but the diminutives did. With all the wistful unsatisfied longings that go with being nearly five feet eight, I relished that 'little dove.'

VI

Yesterday afternoon I walked across to the side of the island fronting Chincha Centro. There is a small shingled beach there, and little long rock islands in the surf, where penguins come to sun themselves sometimes — turned toward each other like sociable but silent pygmy people. A large rock juts out from the beach into the sea, and at its land end there is a place where one can sit in the sun and see the waves run up on either side, and feel cool spray, and look over into another beach that can only be reached by wading. There are narrow high sea caves in the other beach, marvelously and curiously cut; and above them pelicans — bachelor pelicans? — lead a lazy, carefree life, rising and settling on air currents, their long legs dangling, and riding the winds with easy broad pinions.

I came to the little slope that takes you down — and there, in the sandy passage to my rock, were two sea lions courting. He was a magnificent young creature, seven or eight feet long, very dark and sleek, lion-like through the chest and head, and well-maned. She was mole-gray, and slim and small.

Despite my carefulness, they saw me. She became frantically alarmed — or, on the other hand, was she not entirely

enthusiastic over her suitor? Anyway, she tried to flee. With his flippers and the weight of his body he stopped and held her. He turned his head sideways and looked at me — such a plain battle of emotions! I was a very likely menace. But was I really dangerous enough for him to interrupt the pleasures of dalliance?

She made another break for safety, and once more he stopped her — still watching me in the lulls. I ventured a few steps closer. Ah, that was a mistake! She wriggled violently to free herself, and the *lobo*, with a last look of anger and exasperation at me, grasped his lady's tail firmly in his mouth and pulled her out of sight into the rocks and surf.

Telling it afterwards, I protested, 'But I want to get really close to the *lobos* — and not have them run away from me!'

'You were once,' my husband chuckled.

'But not in the proper frame of mind,' I mourned, 'for contemplation.'

So now I have a plan. When the young pelicans and cormorants are on the wing, and we can walk freely through their territory, I shall have a blind carried to the other end of the island. There, fronting the open west, is a deep bay in the cliffs, and hundreds of sea lions live there. And I shall set myself at the little window of the *casita*, and watch sea lions to the saturation point. Then, perhaps, I shall know how to write them an ode. But I suspect strongly that there is no saturation point.

WINDWAGON SMITH

BY WILBUR L. SCHRAMM

I

WINDWAGON SMITH had a face like any other man, and two legs to walk on, but the morning he rode into Westport the quietest mule in town jumped sixteen feet. And some men would have flown like bald eagles that day, if they could.

That was when Westport was the great city of the prairie. Now it is only a far corner of Kansas City and smells like gasoline and coal smoke, but in those days it smelled of prairie grass and clean wind, and was on every road west. No matter where you were going beyond the Missouri, you started at Westport. You followed a rutted trail twenty miles from town to a meadow where Jake Shafer's Negro boy had nailed a box top to a runt cottonwood and painted on it, 'Rode to Oregon.' There the families for Oregon turned north, and the wagons for Santa Fe and the Spanish cities southwest. West of the crossing, two hundred miles of grass rolled away to the sky, waist-high, blowing black and green and yellow. Your shoes got slick as lard in that grass. Then you came out into the sagebrush, and the grit chewed off your soles and left you barefoot. And about that time the Comanches would come yelling out of the sand hills. All the way across a thousand miles of empty prairie you would wish you were back in Westport, sitting in Punch Dunkelberger's Star of the West saloon, listening to Jake Shafer tell how Davy Crockett could grin the bark off a tree.

Westport could have been the greatest

city in the United States. It could have been Boston and New York and Detroit pressed into one and set down in the middle of the prairie, if it hadn't made one mistake. That was about Windwagon Smith.

The morning Windwagon came, Punch Dunkelberger's hound dog woke up bristling like a hairbrush. That dog always slept until noon under his master's hat peg in the Star of the West; he had slept through a cyclone and seven street fights. But that morning he woke up about ten o'clock, waved his nose in the air, howled a long quaver, and slunk into a closet. Two Pawnees in the Star looked at the dog and blew away like smoke. Jake Shafer changed his seat and drew a bead on the door. The door opened slowly. But only Shelby Foster glided in, with his apologetic way, giving a little bow before speaking, because he was from the East and knew manners. When he tried to talk he was so excited he couldn't squeeze the words out, and stood there with his mouth mostly open, his eyes big as soap kettles, and a silly polite look on his face, waving his hands toward the street as though he were batting gnats.

'I never hoped to see the Missouri flow juleps,' said Jake Shafer, 'or a gopher running a coyote, or Foster without anything to say.'

Foster looked behind him and croaked and skipped aside, and there was a crash, and the head and shoulders of Jake's mule Martha appeared in the

doorway. The doors slammed back and caught the mule's neck in a pincers, and there she stood like a moose head on the wall, rolling her eyes.

'I can stand bugs in the beer,' bel-lowed Jake in his big barrel voice, 'but when the draft animals come in I go out.'

When they went out, there was Windwagon Smith.

All they saw at first was a Conestoga wagon coming down the street between the log houses. It was like any other Conestoga wagon, sway-backed, with a horseshoe canvas top. Except for one thing: there was nothing in front of it.

No oxen, no mules, no horses. Nothing. The wagon was just coming down the street.

The Pawnees were peeking from behind trees, eyes bulging like hard-boiled eggs. The dogs were barking, and the ponies that hadn't run away were pulling at their hackamores.

'He's got a sail,' said Punch suddenly.

A pole stuck up out of the wagon like a ship's mast, and on it a square of canvas turned half sideways to catch the quartering wind.

A little man in blue denim was riding on the wagon seat. He furled the sail in quick movements, locked the wagon wheel, and came to a stop exactly where Jake's mule had been. When he hopped down from the wagon he walked with a sailor's roll and sway. The dogs quit barking and balanced on their hind legs, ready to go either way. It was so quiet you could hear the stranger's feet crunch in the dust and sand.

'Ahoy!' he said out of the silence. 'Think I'll drop anchor and come ashore for a bit of refreshment.'

His voice was deep and rolling, with something about it that prolonged the *r*'s and clipped the consonants like axe-bites in an oak tree.

'My name's Smith,' he explained. 'I'm the master, the crew, and most of the cargo of this ship, and I aim to do a lot of sailing on the prairie.' There was never so much *r* in prairie until he said it.

It was Painted Dog, a Pawnee, who really named him. Painted Dog had been behind the nearest tree when Jake's mule jumped into the saloon. 'Mule be there,' he explained later, 'door there. Windwagon blow down street. Whoosh! Mule: here, there!' So they called the stranger Windwagon, for he was the kind of person who had to have a shinier name than Smith.

The whole town followed the stranger to the Star. They made a circle around his table, then circles around that circle, like winding up a ball of yarn, until the room was full. Those who were near passed word over their shoulders to those who were not, so that bulletins would slide outward like waves when you throw a stone in a pond: 'He's sitting down' — 'sitting down' — and finally, at farthest remove, the Pawnees would hear the news and pass it on: 'Sittum down' — 'sittum.'

The stranger savored his drink like a man who had been long away from the good things. He was one of those old youngsters, anywhere between thirty and fifty. His face was burned and lined, his sandy hair had been tumbled and tousled by many a wind, and his eyes had the perpetual squint that a sailor gets from peeking all day at horizons. People looked mostly at his eyes: they burned like a tent preacher's. When he began to talk, he wasn't bashful or brash, just quiet and sure, and convincing, his big burry voice rolling like the tide. He told how the prairies were going to look tomorrow, speckled with mansions and factories and towns, wealthier than India. But he said people needed one great thing before they could have any of those things. They needed a way to move fast, a way to carry goods from town to town; to build this new prairie of tomorrow they had to have the speed of the wind! Then he talked about his wagon, how it would sail any place on the prairie ten times as fast as a draft animal, yet, without animals to buy or feed, it didn't need to follow crooked

trails along rivers, and it would always have free power because the wind never stops on the prairie.

Jake Shafer nodded his head at that, and the circle behind him nodded, and two minutes later the Pawnees were nodding their heads, too; they knew that prairie wind. Then the stranger looked Jake straight in the eye and said he wanted the men of Westport to ante in some money and build a fleet of big sail wagons, like his little one, for the Santa Fe trade. For a minute everybody stared at him. Then somebody snickered, and somebody laughed, and everybody around began to laugh, and the room shook, and mirth rippled outward until the farthest Pawnee was holding his belly and gurgling *ug-ug-ug* in his throat.

When the room was quiet again, the stranger said he had thought they might feel that way. He would be back in a few days; they should think it over. Then he climbed back into his wagon, unfurled the sail, and rumbled away in a great arc toward the west.

II

For the next few days they talked of nothing except Windwagon Smith. Jake Shafer said that he didn't hand over any chips until he saw the cards on the table, and everybody agreed that was sage. Shelby Foster, who had just graduated from a New England college, said that the kind of mathematics they taught in New England colleges proved that such a big wagon couldn't run, and only a fool would invest money in it. Foster had come out to write a book like Francis Parkman's about the Oregon Trail, and went around looking at people and writing in his notebook. And as soon as Foster came out against windwagons people began to look at them more favorably. Jake's daughter Rosalie, who was as sweet as clover honey, said that maybe this was one of the things you just have to believe in — like boats, the first time you see one. Someone suggested

that maybe Smith had gone to St. Joe, Westport's rival town, and St. Joe would build windwagons and take over the whole trade; and everybody spent a bad day imagining St. Joe full of millionaires. But a rider from St. Joe said Smith hadn't been up there. And when he hadn't come back in four days, Westport gave him up and thought of other things.

When Windwagon Smith had been gone six days, a trapper came to Westport with a strange story. He had been riding about ten miles from town when he saw a white streak on the prairie. The streak turned out to be an old cow, sticking its head between its legs and uncoiling with ten-foot jumps, stringing its tail out behind like a fence rail. Before he could think what to do about the cow, it sailed past him and disappeared in a funnel of dust. He pondered whether he should catch the cow and race it against all comers, but he didn't know that he *could* catch it; it was the fastest cow he ever saw.

That same day a caravan that had just started west passed back through Westport, headed *east*. The men of the caravan held tight to their guns and kept their mouths shut. One woman who was a little hysterical said they weren't afraid of the Sioux or the Mormons, but they weren't going out on the prairie among the *spirits*. They were going back to Ohio where bodies stayed in their graves!

Punch Dunkelberger and Jake Shafer talked of these events in the Star, Doctor Jackson told his patients about them while he prescribed calomel and mustard plasters, Shelby Foster discussed them with Rosalie Shafer while they looked at the moon. But the meaning was not fully comprehended until the next morning, when the dogs waved their noses in the air again and slunk away, all the ponies that could jump leaped the corals and started east, and the Indians began to glide around, looking for wide trees. And soon Windwagon sailed down the street, waving to everyone.

'Ahoy!' he said. 'I'd have been back yesterday, but came on a caravan and maybe scared them, so I took a long swing off the trail and waited until I was sure they were out of the way.'

The town followed him into the Star again, and he showed a stone that was as good as an affidavit for where he had been. It was jagged and black, and still warm from lying in a little gully beyond Council Grove where all the wind blows straight up, hot as Mexican pepper. That gully is one of the side doors to hell, people think. The Doctor worked long division on a table top, and calculated that the windwagon had made nearly seventy miles a day. An ox team was lucky to make fifteen. When Windwagon said he thought he might go to St. Joe, Jake looked at the faces around him and then jumped up and banged the table and said, 'By God, we'll form a company *here!*' A great whoop went up behind him, and undulated outward, and in a little while the Pawnees were screaming and dancing in the street, the dogs snapping at their heels.

That is how the Westport Prairie Clipper Company was formed. You can see it in the company's minute book. Jake Shafer was elected president; Punch Dunkelberger, vice president; the Doctor, secretary and treasurer. Windwagon could have had any office he wanted, but he wanted only to be Navigator — Navigator of the Prairies, he said with a faraway look in his eyes. He said you had to believe in the future. Columbus had to believe; Dan Boone had to believe in Kentucky before he cut the Wilderness Road; Fulton had to believe that a little engine could push a big boat. Every time progress is made it's because people believe enough in something to take a chance. He said that pretty soon the prairie would be white with sails. The clippers would cruise past the oxen like coyotes past snails. Every day a clipper would dock in Westport with its hold full of gold and spices

and blankets, and every day in the Spanish cities (ports, he called them) they would shout, 'Make way for the Westport Prairie Clipper!'

Punch Dunkelberger was so near to tears he made the mistake of setting up the whole crowd.

They were slow in starting to build the clippers, because Windwagon was particular. He wanted white oak and hickory for the bed, so it could be curved just right to hold the cargo on slopes; and long-seasoned ash for the spokes and the tillers and all the moving parts that weren't iron. The iron had to be beaten just enough. When Jake saw what a job it was going to be, he said they would build one clipper and try it out before building the others. Windwagon looked a little hurt, but he put the measurements on paper and sent riders to St. Joe and Independence to see what materials they could collect. Some things had to be ordered from St. Louis and Pittsburgh.

While the clipper was building, Windwagon had plenty of time to talk. He was ever one to talk grandly — not boastfully, just grandly. As soon as he got a dozen wagons promised, he began to talk of a hundred-wagon fleet. And one evening he said, 'It'll never do any good to have ships unless we have sailors. We've got to build crews at the same time we build clippers. If you are going to be the first captains in the Santa Fe voyage, you've got to learn to pilot.'

So Jake climbed into Smith's little wagon one day, with his jaw set firm and his hands holding tight, and Windwagon sat beside him and explained how the sail worked. He let Jake try to steer, and they staggered over the prairie for a while. When they came back, Jake climbed out quickly with the sweat running down his face and said he'd rather drive a runaway bull team than handle a 6 x 6 sail. One by one the other members of the Company began to go out for sailing lessons. They would swell out their muscles and hold on to the

tiller as though they were driving a twelve-mule span, and tug at the tiny sail like wrestling a steer. Windwagon would shake his head in despair and take the tiller from them, and make the wagon glide this way and that. When Windwagon steered it was as though the man, the wagon, and the wind were all one will. But when Jake, or Punch, or the Doctor steered, the wagon would stagger and hesitate and groan in its joints. And when the lesson was over, the pupil would climb out as quickly as possible and go into the Star for a long drink.

Windwagon explained that a captain must also know how to navigate. Foster snorted at that; he said that to navigate you need to know the kind of elevated mathematics that is taught only in New England colleges, but Windwagon said that for a man of sense it wasn't necessary to go to college, and he began to teach Westport the common rules about the stars and directions and estimating distances.

Jake Shafer ordered a sextant from Baltimore, and Windwagon nearly cried when he saw it. It reminded him of the sea, and he spent a whole afternoon telling how it feels to skid before a salt breeze, and how the mountains come to the bay at Naples, and how in a few weeks the first clipper would be sailing into Santa Fe.

One day Punch Dunkelberger appeared wearing a captain's cap he had ordered from St. Louis. It was bright blue with silver braid, and Punch looked like baked ham with birthday candles. But in a few weeks everyone had a blue cap. Each new one seemed to have more trimming than the one before, until Punch got ashamed of his and talked of putting a red turkey feather on it. The town was no longer interested in the things it had been. A caravan could hardly buy a mule or an ox in the village. The blacksmith was working on the clipper and had no time to shoe animals or repair wheels. Most of the

business men closed up shop, hid their leathery faces under blue caps, sighted through the sextant, and tried to walk and talk like Windwagon. It was wonderful to hear them go on about tacking and hauling, port and starb'd.

Sometimes a man would look at himself in his wife's mirror or calculate how much money the experiment was costing him. Then he would go to Windwagon, clear his throat and furrow his brow, and try to say his worries. Always Windwagon would soothe him and tell him about Tomorrow and send him away figuring how much money could be made on one trip to Santa Fe. You couldn't doubt a man who believed as hard as Windwagon.

Shelby Foster was the only man in Westport that Windwagon couldn't convince. Foster stood around and wrote in his notebook and groused. He said he had learned in college how another damned fool once wanted to make a machine that would fly on the wind — somebody named Darius Green, he said. That led to Foster's quarrel with Rosalie Shafer. When Foster had come to Missouri he had tried once to ride a pony and taken one look at Rosalie, and decided to write his book in Westport rather than on the Trail. Before that, Rosalie hadn't had any beau except on Sunday nights when Punch would come over and sit beside her and talk about the mule business with Jake. She said Punch lacked imagination. Foster would kiss her hand and tell her she was a flower. They would sit close together and he would read poetry to her, the kind they learn in the New England colleges, about skylarks. But sometimes they talked about Windwagon Smith, and Foster said sensible men would look Windwagon up, and Rosalie called Foster a coward and said he too lacked imagination, and they would sit at opposite ends of the bench and look at the moon individually.

Windwagon had imagination, Rosalie said. And finally she teased him into

giving her a sailing lesson, and after that he went out often with her late in the afternoon, when the sun would glint like a Sioux bonfire on Rosalie's hair, and Foster would sit in front of the Star, looking as though he were chewing pickled nails. Rosalie might become a good sailor, Windwagon said; she had sea sense. But that's all he said about her. Foster still went to see her six nights a week, and Punch on Sunday nights, but Punch said she didn't act so interested in the mule business any more.

III

When two caravans wanted to buy windwagons, the men of Westport began to see what kind of business they were in.

'There's no end to it,' Windwagon said. 'When we build our fleet of a hundred we can squeeze almost everybody else off the trail. When we build a thousand we can take over the whole trade. Then we can build a thousand more and spread out into Iowa and Illinois and maybe start a water-level route beside the Lakes as far east as New York State. Then we'll build a million little wagons and sell them to the Oregon settlers. We'll keep the Santa Fe route to ourselves. We'll have our shipyards over there in the bottom by the creek, and start branches in St. Joe and Independence. We'll train other captains, and become admirals and have fleets under us.'

The Doctor calculated they could make two hundred thousand dollars the first year and six million the second. They got so tangled figuring what the income might be the fourth year that Windwagon forgot Rosalie's sailing lesson, and Foster sneaked over and read Milton to her.

One day half a dozen business men came up on the boat from St. Louis, looked at the wagon, and offered a thousand dollars cash for it; said they didn't know whether Windwagon was crazy or

a genius, but they liked to gamble. Jake laughed at them. They talked to Windwagon a while and offered ten thousand, but Jake told them to go home and dig up some real money.

Foster said Westport contained seven kinds of fools, all bad.

A company of soldiers marched down from Leavenworth one day. They had heard that cannons were being mounted in the wagons to conquer an empire in the Southwest, like Aaron Burr's. There weren't any cannons. Some people thought Windwagon looked a little crestfallen; it was the only thing he hadn't thought of. The soldiers poked around and talked impressively about military possibilities.

Jim Bridger himself came in one day and spent a long time studying the wagon. He looked sad, as though he saw the old West changing. And Kit Carson came up, with his Indian wife, and talked a long time to Windwagon like a brother, and said he wished he were thirty years younger.

Westport was becoming a tourist town. The store stopped carrying powder and stocked little windwagons carved from soft wood. The print shop at St. Joe put out a souvenir booklet all about Windwagon Smith, saying that he had once been an admiral in the Scotch navy, had captured the Sandwich Isles from the cannibals, and had twice sailed around the world. Foster sneered that if the truth were known he'd bet Windwagon had a past a lot different from that. Rosalie said Foster had less imagination than Punch. Windwagon just laughed.

When the windwagon was done, it seemed that the whole population of the western territories came into Westport to see it. You could hardly shuffle your feet without stepping on a dog or baby. The windwagon was ten times as large as a Conestoga wagon, and built with two decks. Passengers could shoot buffalo from the upper deck when regular service started, Windwagon said. When the windwagon service was extended to

Africa, they could shoot lions. It had a mainsail as big as a house, and the wheels were a foot wide and tired with iron. Yet, big as it was, it was so beautifully fitted and greased that it moved with hardly a push of the hand. Some were in favor of painting it red, white, and blue, like most of the wagons, but Windwagon said this must have dignity; this wasn't a wagon, it was a clipper ship. They made it blue with silver trimmings, and red spokes in the wheels.

The day before the first trip, the manager of an Eastern railroad said that he didn't think the ship would run but was willing to offer twenty-five thousand for complete rights. Jake was pretty uncertain for a while, and then talked to Windwagon, and came back and laughed and said they wouldn't take a million dollars for the clipper. He talked almost as convincingly as Windwagon.

The Westport Prairie Clipper Company invited the President of the United States to dedicate the new ship, but he regretted. However, two top-hatted men walked into the Star, and when Punch went up to them and said in the new grand manner, 'I am Captain Dunkelberger. I don't believe I have the pleasure of your acquaintance,' they looked at him oddly and one said he was the Secretary of the Navy and the other the Secretary of War. Then they borrowed ten dollars from him.

The prairie clipper was rolled out to the edge of town, and Rosalie Shafer broke a bottle of corn whiskey right prettily over one front wheel. Everybody yelled for a speech from Windwagon, everybody except Shelby Foster. Windwagon climbed up on the upper deck, blew his nose, hawked his throat, and began to talk with that faraway shine in his eyes.

'Ladies and gents,' he said, 'and them of you as has come a long way to see us today. I want to welcome you to the port of the prairie. And I thank you for coming to see our little ship, the first clipper ever built for trans-prairie ship-

ping in America. And I wish I could tell you what this is going to mean to you. I wish I could paint a picture the way this prairie is going to look in five years. This ship you see here today is only a pack rat compared to the ships you are going to see tied up in this port. There'll be passenger ships and freighters big enough to carry this one on the poop deck, big enough to carry a whole caravan or a whole army. And there'll be little wind-wagons. Where there's big ones, there's usually little ones, you know. (*Long laughter.*) We'll make so many they won't cost much. And every one of you'll have a little windwagon in your barn, and you can get in it and go anywhere you want on the prairie just as easy as you put a chicken in a pot. This clipper shows that all you have to do is believe in these things and they'll come true. This is just like the sunrise on a new day, only you and me are helping to pull up the sun!'

It was the best speech Windwagon ever made, but he never made a bad speech.

IV

The maiden voyage, Windwagon called it, and said that only the real charter members of the company should go — and the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, if they were sober. The President could have gone, too, if he had come. But nobody else. Not even Rosalie, who almost bawled in front of everybody when Jake told her no. The passengers boarded the ship and waved their caps. Punch had a red feather in his. Then Windwagon climbed up to the seat he called the bridge, grabbed the tiller, and yelled, 'Cast off!' Jake's Negro boy took a block from under one of the wheels, and the clipper began to move.

There wasn't much jerk when they started, for Windwagon payed out the sail slowly, but in a minute Westport was a quarter mile away and the grass under wheel like a green rug. Punch said so

later. In two minutes they could hardly see the ponies and the crowd, and Shelby Foster out in front in his red shirt, looking as though he were balancing the family tree on his nose.

They all said they had never felt anything like that ride. It was airy, like flying. This is the way a hawk feels, they guessed. This is the way it feels to scud in a three-master before the trade winds. The clipper swished past an ox team as though it were standing still. A Pawnee on a painted pony tried to race, but was left so far behind he got off his horse and gave the sacred salute of one thumb and four fingers.

Under full sail, the clipper rushed across the prairie. Occasionally it struck a gully or a dry creek bed, and then the body bounced on the springs, and the passengers bounced in their seats. Sometimes it swayed sharply as it hurried down a prairie swell. But the swaying and bouncing were mostly in the body. The great wheels rolled true and straight where the tiller pointed them.

'It runs like a flagship,' shouted Windwagon over the whine of the wind. 'It'll run to Santa Fe in a week.'

He had to give his attention immediately to steering over an acre of badlands. That was when Punch Dunkelberger bounced into the lap of the Secretary of War. Punch weighed three hundred pounds.

'I say,' said the Secretary, 'don't you think we are going rather fast? For a maiden voyage?' he added.

The Secretary of the Navy looked at the grass swirling past, then looked hastily away from it.

'Go up and talk to him,' the Doctor said to Jake.

Jake crawled to the front.

'Don't you think we are going a bit fast?' he said in Windwagon's ear. 'Confidentially, some of the passengers who aren't so used to this as we are seem to be getting a little frightened.'

Windwagon laughed. He threw back

his head and laughed from his toes up, as free as the wind, happy as a child.

'This is just crawling,' he said. 'Tomorrow we'll be going over this prairie so fast we'll hardly need to touch the ground.'

Jake crawled back to his seat and closed his eyes.

'The man is mad,' said the Doctor.

'Knock him over the head,' said Punch.

'Then who'll steer and stop this thing?' asked Jake.

'True,' said the Doctor.

Windwagon looked back over his shoulder. 'Would you gentlemen from Washington like to ask any questions?' he called.

'Us? No,' grunted the Secretary of War weakly.

The sail thumped like a drum in the wind, and the stench of hot axle grease rose inside the wagon.

'What if we hit something at this speed?' said Jake.

'Or turn over?' said the Secretary of War.

'Don't worry,' said Windwagon.

'Can you pull the brake?' asked the Doctor.

'I think I'd better,' said Jake. He crawled forward until he could reach the lever.

When the brake caught, the wagon skidded, groaned, began to turn almost at a right angle. It leaned dangerously on its springs. The sail strained and the hickory mast trembled. The wagon came around, grandly, thrillingly. But it didn't stop, and it didn't come out of the turn. It shuddered, hesitated, then swung around so that it was running backwards, slowly at first, then faster and faster.

They said Windwagon gave one slow look at Jake. He didn't say anything. One slow look, more sad than angry, but Jake shriveled under it. And then Windwagon laughed again, that same free laugh from his toes to his mouth, but more rueful. He laughed and turned back and worked with the sail.

Later they knew what had happened. A brake on one wheel will stop a wagon going slow, but not a prairie clipper at full speed. The brake held just long enough to throw the clipper into a sharp turn and lock the steering gear. The sail turned on the mast and twisted its rope beyond chance of furling.

Far back, the crowd watched admiringly as the wagon bore down stern-first upon them, cutting a wide arc over the waves of prairie grass. Not until it was two hundred yards away did they stop cheering. When it was a hundred yards away, they scattered like a buffalo stampede. The prairie streamed pintos.

There were three little gullies in the path of the circle. Every twenty seconds the wagon hit a gully and the passengers bounced around like popcorn. About the tenth gully, the Secretary of War bounced out. He lit in a ball and rolled like a tumbleweed. Then he got up and ran like a jack rabbit away from the path of the wagon. 'Stop the ship!' shouted Jake. 'Stop the ship at once! We've lost His Honor!'

'You stop it,' Punch suggested.

'Excuse me,' said the Secretary of the Navy, and jumped. He yelled and sprang up and began to pick things out of his pants.

'Dwarf cactus,' observed Punch.

'Gentlemen,' said the Doctor, 'I know the consequences of broken bones. I do not advise jumping.'

Two more passengers jumped, and then another, and finally the Doctor himself. That left Windwagon and Jake and Punch.

'Father,' said a sweet voice in the wagon.

Jake covered his eyes with his hands. 'Did you ever hear of the voices of your beloved speaking to you just before death?' he asked Punch. Punch held tight and groaned. 'Speaking to me, too,' he moaned.

'Father,' said someone again.

Jake looked toward the back of the wagon.

'Rosalie!' he bellowed.

Rosalie was just climbing out of the compartment Windwagon had designed to hold liquids and pottery on the Santa Fe run.

'Rosalie!' said Punch Dunkelberger, between bounces.

'Miss Shafer!' said Windwagon, looking around quickly.

'What are you doing here?' Jake thundered.

'You know this is a very great thing,' yelled Windwagon above the roar of wind and wagon. 'Miss Shafer is the first stowaway in the history of prairie clippers.' He went back to working with the sail. They said he was just as calm as though this were a box social in the schoolhouse.

Jake said some short ugly words.

'You'd better jump,' Punch advised her.

'Don't you dare jump,' said Windwagon over his shoulder. 'You might get killed.'

'I'll take care of you,' offered Punch.

'You need a spanking,' said Jake.

'I don't need taking care of,' Rosalie said to Punch. She looked Jake in the eye.

'You pulled the brake, didn't you?' she said, low and hard.

Jake stared at her.

'You couldn't believe in Windwagon. You couldn't put your chips down and take a chance. You got scared. You pulled the brake.'

Jake made gurgling noises.

'I'm going up and sit with Windwagon,' Rosalie said. Once she looked back at her father and Punch, who was staring at the nearest exit.

'Don't give up the ship, Captain Dunkelberger,' she said sweetly.

The wagon whirled in its circle, the wind shrieking.

'There went Jake!' yelled Punch. Then Punch went.

He said he hit the ground unanimously, every square inch of him. He pulled himself out of the track and watched

the windwagon. There was something beautiful about it even going backwards, something shiplike, birdlike, not wagonlike, with the wind filling out the sail blue-white against the blue-green grass. But he could see something from the ground he couldn't from the clipper: every circle was carrying it farther west. Already at its most distant point it was out of sight behind the swell of the prairie.

'Catch it! Catch it!' yelled Jake, limping along.

'Stop them!' yelled Shelby Foster, bouncing along on a borrowed pony, holding tight to the saddle horn.

The windwagon changed its circles into ovals, its ovals into a pattern that couldn't be made out because it was so far away. The last time anybody saw it, it was scudding backwards into the west, with Shelby Foster after it, far behind, occasionally taking one hand off the saddle horn to shake his fist. Rosalie and Windwagon were sitting close. Whenever they hit a gully they held to each other.

V

The Secretary of the Navy had to walk all the way back to town because he couldn't sit. The others rode back on borrowed ponies, each jog showing up a fresh bruise. In Westport it was like a picnic breaking up after everyone had got indigestion and poison ivy. Shelby Foster came into the Star and said politely, 'Good evening, Captain Dunkelberger,' and Punch chased him halfway into Independence. Punch had a bandage around his head and was pale as whitewash, but full of fight. It took the Doctor two hours to pick all the cactus spines out of the Secretary of the Navy. Then the secretaries stole two horses and gave a sort of generalized scowl at all of Westport before they rode away.

The town went back into the mule, powder, and bacon business, trying not to hear a tide of scornful laughter that rose in St. Joe and spread and bounced back and forth between the Rockies and the Appalachians. But history seemed to be moving past Westport. The wagons began to go farther north, and when the railroads came in they chose other towns. Westport shrank and Kansas City grew, and after a while Kansas City swallowed Westport and put its street railway through the place where the Star had stood and built its municipal airport on the very land where the windwagon had begun its maiden voyage.

They never saw the windwagon again, although they searched the prairie as far as Council Grove. Of course, there were stories. Every once in a while a bullwhacker would be picked up barefoot and half-dead from thirst, and tell how his draft animals had suddenly reared up at a dust cloud and run away like antelope; and the worst drinker in Independence swore off and became an elder in the Lutheran church because he saw the ghost of a Conestoga wagon floating on the wind near the Pueblo. But that man was always seeing things.

Many a man saw Windwagon Smith after he left Westport, though. He was in the pilot house, he and a beautiful red-haired woman, when the first steamboat came up the Yellowstone, and they swear that nobody but Windwagon Smith held the golden spike when the two railroads came together at Promontory Point. And not long ago when the first transcontinental airplane roared out of Kansas City a little sandy-haired man closed the plane's door and waved the pilot on. The little man walked like a sailor, they said. His eyes seemed to burn, and he had the perpetual squint that comes from looking always at horizons.

‘WHODUNIT’

BY ELLIOT PAUL

I

THE question of who committed murder in any given detective story is enormously simplified if one remembers that in each instance the culprit is the author. He conceived the crime, executed it, and subsequently, by solving it, exposed himself and will face the consequences when the reviews come in. Therefore learned discussion concerning who is more important, the detective or the criminal, is pointless. And even more futile is the insistence of certain distinguished mystery ‘fans,’ including Somerset Maugham, that detective-story writers should not write too well. Excepting very rare occasions, a writer cannot write better than he is able. If he writes worse than he can, the reader has just cause for complaint. The author will be himself, since it is himself he is tracking down. Let the reader, in choosing an author, beware.

Many exponents of the art of detective-story writing (and it has become an art) have analyzed their own stories and set up rules for others to follow. Among them was the late S. S. Van Dine. He, for instance, held rightly that it was bad cricket for a writer to delegate his murder to a minor or transient character. That trick, to Mr. Van Dine’s keen mind, stands on a par with shooting a grouse standing or forgiving a chap for having cheated at cards. Mr. Somerset Maugham, in his recent much-discussed article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, after employing a couple of columns chiding Mrs. Wharton for her impeccable

taste, sets his cold seal of disapproval on ‘whodunits’ containing more than one murder, and asserts that a single murder must be done in an ordinary, not an exotic, way. There must be no ‘purple passages’ and nothing must interfere with the ‘action.’ The reading time should be three hours for a fast reader, and six for a dolt.

Is it not already evident that the writer who tries to amuse himself and his readers by means of a ‘whodunit’ is obliged, if he is to be rewarded either with praise or with gain, to please everybody? Æsop’s famous traveler, who, when rebuked by an animal lover for riding a donkey smaller than himself, took the donkey on his shoulders, was ridiculed as a soft-headed fool and wound up by throwing the unfortunate animal over a bridge. My advice to the writers of ‘whodunits’ is to keep their donkey — that is, the interesting and popular story form they have developed — and let the critics go hang. In fact, that is sound advice for the writers of any kind of stories whatsoever.

Aristotle was one of the first who started making rules for stories. He declared that a tale should have a beginning, a middle, and an ending. But he didn’t stipulate in what order they should appear, or whether they should be laid out side by side or scrambled like Duranty’s famous eggs. Now, suppose a mystery-story writer decided to proceed according to Aristotle, Van Dine, and Maugham. His story would have a

beginning (Aristotle), only one murder (Maugham), and the murderer would be one of the principal characters (Van Dine). It is well known among writers and professors that a reader's sympathy goes out more readily to the characters first introduced. If the reader likes the murderer too well and sympathizes with him, he will resent the writer's choice of culprit and ask his librarian to recommend another writer. If the writer singles out one of the characters revealed in the early pages and makes him unpopular on sight, he gives the show away and offends those exacting customers who follow the plot page by page and try to solve the crime before the author does. Should the harassed writer, aware of the above-mentioned possibilities of disaster, make all the characters unpleasant, he will be pilloried by the large group of respectable readers who do not wish to read about characters they would not welcome to their home.

Therefore, let us boil down all rules into one. The 'whodunit' must be entertaining. It must reflect the quality, or at least an interesting facet, of an author's mind. That lets in, regardless of method and limitations, such divergent types as Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie, Rex Stout and Phoebe Taylor, Simenon and Poe, Earl Derr Biggers and S. S. Van Dine. Of the field, I prefer Simenon for his Chekhovian directness and simplicity, and Rex Stout for his Epicurean lust for life.

Since I have warned readers to beware, in choosing 'whodunit' writers and their output, perhaps it is only fair that I should lay my own cards upon the table. My first experience with the genre occurred when I was only a reader and had never seen my name in print on a title page or in a gossip column. I spent a lone evening with *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and that thrilling adventure ranks high in my list of vivid memories.

Gertrude Stein said once, and truly, that I have no mentality at all. I only

feel. So, reader, if you are after patterns and diagrams pass up the works of Paul, or read the engineering articles of my distinguished brother, who dotes on hydraulics.

I know it is indelicate to mention it today, but once upon a time there was a brave naïf Spanish army, whether you liked it or not, and it was up against fearful odds, as others have been since who have been treated more respectfully. And when that band of men and women were shoved across a border, concerning which I knew much more than they, and found themselves in concentration camps, herded by the low, and destined to slow and shameful ends, your author turned his head away. He was ten days in an alcohol tomb in a legendary city called Rouen, and when born again with something or other missing he started tapping self-defensively a tale called *The Mysterious Mickey Finn*.

He had read few detective stories, except the very good ones with atmosphere and chunks of author served on large generous platters. He didn't know, when he began, just where he would end, and that is true today. I shall never cheat my readers by cribbing last chapters and then working backwards, with self-imposed limitations. On page 16, or 47, or 103, the reader may rest assured that he knows just as much as I do about the climax and elucidation. But he will see some queer places, stranger than fiction, if you want it that way. He will see some fellow members of the human race perform in an unrestrained way. That is all.

And if the reader or incipient writer wants a rule, the Golden Rule is still the best of the lot, even for authors.

And so, to homicide.

II

What is the pure 'whodunit,' as distinct from the crime or adventure story and the 'novel' proper?

The first murder story, and one which

has had a profound effect on modern thinking, was the Biblical tale of Cain and Abel. For a clear understanding of this yarn, the important features of which have long been overlooked, it is best to retell it in a modern rural setting. Cain is a hard-working introspective farmer boy. The heavy work falls on him because his father is exacting and Cain is husky enough to stand it. Abel, the flightier and less sturdy of the brothers, tends the sheep, and even this he neglects because he talks with the stars. For years Cain has shouldered his burden without fretting, but Abel's easy lot and carefree attitude, and particularly his popularity with the farm maidens, eventually get under Cain's skin.

The big scene takes place in the State Fair, which is the modern equivalent of the sacrificial altar. Cain has been having bad luck with his crops. The sun has scorched his wheat. Intermittent rains have caused weeds to choke his truck garden. But the same conditions that made farming difficult have favored the sheep. Abel's exhibit is in prime condition, in spite of his casual way of tending flocks.

The judges look askance at Cain's mangy show of garden truck and his blighted grain. So Abel walks away with the blue ribbon, accompanied by Brenda, the chairman's lovely daughter. She likes Abel's star talk and is bored by Cain's rustic sallies. As Abel says 'Pip-pip' to Cain, who is fingering a blister-rusted carrot in a surly way, he cannot repress a chuckle. It is not meant unkindly, but it unleashes years of pent-up smouldering resentment in the hairy chest of Cain and seals Abel's doom.

The Great Detective in the case was Jehovah, and he soon broke down the thick-headed, bewildered Cain. Jehovah also was the judge. Instead of exacting the corporal penalty, the judge commuted Cain's sentence to what is aptly known in the trade as a 'hearse rap.'

Had there been added to the cast a

half-dozen suspects, cattle men who had suffered because Abel's sheep cropped off the grass too close to the roots, and a brace of rival suitors for Brenda's lovely hand, the old story would have been a 'whodunit.' As it was, the identity of the 'heavy,' as the villain is now called, was established in the beginning, as in the case of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. The Russian master had never heard of Van Dine or Maugham, so he contented himself with the mental processes of Raskolnikov and the details of the duel of wits between the mad student and his Nemesis, the police Inspector Porfiry Petrovitch.

As far as 'whodunits' are concerned, Dostoevsky is out. But a modern French writer has done wonders in reconciling profound humanity with the mystery-story form. I refer to Simenon. What his stories lack in mechanical complications, they gain in simplicity. His stories exude the atmosphere of post-war (II) France and the temper of French people. The American writer who can perform a similar service for the people of These States has yet to appear. But I am convinced that the future of the 'whodunit' lies in that direction. The deceitful group of suspects will dwindle in importance. The detective will shed his burp and discard his needle. The clown police inspectors will merge with the omniscient amateurs. The pecksniffing crossword puzzlers will go back to their anagrams. And the 'whodunit' will enter its adult phase, free at last from the pointless discipline of its self-appointed taskmasters.

Thus far the 'whodunit' has had a spotted career. Intended for *hoi polloi*, it was taken up by the snobs, only to be rediscovered in the movies by the mob for whom it was originally concocted. Hollywood has perverted it almost beyond recognition, but also has improved some of the original material, owing largely to the patience of Producer Hunt Stromberg, who gave to the world Nick and Nora Charles. Of course I know that

Dashiell Hammett wrote *The Thin Man* and that the Hacketts did a good job of dramatizing the Nick Charles stories for the screen; but it was Stromberg who ironed the thing out, who kept Nick and Nora in character, who held everyone's nose to the grindstone until *After the Thin Man* became the model for 'whodunit' films. Of course there was Hitchcock, with his *39 Steps*. Hitchcock has long been receiving the 'oh's' and 'ah's' of the æsthetes for his atmosphere, but his disdain for 'story' (at its worst in *Foreign Correspondent*) offsets his gift for high visual art.

Generally speaking, and this is important to all writers aspiring to success in the 'whodunit' field, a detective story should be written either to be read or to be seen on the screen. The same story can seldom be used in both forms without incalculable loss.

A 'whodunit' is a murder story, with suspects who are innocent and a wolf in sheep's clothing who did the deed and is caught in the end. It must be interesting and well written. The detective must be the only character who turns out exactly as he seems. The story, the crime, the solution, and all the participants are simply the author, on whose talent the creation stands or falls.

III

All writers about mystery stories agree that murder is the only crime that has a sure-fire appeal to the public imagination. The reason for this is not far to seek, and has been pointed out by both Maugham and Professor Harrison R. Steeves. Murder cannot be undone. Stolen goods may be restored. Kidnapped beauties may be shipped back to their loved ones, unharmed. The fate known as 'worse than death' does not seem to be held in awe by the general run of readers.

No. Our crime must be murder, preferably in the first degree. But Mr. Maugham in wishing to limit the number

of murders to one, or two at the most, excludes what is for me the most fascinating form. In a story like Van Dine's *Bishop Murder Case*, the initial murder is symptomatic of a series of dastardly killings, all of which are explained (but none of them forestalled) by the great detective, Philo Vance. Many of us like to consider the initial, or Aristotelian, murder a harbinger of a menacing condition which will produce subsequent demises of a violent and thrilling nature.

And that brings us to an important consideration — namely, the purgatorial and salutary influence of the 'whodunit' in society today. Up to the turn of our stormy century, it was justly feared by parents and grandparents that blood-and-thunder stories might incite to imitative violence the young or shallow mind. Those happy days are gone, perhaps forever.

In 1941, when the order of the day is wholesale slaughter and mass injustices, the focusing of a reader's attention on one or two homicides, of a somewhat personal nature, is wholesome indeed. It may, if it spreads, do much to save what is loosely known as civilization. Furthermore, if from the bosom of the people arises, whenever police machinery bogs down, a popular hero who protects his fellows where official agencies have failed, the public's faith in democracy is bolstered and reënforced, at the expense of insidious totalitarian theories of government *von oben*.

The 'whodunit,' literary refuge of the common mind, keeps alive the feeling that there are still individual problems, that each of us is one of God's creatures, a member of the universal brotherhood of potential murderers. As the down-trodden and helpless turned in the days of chivalry to Lancelot and Galahad, so turn the humble heads of white-collar workers, instructors, librarians, shopgirls and floorwalkers, housewives and gigolos, in twentieth-century America, to Nick Carter, Lord Peter Wimsey, and other

successors of the great Sherlock Holmes. Without important exception, these lion-hearted champions do not look askance at a client, poor or rich. They draw no class distinctions. They hobnob with gangsters and statesmen. They are *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Besides, the 'whodunit' offers a safety valve to the violent instincts of the reader, permits him to knock off a few undesirables in the person of the author-criminal and to reassert his better self and revenge his awful deed in the person of the author-detective. It enables him to laugh heartily at the police, without being pinched the next Sunday for watering the pansies on his front lawn or leaving his car five minutes on an empty street where parking is forbidden.

Do not scoff at the 'whodunit,' and by no means let it fall into disfavor or popular disdain. The social consequences of such short-sightedness might well be far-reaching and disastrous.

IV

According to the leading apologists who praise the 'whodunit' with faint damnation, the detective story is almost exclusively for men. My own experience and observation do not bear this out. Of course my fan mail does not compare in bulk with that of Don Ameche or

Joan Crawford, but, if it indicates anything, it seems to point to the fact that women are more numerous and discriminating among detective-story fans than are men.

This question could be settled by the census taker, or by means of a Gallup poll. I challenge Dr. Gallup to determine the sex percentages among mystery-story addicts. And I offer to place small bets that the women readers will outnumber the men.

If not, something should be done about it. Women practically monopolize other branches of United States culture. Without them writers, artists, producers, and publishers would never be required to file income-tax statements. Should it prove to be true that women are not doing their bit with 'whodunits,' in spite of the fact that Dorothy Sayers, Agatha Christie, Leslie Ford, and Phoebe Taylor write excellent ones, the first duty of detective-story writers is to cultivate 'the beautiful and damned.'

As to love interest, and its place in the murder mystery — again, that depends on the author. If he is a susceptible, moth-and-flame, adventurous chap, he will give himself away. If he is a more solid citizen, the readers must make the best of his low vitality. The writer must give his customers a run for their money — enough of himself or herself to entice them to come back for more.

A COLLEGE IN SECESSION

BY STRINGFELLOW BARR

I

JUNE 3, 1941, will be remembered at St. John's College in Annapolis as the day on which the College conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts on the first graduates of the 'New Program,' a curriculum based on the study of some hundred of the world's greatest books from Homer to the present, and on the last graduates of the Old Program, the elective system which characterizes the American college of liberal arts today. During the four years preceding, the College had installed a new administration for the express purpose of introducing the new curriculum, had reorganized its Board with an eye to giving that curriculum maximum support, had dropped a goodly share of its student body for poor academic standing, had made sweeping changes in its faculty in order to secure the knowledge and teaching skills the new curriculum would require, had restored its physical plant from ruin to efficiency, had emerged from financial desperation to economic stability, and had found almost three hundred friends, most of them new, willing to make the financial sacrifices without which the College could not accomplish the task it had set itself.

The story of these four years has never been told in print, and this is perhaps the right moment to tell it. They record an academic revolution which has implications for every college community in our country and for every person, whether in academic life or outside it, who cares what sort of liberal education is to be

available to the young men and women of this Republic. It would be possible, of course, to focus attention only on the end which this revolution had constantly in view, to expound that end, and to narrate only where narration would clarify exposition. But I think there is much to be said, in this case, for straight narration. For more than a decade the educational philosophy behind the St. John's Program has been discussed against the background of the current practices it challenges. (I am ignoring the many centuries during which it was discussed before that.) Since its inauguration, or restoration, at St. John's, the Program itself has been widely and publicly discussed, and many thousands of men and women from all walks of life have written the College for detailed statements of it. Why repeat those statements here, except where exposition will support narration? Why not simply tell what was done about it?

In May 1937, St. John's College found itself in a first-class jam. To state the case financially — and that is the way American colleges normally state things — it owed some \$400,000. Its plant was in disrepair, its student body was in steady decline, it had lost its 'credit rating' with the Middle States Association of Schools and Colleges, its faculty was demoralized, it had had three presidents in nine years and was in search of a fourth. The Board of Visitors and Governors, confronted with probable financial bankruptcy, took a step unusual for

college boards: they looked behind their financial problem and discovered an educational problem, of which the financial one was a mere reflection. Instead of trying to patch up the College finances somehow, they decided to exploit catastrophe and effect a radical educational reform. After all, St. John's exhibited no diseases, either educational or financial, that were not found in other colleges, although it would have been hard to find all the diseases so clearly exhibited in any other single institution. Out of this desperation was born the courage to take drastic steps.

Through a chance friendship, the Board had learned of the Committee on the Liberal Arts which President Hutchins had established at the University of Chicago for the sole purpose of setting up an ideal undergraduate curriculum, capable of restoring liberal education to the American college. The members of this committee had been recruited mainly from the University of Virginia, where two of them had helped frame the Virginia Report, dealing with the same problem, a couple of years earlier. This committee was nearing the end of its first year's research when the Board of St. John's turned to its members for advice.

In the conferences that followed, the Committee proposed for St. John's, and the Board accepted in principle, that the College should abolish the elective system and the textbook and substitute for them an all-required four-year course based on the study of the great books of the Western tradition, of the sort which American colleges of liberal arts had furnished before Eliot of Harvard had introduced the elective system and the elective system had introduced vocationalism, a growing intellectual chaos, and, finally, the illiterate alumnus. Having reached that determination, but not before then, the Board considered the questions of who might assume the responsibility, as President of the College, for introducing the proposed curriculum,

and how money might be raised to finance the task and rescue the College from its accumulated financial burden. The Board then decided to ask me to assume the presidency and Scott Buchanan, chairman of the Chicago committee, to serve as dean.

As for the required money, there was none. The College had lost too much face through recent mistakes and mismanagement to permit it to hope for help in the family, so to speak — from its own alumni and from the local community. It was not just then feasible to invite donations or pledges from the persons who had made possible the Committee on the Liberal Arts in Chicago. Anyhow, it was doubtful if one could raise money on a blueprint of the curriculum we wanted to restore — a curriculum that would be bound to appear strange and new. Even those who were disillusioned with contemporary practices would doubt the practicality of this. Could American boys be found willing to do the hard intellectual work this curriculum would demand? Could donors be found willing not merely to help build that curriculum but also to clean up the financial mess which past folly had brought on the College — to 'pay for dead horses,' as the saying goes? Would the members of any college faculty consent to come out of hiding, from their departmentalized specialties, and reëducate themselves for the sort of teaching versatility that would be required? What about 'the Alumni' — that burning question of every academic grove? And when the gunfire got hot — as it obviously would — would the Board back me up? If even one of these questions could be affirmatively answered, that answer might serve as fulcrum for the lever. But could it? The whole project sounded like a pretty reckless and irresponsible dream.

But there were arguments on the other side. St. John's College dated from the seventeenth century, and its charter, like the charters of most of our older colleges, was all in our favor. We should be

not merely restoring liberal education, but in a very real sense restoring our country's third oldest college to its original and declared purpose. We were concerned to revitalize a great intellectual tradition, and traditions are sustained by the visible signs of a vigorous and creative past. We were turning back to the great books, precisely because they conveyed the great and permanent ideas which had nourished our civilization at every period of healthy growth. Why not, then, at a college which had been built when those ideas were still the common currency of educated men? As for the College's debt, would any other college examine its educational premises or take the radical steps that would be necessary unless financial catastrophe had brought it to its senses? The risks were great, but so was the prize; and, if we failed, others might read in our failure a way to succeed. Meanwhile, we could raise a standard to which the wise and honest might repair.

II

I had reached my own decision, but before accepting formally I wrote the Board a letter, setting down what appeared to me to be the principle of our relationship if we were to get anywhere. To their credit, they read the letter thoughtfully and did not set its composition down to arrogance. The burden of the letter was that if they elected me it would be I, not the Board, that would direct the affairs of the College, but I stood ready to resign at any moment if they lost confidence in my direction. I was aware that this was against the practice of most college boards; but this particular group were thinking about the problem more clearly than college boards commonly think, and they recognized that I was discussing not persons but functions. They elected me; and my mandate was to introduce the curriculum that we had already agreed on. We appointed Buchanan dean and he ac-

cepted from me the entire responsibility for organizing instruction. Like me, he was given enough power to meet his responsibility.

That was in June 1937. A few weeks later I called my first faculty meeting. The circumstances were somewhat, though unintentionally, theatrical. The faculty, like the College itself, being small, and my office rather large, we met there; but the office was without overhead lighting and I needed a floor reading lamp, with the result that we looked somewhat conspiratorial in a mild Rembrandt way. I had called them for the purpose of reading them a newspaper announcement of the curriculum before its publication next morning in the *Baltimore Sun*, and explaining to them the reasons I had accepted the presidency of the College, the mandate the Board had given me, the responsibility Buchanan had accepted for organizing the curriculum and directing the rest of us in its teaching.

I invited their coöperation, but I pointed out reasons why in individual cases I might not get it. Some of them might feel that the elective system was pretty good as it was. Others might feel that a basic reform was needed, but that this was the wrong reform. A third group might feel that this reform was itself good, but might not choose individually to sacrifice the professional capital which their specialized training now represented and start learning all over again. A fourth group might be willing to do so, but might fail. I added that I was not inviting decisions on these points now, since those decisions would require both experience of the Program and reflection concerning it. The amount of time required for such experience and reflection would necessarily vary in individual cases. I am sure that members of my profession will agree with me that it would not have been an authentic faculty meeting had not one of those present asked me whether I had any statement to make on the financial condition and

prospects of the College. I answered truthfully that I had not, except that the Board had pledged themselves to help in the coming battle for existence.

The announcement of the New Program at St. John's College was a ticklish business. Whatever was said would be pretty thoroughly misunderstood because of the current practices in liberal education. The curriculum, as devised, called for two 'seminars,' or discussion groups, each week on one of the great books on the St. John's list; for five 'tutorials,' or small classes, in mathematics each week; five language tutorials a week; at least one three-hour laboratory period a week; and at least one formal lecture a week — all this for four years for every student in the College. The language tutorial was to make use of a different language each year; in the freshman year, Greek. Had we emphasized that Greek was required, or that everybody would study mathematics all four years, we could hardly have hoped to be understood, given the manner in which departments of mathematics and Greek now present those subjects to undergraduates. In the end, and at a clearly foreseen risk, we made a slogan of the statement, 'the hundred great books.' We realized, of course, that we were inviting President Eliot's five-foot shelf to fly up and hit us in the face, and it did; but at least we focused public attention on the books and the seminar rather than on subjects that have become professionalized in the elective system. Still, it hurt to get hit by a plank that Eliot, founder of the elective system, had left out of his system.

A seminar, a *seminarium*, was originally a seedbed. At St. John's it is books — or the ideas great books contain — that are planted there. But if they are to sprout and grow, cultivation has to take place. In a seminar on one of the great books, or on a piece of one if the book is long and requires several seminars, two instructors lead twenty students in a discussion — a discussion in which one tries

to follow, like Socrates, whithersoever the argument leads. For perhaps the best seminars ever held are those which Plato puts in the mouths of Socrates and his friends. It is in such a discussion that the meaning of a book can come out, that ideas grow luminous. And, to return to the seedbed metaphor, it is in such seminar discussions that ideas germinate, take root, proliferate, and bear their fruit, both in thought and in action. A good seminar can be, quite literally, about the most exciting intellectual experience a man can have; although, because seminars are spontaneous, intensely democratic, because they are dialectic and therefore conversation, their goodness is less predictable than the goodness of an experienced and intelligent lecturer.

Even the best seminars could not hope alone to illuminate adequately some of the books on the St. John's list. But the discipline of the tutorials furnishes five times a week, for four years, basic training in the handling of mathematical symbols, and five times a week similar training in the symbols of language. And the tutorials, too, use the great books. The experience of the laboratory supplies another aid to understanding. Any seminar leader at St. John's can watch these aids functioning in a seminar, as he can watch the effect of one of the weekly formal lectures, even one heard months ago. Cultivation is complicated, but the yield justifies the effort.

It was no good assuring the public that students in nearly any college read a hundred books or so, although many of them are far from being great books. After all, each student in other colleges selects the professors he will authorize to choose his particular hundred books, whereas we ourselves chose every one of our hundred. The irony lay in the word 'we.' The earliest version of our list had been used at Columbia in the twenties, for an honors course, and was later published by the American Library Association. Buchanan had adapted it

to adult education in Manhattan when he served as Assistant Director of the People's Institute; he and I had both had further dealings with it at the University of Virginia, although necessarily on a somewhat departmentalized basis. President Hutchins and Mortimer Adler had taught the list for years as an elective course at Chicago. By the time the Virginia Report appeared, Buchanan had added the mathematical and scientific classics, picking minds wherever a good mind could be got at, here or in Europe, for suggestions. A year after the St. John's list was set up, subject to constant revision, I happened across Sir William Osler's last speech, delivered at Oxford and abusing Oxford for not including the scientific works in its *Litteræ Humaniores*. Osler's nominations were pretty close to the ones added in the Virginia Report. As we expected, the teaching experience of the past four years has shifted the list somewhat, but only in detail.

I doubt if any of the misunderstandings about 'the hundred books' could have been prevented. But we did not foresee a pretty important one. President Hutchins had tried to dissuade us from attempting what looked to him a well-nigh impossible task, from a financial point of view, and urged us to stay in Chicago. Nevertheless, on our strong insistence, he generously came on our Board. The effect of that innocent step was to convince the public that St. John's was 'a novel educational experiment' which the University of Chicago had financed at Annapolis. This legend had important repercussions. In the first place the public, particularly the Maryland public, assumed that St. John's was being taken care of — which made it no easier to find donors to keep the College open. In the second place, it was assumed that the educational decisions were made by Mr. Hutchins, whereas he differed from us on some pretty important points. He had, of course, too much awareness of the re-

lation between board and president to want to meddle. In the third place, the words 'novel' and 'experiment' gave a tentative air to the whole thing that made some donors, at least, feel tentative too.

Needless to say, a number of times it looked as if the baby would die while everybody speculated on its chance of reaching adolescence. To those who worked in the Program and knew its background, 'novel' and 'experimental' sounded a bit ironical. Actually, except for the inclusion of science, the Program was mossy with age, while the 'traditional' elective system was born only the other day, as such things go. And we certainly had no intention of experimenting to see if Plato and Euclid are more worth an undergraduate's time than the stuff most undergraduates now read.

III

The published comments on the Program multiplied so rapidly that we were forced to consider seriously the problem of publicity. We adopted the policy of never courting publicity, — least of all employing one of the ubiquitous publicity men our colleges hire to get them in the public prints, — but never refusing to answer questions even if they were asked by somebody who wanted to write about the College. The results of that policy have been far from perfect, but I know of no other that would have done us less harm. And, while we never tried merely to be talked about in the press, we used every available medium — platform, press, and radio — when we had something we wanted to communicate. Last summer, for instance, when the Annapolis Housing Authority made a sudden drive to seize a slice of our campus for a low-cost housing project, the College appealed to the public through every channel it could command. Fortunately the Authority's condemnation proceedings were eventually dismissed by the Court.

Meanwhile, by April 1938, less than one year after the new College administration took office, it was apparent that, although the Board was securing more gifts than the College had received for years, the sums received were nowhere near enough to rehabilitate the College and get the St. John's Program durably built into it. Faced with this new crisis, the Board made a second interesting decision. Every member of the Board offered his resignation; and a new Board, chosen solely with an eye to supporting the College's newly assumed task, was constituted, partly from members of the old Board, partly from outside it. The new Board set a date in May 1938, and agreed that if \$50,000 could not be raised by that date the College would necessarily close. Through the generous understanding of several donors who had become interested not merely in the job the College wanted to do but in what it had already done and was doing, the money was found.

While waiting for those funds, I myself had to make a decision. If I told the faculty of the precarious state of the College, word would spread and loss of confidence would paralyze those who might aid financially and those who might enter the College as students. If I kept silent till May, some of the faculty might lose the chance of finding a teaching post elsewhere. I chose to tell them, and the College unquestionably suffered. Actually, we missed a salary date that year only once, and then the College paid on Monday instead of Saturday. But it was a ghastly year.

It was not made any pleasanter by the student body. On the advice of Board members, we had allowed students who entered college in September 1937 to choose to enter the all-required four-year Program or the regular elective system. Twenty chose the New Program. The remaining thirty-four joined the upper-classmen in the Old Program — that is, the elective system. It became obvious fairly early that the student habits of the

Old Program would hinder our building of the New. A healthy proportion of students under the Old Program had not been accustomed to work and didn't propose to begin now. As a wave of national publicity focused on the struggling little band of New Programmers, — who, incidentally, behaved with admirable discretion, — the Old Programmers felt more and more like stepchildren. In February of that first year, twenty-five had to be dropped for poor work, of a sort that would have caused them to be dropped from any properly administered college. But the 'February purge' scandalized young men who had come to feel that the College was in no position financially to enforce rules of academic standing, and the feeling got pretty bitter. My own public utterances were largely devoted to a critique of the elective system, which the Old Programmers — along with a few of the alumni — felt was a personal attack on them. That I was attacking my own education as well apparently did not occur to them, or excused nothing if it did.

Then some real crises occurred. By the fall of 1938, the beginning of the second year of the Program, it was perfectly apparent that two features of the College's life had to go if we were to get on with the job. First, the several chapters of national fraternities on the campus led a sort of roadhouse existence in College dormitories, although they paid no rent for the additional space and privacy. For some months we tried to persuade these fraternities to clean house and accept a responsible rôle in the community, but nothing came of it. We therefore announced that at the end of the session the houses in question would be withdrawn from their use and made into ordinary dormitories. The fraternities charged us with abolishing them, and justified the charge by pointing out that without their special quarters they could persuade no freshmen to join in future years. The administration answered that if the rent-free use of College real

estate was all they had to offer freshmen there was no real reason for their continuance. They were assured that fraternities would be neither abolished nor driven under ground, but that the College would take no further cognizance of them officially.

Secondly, the New Program and the athletic system were in full collision. Strangely enough, although I think we were quite as aware as the next newspaper reader of the low and declining state of intercollegiate athletics, we had given no serious thought to changing the system. But the New Programmers were finding it quite as awkward to participate in intercollegiate athletics as a law student or a medical student would, and for the same reason. They had to work; and intercollegiate athletics in their contemporary form grew up during precisely the period when the undergraduate curriculum was in decline. Indeed, intercollegiate athletics as now played have actually rushed in to fill a vacuum. And despite their profit aspect, despite subsidized athletes and newspaper exhibitionism and the sports-goods racket and the other evils colleges complain of, the athletic field is frequently the only place in the college that furnishes any sort of self-discipline or even rigorous instruction. But for St. John's it was a head-on collision.

We decided to drop intercollegiate competition in athletics altogether. It would have been pleasanter to wait till the end of the session before making a decision that would necessarily demoralize the whole community. But there was an obstacle. Intercollegiate athletics is a big business now, even for small colleges, and for financial reasons it is necessary to make up schedules a year, even two or three years, in advance. I could not place our coach in the nasty position of accepting dates he could not fill. And if we declined dates without explanation, sports writers would soon put two and two together and smoke us out. Clean surgery was called for. One week

after the fraternities were notified that this was their last year of free housing I announced in a radio speech to our alumni that this was the last year of intercollegiate athletics, and gave my reasons. I promised a heavy expansion of intramural athletics — and offered athletic scholarships, to increase the athletic skills available to the community.

Both steps were taken to forward the single purpose that had dictated my own election, the reorganization of the Board, and the teaching requirements I had announced to the faculty as governing all appointments in the future. But the reader, if he is at all familiar with American colleges today, will already have guessed the effect on the student body, and particularly that portion of the student body which had dedicated itself to a rear-guard action, the Old Program. The cleavage between the two programs was getting pretty bad. Both, of course, disapproved of the administration's actions on fraternities and athletics. But by the second year they were beginning to talk different languages about most things. The third year the Old Program had become a minority and had pretty much given up trying to understand a world gone mad. By the fourth year the hatchet appeared to be buried, and those seniors who alone remained in the elective system arranged with the faculty to have courses resembling the New Program and really joined the fun. Throughout the strain, too, there were individual students in the Old Program who saw the point and helped make things go.

Meanwhile, of course, the New Program student body was steadily increasing. In 1937, twenty freshmen; next year, forty-six; the third year, fifty-four. Last September, the College admitted ninety-three freshmen. It turned a good many away, because at present it plans never to admit more than around ninety. The 'feel' of the student body has changed, as the contagion of intellectual excitement has inevitably spread.

As for the first graduates, the College is often asked to characterize them. What happened to them? Well, I think their chief characteristic, taking them as a group, is that, when they don't know something, they know they don't. That is a rare characteristic among the young Americans who received the bachelor's degree this year. I suppose Socrates would say it is a beginning of wisdom.

In many colleges today the alumni would have formed an insuperable barrier. But the organization of the St. John's alumni was not strong; many of them had been sorely disillusioned by rapidly succeeding administrations and continuously desperate cries for financial help; and the failure of most of them to rally to the College in its extremity placed them at a disadvantage anyhow. Finally, a very instructive thing happened. At any college as old as St. John's, there will always be a few alumni who will stand by and do what they can even when they do not approve of the administration. Loving their college, they yield their personal preferences, as the woman did in the judgment of Solomon. But in addition I suspect that most colleges today have alumni who have outgrown the adolescent fever over athletic victories and have begun to ask themselves questions about the job that Alma Mater is doing educationally. Alumni offices are not usually in touch with this second group. Since the abolition of intercollegiate athletics at St. John's and the increasing emphasis on excellence in intramural athletics, there has been a pronounced turn-over in alumni interest. Some alumni have quit cold, at least for the present; but others have frankly told me they were excited by what the College was doing and really interested for the first time since they graduated.

The ideal solution for the problem of complete communication between the College and its alumni would be the widest possible participation by them in the program of instruction itself. The

means for this solution actually exist. Ever since the second year of the New Program, the College has furnished adult seminars on the great books. A number are now held in Annapolis, Baltimore, and Washington. These seminars are not 'extension courses'; they offer no 'credit.' They offer only the intellectual excitement inherent in reading the great books and discussing them as well as possible with other persons who are reading them. Such instruction serves an extraordinarily necessary purpose for a healthy college.

Some twenty years ago Albert Jay Nock complained to me that there were no longer any colleges in America. With the temerity of extreme youth, I asked him why one could not be started. 'Where would you put it?' he demanded. 'You can't hang a college up in the air.' With the decline of liberal education during the past few decades, any college that attempts to appeal again to that great tradition risks finding itself up in the air, so far as public understanding is concerned. Yet without public understanding no college can hope to flourish healthily. Most important, it is the duty of a liberal arts college to instruct everybody; liberal education, as distinguished from specialized training, by its nature demands that it be continued all one's life. The undergraduate curriculum should be merely the induction to the real thing, should merely form the intellectual habits which make possible the real thing. The commencement exercises which imply good-bye to all that chalk up a failure. It is with these considerations in mind that St. John's College has devoted its already overtaxed teaching energies to a program of adult education in the area it has inhabited so long.

IV

What element of a college is still missing from this narrative? Board, administration, faculty, students, and alumni have played their respective rôles, which

have called for hard work, terrible anxiety, big risks, and sometimes heroism. They have found the strength to play these rôles by measuring all their efforts against one standard and one standard only, the educational purpose of the College. But they could not have played them but for the men and women who, scattered all over America, have sent financial aid. Voluntary and unsolicited gifts have come in, ranging all the way from a dollar bill, and an encouraging message with it, to single gifts running as high as \$14,000.

In asking for other gifts, the College has followed a simple recipe: State what we believe is wrong, indeed fatally wrong, with the American college of liberal arts today; state what we are doing about it; state our needs. Willing gifts have followed. It would be fatal to the College if it appealed in general for money and let the resultant gifts dictate its educational policy, either consciously or unconsciously; just as it would be fatal if the 'interests' of its students dictated that policy through 'course offerings.' It would be equally fatal if the College postponed pressing educational decisions until the money to carry them out was in the treasurer's safe. There are things that would be done now were there enough money, things not done for lack of it. But none of them are immediately essential things. St. John's policy on gifts was dictated by a single decision, made by the Board and the administration four years ago and concurred in by the faculty and undergraduates, who are regularly and fully informed of the College's financial problems by the treasurer. That decision was to tackle the job before the money was in hand, and count on the understanding and collaboration of men and women who have means and intend to use them to a high end.

That end can bear restatement wher-

ever free men and women recognize other than animal needs. It is the full development of man's most specifically human powers: his intellectual powers. To develop them takes harder labor, longer discipline, and more patient guidance than our colleges have recently faced, and a much more exclusive devotion to the main issue. Information, vocational training, useful and 'practical' courses that somehow turn out so pathetically impractical after Commencement Day, social contacts, a good time, tricks for making money—all these ends are sorry and treacherous substitutes for education in the liberal arts, the arts of thinking, speaking, writing, knowing. Every century has its vocabulary. The Greeks boasted that man was a rational animal and they devised systems of liberal education that would discipline and free those reasoning powers. The Christian mediæval philosopher stated that man had a rational soul: it was through the practice of the liberal arts that the powers of that soul were brought into their fullest possible play. As late as the nineteenth century the liberal arts colleges of America, as well as of Europe, were dedicated to cultivating the human intellect, the same high task. Then it was the mind, next the brain, and finally, with a sickening thud, 'attitudes.' We condition men now — just like the Nazis. We teach them many means for attaining their chosen end: we rarely ask them to criticize their choice of end. And man, who is the reasoning animal, the speaking animal, the only animal capable of logical discourse, capable of handling the word, the *logos*, is still here, insisting on his right to liberal education, the education that frees. For the purpose of liberal education rises superior to a decayed vocabulary: it always has been, is, and always will be to free the soul of man.

DAYLIGHT IN TUBES

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

I

WHEN the big fairs of New York and San Francisco opened two years ago with their bright prophecies of a brave new world, one of the first things that impressed the visitors was a glass wand which gave out a new kind of light. At the Flushing spectacle more than ten miles of these tubes produced a soft, diffused, yet powerful illumination unlike anything that had been seen before. Glowing in many colors, they flooded the streets and exhibits with hues unrivaled in purity and brilliance, and played a major part in creating the atmosphere of a futuristic wonderland.

What people saw was the public unveiling of the fluorescent light, the first radical departure in illumination since Edison's invention of the filament electric bulb. Dazzled by the glittering parade of novelties, spectators dismissed the luminous tube as only another new toy for the decoration of fairs and carnivals. In this opinion they were not alone. Even many lighting experts who recognized the revolutionary nature of the new light believed that it would be used only for advertising and display, like the neon sign. All doubters were caught off balance, for in two short years fluorescent lighting has swept the country in a boom of amazing proportions. In defense factories, offices, shops, department stores, drugstores, restaurants, and fighting planes, the lamps are being installed as fast as they can be made. More than a million American establishments are now lighted by the World's

Fair toy, and if all these fluorescent tubes were joined together they would form an unbroken line of light from New York to San Francisco and back again.

And this is only one phase of the fluorescent boom. The active principle of the lamp has been adapted to a score of important uses. It has given pathologists a valuable new weapon in the study of disease; it saves the crops of Western potato farmers, detects mould and adulteration in foodstuffs, and guides bombed Londoners to air-raid shelters without violating blackout rules.

The new lamp uses a completely new method for converting electricity into light. It has no filament, like the ordinary light bulb. Mercury vapor in the tube gives off ultra-violet light when the current passes through it, and the ultra-violet, striking a chalk-like chemical coating with which the tube is lined, is converted into light suitable for illumination. It is pleasanter, cooler, easier on the eyes, and vastly more efficient than any other light ever invented for general use.

You may see the new light at work in the retail shops and cafés of almost any city or large town. Its quality is noticeable from the sidewalk, for every corner of the shop appears to be flooded with soft, evenly distributed light. Overhead in clusters, or perhaps fixed vertically on the walls, are the gleaming tubular fluorescent bars, often from two to four feet long and about an inch and a half in

diameter. Sometimes the tubes are bare; sometimes they are partially shielded with grids made of glass or a translucent porcelain-like plastic. In either case you can look at the tubes without hurting your eyes. You will notice that, like Peter Pan, you have lost your shadow. This is because the sharp 'point lighting' of the ordinary bulb has been eliminated. The tube has ten times the surface area of a regular light bulb of the same wattage, so the light is spread out as evenly as melted butter on a piece of toast.

You may see these things with your own eyes, but if you speak to the proprietor he will tell you enthusiastically of other benefits. He will explain that he is getting more than twice as much light for the same amount of electricity, or, conversely, that he is getting just as much light for about half the current. Since standards of illumination have been increasing in recent years, the chances are that he has chosen the former course — however, the choice is his. And he will tell you that the new lamps are much cooler. Cool light is one of the Holy Grails of laboratory crusaders, and some investigators have even caged the firefly, that paragon of heatless light, in attempts to copy his production method. A fluorescent lighting system reduces lamp heat by about one half. Customers are more comfortable, and foods, flowers, and other perishable goods keep their freshness longer.

This peak of performance which the new lamp has reached overnight has long been the dream of engineers. For fifty years they have been making electric light by putting current through a wire and heating it until it glows. While this is incomparably better than light by kerosene or gas, even the newest gas-filled tungsten-filament lamp, the industry's greatest achievement, is more of a furnace than a lamp. It turns 90 per cent of the current into unwanted heat and utilizes only 10 per cent to make the light we are paying for. Improvers of the filament lamp face a hurdle which cannot

be surmounted, for further efforts to increase its yield of light would melt the tungsten. To make a more efficient lamp, laboratory research men had to start over again on an entirely different tack.

They found the answer in fluorescent light, in which no such hurdle exists. Its superiority can be easily shown. Expressed in terms of lumens per watt (amount of light delivered per unit of electric current) today's fluorescent tube ranks about 40 as against 12 or 13 for the common 60-watt household bulb. Its laboratory efficiency has already been stepped up to 60 and better, and the sky appears to be the limit. Engineers see no reason why fluorescent lamps cannot be made that are eight times as efficient as the best tungsten lamp on the market.

II

In a laboratory at Nela Park, Cleveland, — the General Electric Company's 'University of Light,' — Mr. George Inman, who had a lot to do with making the new lamp, showed me a speckled rock which looked like a piece of cottage cheese heavily sprinkled with black sage. Mr. Inman darkened the room, and placed the rock beneath a lamp which radiated invisible ultra-violet. The stone was transformed into a blazing ball of greenish-white light. I was looking at a piece of willemite, a fluorescent substance found in abundance in many parts of the country.

'Fluorescent' is now a familiar word to anyone who reads the advertisements, but two years ago it meant little to people outside the research plants and technical schools. A great number of materials which we see about us every day will 'fluoresce,' or glow, when exposed to ultra-violet light. For three centuries something has been known of this strange ability. As long ago as 1602 an Italian cobbler who dabbled in the black arts came back from the mountains with a stone that emitted a fierce glow under

daylight. His neighbors crossed themselves and avoided him. Now we know that the stone must have been composed of a fluorescent material which reacted to the ultra-violet band in the sun's spectrum.

Many able scientists worked on the problem without finding the true explanation. Then ninety years ago the eminent physicist Sir G. G. Stokes picked up the loose threads and tied them together for all time by means of a simple experiment. Using a piece of quartz to break up the rays of the sun into its various wave lengths, he took a test tube filled with a solution of quinine sulphate — which was known to behave strangely under daylight — and moved it slowly down the rainbow spectrum. When he reached the ultra-violet range, a ghostlike gleam of blue light shot across the tube. He had found that the curious light-changing quality of the chemical was attuned to ultra-violet; that it had the ability to absorb light of one wave length and pour it out in another. He christened this ability 'fluorescence.'

Like many other pioneer scientists, Stokes had no idea that his discovery was of any practical use. After he pointed the way, there was still a great deal to do before fluorescence could be used for anything except a subject for scientific papers. Investigators in Germany, France, England, and the United States compiled long lists of fluorescent minerals and plant substances, and experimented with light to find out what wave lengths were most effective in exciting them.

Finally someone hit upon the idea of caging ultra-violet light and a fluorescent material inside a glass tube and thus making a new kind of lamp. Many people had a finger in the pie. The first fluorescent tubes were seen in Holland in the mid-thirties, but they were high-voltage lamps unsuitable for general use. It remained for American engineers to bring practical fluorescent lighting to the public.

In Cleveland, George Inman ground his willemite to powder, and picked out the useless black spots by hand. He and his fellow workers mixed the white powder with an adhesive, and sprayed a thin coating on the inside of a glass tube. Electric terminals were placed in the ends of the tube, and it was filled with mercury vapor, which acted as a conductor and closed the circuit when the current was turned on. This provided a rich source of ultra-violet. It was transformed by the excited willemite into a wave length suitable for illumination, and soft fluorescent light poured forth from the tube. It was a crude affair, but gave promise.

Meanwhile in Salem, Massachusetts, James L. Cox, a young Cornell graduate, was working on the same problem in the interests of the Hygrade Sylvania Corporation. For his work in treating fluorescent powders to yield the greatest amount of light, Mr. Cox was honored last year by the National Association of Manufacturers as an inventor whose work has 'materially affected the lives of Americans.' And a Worcester Tech student, Edward C. Dench, who spent a summer vacation working in the Westinghouse laboratories, got an idea for a more efficient starting switch.

Since these beginnings, the lamp has been steadily improved. Rocks are no longer ground up to make the powder. Other methods have been found to produce purer materials, and scores of fluorescent powders have been developed which will react under ultra-violet to produce whatever color of light is desired. In the laboratories of General Electric, Westinghouse, and Hygrade Sylvania — the leading manufacturers of the lamp — they will show you half a dozen bottles all containing powder that is white under ordinary light. Pour out a sample from each bottle and turn on the ultra-violet, and the little mounds become torches of vivid green, blue, yellow, and so on. Light of various colors can be obtained simply by mixing the

fluorescent powders. Powders that fluoresce pink, buff, and blue will yield a white light, and by altering the recipe you can get a 'daylight' which consumes only one third of the current used by an incandescent daylight bulb. Before these new lamps were invented, colored light was produced by staining the bulb or using a colored screen, and as much as 90 per cent of the light was lost in the process. Fluorescent colored light is colored to begin with — the wasteful middleman has been fired. This was one reason for the immediate popularity of the lamp in display lighting.

In the lamp's early days, engineers noticed a curious optical illusion when objects were in motion beneath a single tube. If you waved your hand rapidly, you seemed to have an extra finger, and sometimes a wheel revolving at a high rate appeared to stand still. This was because the light in the tube actually went out 120 times a second, owing to the rapid alternation of the current. This flicker was corrected by installing the tubes in pairs, with the two currents 'out of step' with each other.

The infant invention was hardly out of its diapers when it was snatched from the laboratory and set to work. In the summer of 1937, Bassett Jones, lighting director of New York's projected World of Tomorrow, went to Nela Park, Cleveland, and asked, 'What's new in lighting?' He saw the glowing tubes, and nothing else would do. Orders were quickly placed with all firms which were making the tubes, and research men put on overalls to turn them out. Every fluorescent light which spectators saw at the opening of the fair was a laboratory product.

By degrees the industry moved into the factory. Two million of the tubes were sold that year. Since then, new plants have been built and new production machines designed. Now assembly lines are running day and night to fill the estimated 1941 demand for 20,000,000 fluorescent lamps.

III

The new lamp came along just in time to light the new defense plants, where it provides the best illumination ever discovered for close mechanical work. Twenty-six miles of fluorescent tubes have just been installed in the big new factory of the Vega Airplane Company at Burbank, California. Workers in the new Chrysler tank factory, the Packard Rolls-Royce plane-motor plant, and the Bell Aircraft, Republic Aviation, and Curtiss-Wright factories, to name only a few, are speeding production and saving their eyes under its soft, powerful glow.

When the country launched the big armament drive, it was common knowledge that most factories were too dimly lighted for fast, accurate work. The average illumination was about five foot-candles, which is hardly one hundredth of the light you get when you sit under a tree reading on a bright day. For many years authorities had been crusading for better light, but the heavy cost of wiring for more current had blocked their efforts. Now the government called for 35 to 60 foot-candles of light in plants which it financed. The fluorescent lamp, giving more than double the amount of light for the current, made this possible. To the machine operator it is like bringing a piece of the noonday sky indoors.

Big textile plants in New England and the South are rapidly changing to fluorescent lighting. In one typical factory, the plant engineer had added all the bulbs which the wiring would take, and the light was still so dim that eye trouble was an occupational ailment among the machine operators. Fluorescent lights were installed which doubled the amount of illumination without increasing the load on the wiring. The light bill remained the same, and the cost of the change was about one third what the factory would have paid for rewiring.

These are a few of the reasons why the new lamp is rapidly becoming

standard equipment in large American plants. The lamp's auxiliary devices make fluorescent lighting more expensive to install than the ordinary filament-bulb system, so it is still of chief interest to establishments that use a great deal of light, and in places where light of a special quality is needed. Art museums, for instance, have tried for years to duplicate artificially the north light under which painters work, and which should fall on the paintings if we are to see them as artists meant them to be seen. Now Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute has solved the problem with fluorescent light.

The new light has spread through the nation's retail shops with the speed of an epidemic. Its coolness reduces the cost of air-conditioning in modern restaurants, 'five and ten' stores, offices, and trains. Drugstore proprietors all tell the same story of better light and current economy. Many of them report slashes in the light bill of 30 per cent or better. Since they remain open long hours and often burn lights in the daytime, this saving usually pays off an installation cost of \$300 or so inside of a year.

So great is the demand for the new lamps in factories and stores that the industry has had little time to think of other uses, but fluorescent lighting in the home, still in the experimental stage, offers fascinating possibilities. Some pioneers have already installed these lamps in bathrooms, game rooms, and kitchens, and at the head of their beds. Their coolness and lack of glare make them popular over sinks and kitchen worktables. The tubes last about 2500 hours, compared with about 1000 hours for the filament bulb. Replacement is a simple matter of lifting the tube from the fixture and dropping in a new one — like changing a window shade. Since the lamps take a second or two to light up after the switch is turned, they are less convenient for quick use in passageways than in rooms where light is needed for longer periods.

Because they are slenderer than filament bulbs, the tubes are more practical for built-in lighting. They are so cool that they can be safely installed behind the tops of window draperies, and a number of people are using them in this manner, not only in modern interiors, but in period living rooms. Their strong, unobtrusive glow, reflected against the ceiling, provides excellent light for entertainment, card playing, and so on, but portable fluorescent lamps that would look well in the average living room have not yet been developed. Most American rooms are designed for circular 'spot lighting.' Just as early automobiles looked like buggies, home lighting fixtures are still under the influence of the tallow candle.

The use of the new lamps in homes will depend mainly upon the quality of the light and the fitness of the tube in decorative schemes. Since few home lights are used more than 800 hours a year, fluorescent fixtures would take a long time to pay for themselves out of savings in the light bill. They will save money in other ways, however. Home air-conditioning is becoming more prevalent every year, and, as we have seen, cool fluorescent light reduces its cost. And in old houses where more light is needed the new lamp will give double the quantity without the expense and annoyance of rewiring.

The effect of fluorescent light upon colors is slightly different from the familiar color distortions caused by the filament light bulb. The ordinary bulb is overrich in yellow and red, while the new lamp has an extra supply of blue and green. For this reason, navy blue and black are easily distinguished under fluorescent light, while under the filament bulb they look much the same. The old yellow light tends to conceal scorching caused by ironing, while the new light warns the housewife immediately. On the other hand, the yellow of butter takes on a faintly greenish tinge under fluorescent lamps. A new 'soft

white' fluorescent tube, to which a little red has been added, helps to correct this distortion, and in a 'model house' in the Westinghouse laboratories engineers and decorators are experimenting with foods, fabrics, and fluorescence with a view to producing a light which will satisfy the most fastidious homeowner. They are also working on fluorescent floor lamps and table lamps, and turning out a wider variety of tubes of all sizes to fill all needs.

Sizes now run all the way from giant tubes five feet long to tubes of six inches no thicker than your finger. These pygmies are being used to light the instrument boards of the newest fighting planes. The fluorescent mixture is painted on the indicators and numerals of the dials, and the pale beam of ultra-violet kicks it into vivid life. The dials are easier to read, and the reduced glare inside the cockpit helps the pilot's vision and conceals his position from the enemy.

IV

The recent discoveries about fluorescence which made the lamp possible have stimulated the invention of scores of devices using the same basic principles. The powder need not be confined in a glass tube — it is excited by ultra-violet at a distance of many feet. It can be mixed with paints, lacquers, and dyes without losing this special sensitivity. English 'twilight engineers' mark the entrances of subways and bomb shelters with fluorescent paint, and during a blackout the markings glow under a lamp which sheds invisible ultra-violet. At army field headquarters, a fine powder is dusted on military maps so that generals can read them in the dark with the aid of a small portable 'invisible lamp.'

Fluorescent paint is used in outdoor advertising to make the same billboard carry a double message. There is an effective billboard in Cleveland that under ordinary light shows a line of roof-

tops and the words, 'How about coal next winter?' When the lights go out at intervals, invisible light excites fluorescent paint, showing a Christmas card design of roofs piled with gleaming snow and a sky full of flakes. Night clubs use the same technique. At a turn of a switch, walls that are ordinarily blank blossom forth with romantic pictures of tropical scenes.

Invisible fluorescent dye is used for identification in cases where an obvious marking might be objectionable. A research scientist was once showing me some fluorescent chemicals under invisible light in his laboratory when I noticed that across his white shirt front 'B-15' was stamped in large blue symbols. When we left the laboratory, it was gone. He explained that his laundry marked garments with a fluorescent dye, since many people dislike indelible-ink markings. The man who makes up the packages sorts the garments under invisible light. A Chicago hospital, after a lawsuit in which it was charged that babies had been shuffled, took to marking them with a harmless fluorescent dye, and can now settle any dispute with ultra-violet.

The fact that different inks and glues fluoresce differently under the invisible light provides a new weapon for the detection of forgery, alteration of documents, and tampering with the mail. If a letter is pried open and glued up again, the new adhesive betrays itself unmistakably. An Ohio firm advertises an inexpensive fluorescence kit — a package of powder and a small 'invisible lamp' — for the detection of petty thieves or saboteurs. If cash or merchandise has been disappearing, or if machines are being damaged, you dust them with the inconspicuous powder. No matter how long the guilty person scrubs his hands, beneath the light they will blaze with a telltale green.

Fluorescence has many uses in agriculture, and in determining the contents and the freshness of foods. Butter and margarine may look alike under day-

light, but margarine glows with a strong blue under invisible ultra-violet. Fresh eggs have a reddish fluorescence, but after ten days the color begins to change through reddish brown to blue. Eggs that have been dipped in preservative are easily spotted by their changed fluorescence color. The lilac fluorescence of fresh walnuts changes to yellow as they age. Fluorescence betrays the presence of chicory in coffee, horse fat in lard, and refined oil in supposedly virgin olive oil. Put honey beneath ultra-violet light, and with a little training you can tell by the nature of the fluorescence what flower the bees fed on.

Fungus infections and other plant diseases are now detected at government experiment stations by their fluorescence. Ring rot has long been a serious problem of the Western potato farmer. When he cut up his seed potatoes for planting, the occasional infected spot was hard to see, and sometimes his entire crop was blighted because he spread the infection with his knife. Professor R. B. Harvey of the University of Minnesota observed that the fluorescence color of ring rot is bright green, and worked out a technique which many farmers used with success last spring. When they did their cutting beneath ultra-violet, it was easy to throw out the diseased potato and dip the knife in a disinfectant.

New horizons in the study of disease have been opened up by pioneer explorers in fluorescence. Last year an audience of New York physicians sat spell-bound as Dr. Hans Popper, pathologist of Cook County Hospital, Chicago, told of his work with the fluorescent microscope. The new instrument is hailed by such an authority as Dr. Paul Klemperer of Mt. Sinai Hospital as the first

major step in the study of cell structure in the last half century. Since Ehrlich's time, pathologists have stained sections of tissue with dyes to make them visible under the microscope. In its day this was a great advance, but scientists have always had to make allowance for changes in appearance caused by the chemical action of the dyes. With the new microscope, the specimen is flooded with invisible ultra-violet, and its fluorescence colors create a more vivid, clear-cut picture than research men have ever seen before.

It has been found that all species of bacteria have characteristic fluorescence colors. The tuberculosis germ glows in yellowish rose, the 'A-type' typhoid germ in violet-tinged yellow, and the 'B-type' in greenish yellow. Cancerous tissue fluoresces with a purplish-pearly hue, in contrast with healthy tissue, which appears almost black. Dr. Popper has been experimenting with Vitamin A, which is important in the prevention of night blindness. He feeds the vitamins to rats, and studies specimens from their livers beneath the new microscope. The vitamin's green fluorescence color enables him to trace its course, and reveals facts about its behavior which are of value in treatment.

The new microscope has just begun its career, and the same may be said of the lamp and of all other developments in the fluorescent field. Many able men are testing the fluorescence of hundreds of materials, experimenting with different wave lengths of ultra-violet, and trying out new mechanisms to unite them for all manner of tasks. The development stands today about where aviation stood when Orville Wright took off at Kitty Hawk.

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WIFE

BY JEAN BURTON

[THE opening chapters of this biography which appeared in the *Atlantic* for May and June described the love affair between Isabel Arundell, the impecunious daughter of one of England's oldest Catholic families, and Richard Burton, soldier, explorer, and author. Their engagement, which lasted nearly ten years, was followed by a marriage more tempestuous and romantic than any other on record in Victorian England. Richard is home on leave from his consulate in Brazil as the narrative is resumed.

— THE EDITOR]

I

WITH the help of her Uncle Gerard, who by the greatest good fortune was Lord Stanley's neighbor, Isabel had landed the Damascus Consulate for Richard. This had been their dream from the beginning and it might lead to almost anything — 'it was hinted that if he succeeded *there* he might eventually get Morocco, Teheran, and finish up at Constantinople. . . . We were on the zenith of our career.'

The appointment drew an instant barrage of criticism, but the Disraeli government then in power was willing to take a chance. Isabel had some little trouble in locating her husband to tell him the great news, and sent off identical letters in all directions. In the end Richard heard about his appointment quite by accident in a Lucca café. He telegraphed his acceptance and caught the first boat home, where he was none too soon; for in the interval Disraeli had

fallen, Lord Clarendon was the new Foreign Minister, and an avalanche of protests was descending on him from church groups all over England pointing out the peril to Christian missionaries that would inevitably result from leaving them to the mercies of a Consul who was himself a pagan *or worse*. When Richard landed he was rushed to the Foreign Office and there spent an extremely agitating morning listening to the stupendous total of objections that had been filed against him, but although the staff did not disguise its apprehensions the upshot was that the appointment stood — on Richard's solemn oath that he would act with 'unusual' prudence; and he went off importantly to the next levee as H. M. Consul to Damascus.

In the spring of 1869 the doctor recommended a course of the waters before going on to Syria. Richard went to Vichy, where Swinburne joined him in July, and they began to enjoy themselves to such a degree that Isabel, packing away for dear life in sultry London, decided the contrast was altogether too marked.

'I did not see why I could not have the month with him there too, so I just started off with Mr. J. J. Aubertin [of Brazil memory] who was also going there.' She and Aubertin went by way of Paris, where the Emperor Napoleon's fête was in full swing and where Isabel had one of her best premonitions. 'I was walking that night in the Champs Élysées with a friend, who will remember it, when I said suddenly, somewhat ex-

citedly, "In a year hence all this will be shattered, and the hand that created it will be humbled in the dust!" That day year France was fighting Prussia.'

Richard and Swinburne met her at the Vichy station, and they stayed through September. Swinburne was then just thirty-two, Richard forty-eight, and when Swinburne fell ill it was Richard who, 'with more than a woman's care and devotion, restored him to health,' as he told Symons. Long after, in *An Evening at Vichy*, he wrote of Richard in the same strain:—

... He then with us, warrior and wanderer,
crowned
With fame that shone from eastern on western day,
More strong, more kind, than praise or than grief
might say.

They all went by carriage to Clermont-Ferrand and Le Puy-en-Velay; Swinburne recited, their new friend Mrs. Sartoris sang; it was altogether, Isabel said wistfully, the happiest holiday they had ever had. Then the party broke up with promises to meet again soon and Richard left for Damascus.

At Damascus life settled into an easy routine. 'Richard went downtown to the Consulate in the afternoons. I interested myself in all his pursuits, and I was a most fortunate woman that he allowed me to be his companion, his secretary, and his aide-de-camp. I looked after our house, servants, stables, and animals. I did a little gardening, read and wrote, studied Arabic, received and returned visits, saw and learnt Damascus till I knew it like my own pocket. Frequently I used to dress as a Moslemah, with my face covered up, and sit in the shops in the bazaar. I looked after the poor and sick of my village. Sometimes I galloped over the plains, and sat in the Bedawi tents, sometimes went up all the mountains. There was plenty of shooting—red-legged partridges, wild duck, quail, snipe, and woodcock, and I seldom came home with an empty bag. Sometimes I went to pass two or three days with a *harim*.'

There were only thirty Europeans and three English in the whole of Damascus, not counting the missions and schools; and gayety was a thing unknown. But Isabel, though she took her duties as Consul's wife anything but lightly, always enjoyed her own parties. She instituted Wednesday receptions when visitors used to stream in all day long, the dragomans interpreting for her and coaching her in the correct reception for guests of different rank. At her receptions Isabel belonged to her friends, but on Saturdays to her poor. This was no pose: Isabel sat up night after night with ailing indigents who had no possible claim on her; she was never too busy to see them, and she went alone about the city on her errands day or night without a thought of danger.

In Damascus the Burtons made two great friends—Lady Ellenborough, who went in those days by the name of Jane Digby El Mezráb; and the world-famed Abd-el-Kadir. Their dreamy, far-ranging talk used to last until the moon was on the wane, after which Abd-el-Kadir, rousing his escort of sleepy Algerines picketed in the little courtyard, would courteously return Jane to her Shaykh. Isabel and Richard were soon on good-neighborly terms with all the Shaykhs and villagers within a two or three days' ride. 'If we felt dull we could run out and pay them a visit.'

In the preface to her first independent publication, *The Inner Life of Syria*, in 1875, Isabel observed: 'I have followed my husband everywhere, gleaned only women's lore.' From the beginning she went often to the great Mosque. She loved all the forms of religion—any religion—for their own sake. Her friends at home, however, evinced no more than a perfunctory interest in mosques, but they did want to hear all about the harems. Isabel held to a certain reticence in response.

If she visited the harems in her riding habit and stayed overnight, 'during my toilette I could see fifty pairs of eyes at

fifty chinks in the windows and doors. Dressing *en Amazone* seemed to afford them infinite glee and when I arrived at the cloth nether garments of my riding habit they produced shouts of laughter. . . . The women begged to pull down my hair to see how it was done, and to play with my hat.' To avoid this she customarily went in native costume — 'a pair of lemon coloured slippers, pointed at the toes; white linen trowsers, like two large sacks, gathered at waist and ankles; and a large garment, like a fine linen dressing gown, prettily embroidered . . . pale-blue waistband, blue neck ribbon, and a blue turban.' Thus fitted out, with her fair hair hanging down her back, kohled eyelashes and brows, a small bouquet fastened in the front hair, and a few stars and crescents tastefully kohled on her face, she felt less conspicuous. Or she might dress as an Arab boy, a disguise which, she felt certain, quite deceived all concerned. 'In fact I never *could* remember not to enter the *harims*. I used always to forget that I was a boy, until women began screaming and running to hide themselves.'

The decorum of the harems was what struck her as especially praiseworthy. Even the hired entertainers were 'all dressed in various coloured gauzes, and spangles, and gold coin ornaments, and trowsers frilled and gathered round the ankle. You see in point of dress they are far more decent than our own ballet girls, and even the Lord Chamberlain could not object to them.'

II

Trouble began to close in on the Burtons around 1871. To the political and religious intrigues that crisscrossed Damascus Richard in every instance contributed complications all his own. Isabel began her most curious account of the doings of this year with a statement of Richard's attitude: —

'Richard tried religions all around. Every time he was disappointed with a

religion he fell back on mysticism. It was the soul wandering through space, like the dove out of the ark, and seeking a place whereon to rest. . . . He was sincere with the Mohammedans, and found more in that religion than in *most*. He hoped much from spiritualism, and studied it well; but he could make nothing of it as a religion. It never seemed to bring him any nearer; but he believed in it as in the light of a future frontier of science. *His* Agnosticism was of a much higher cast; it was the mysticism of the East. . . . He became impressed with one thing here in Syria, as he had done at Baroda in his youth, and that is that Catholicism is the highest order of Spiritualism . . . that we cannot call it up at our pleasure . . . but that when something *does* happen, it is absolutely *real*, only we are not allowed to speak of it, except amongst ourselves, and then with bated breath.'

Richard's imagination and sense of drama began to work on the situation and from that day he was lost. The Shazlis were a species of Sufi to begin with; a comparison between them and the Alexandrian Fathers of the Church was irresistible; and before long 'he thought he saw his way in it to the highest kind of religion, and he followed it up *unofficially*. Disguised as a Shazli, and unknown to any mortal except me, he used to mix with them, and pass much of his time in the Maydan of Damascus with them; and *he saw what he saw*. . . . This gave him an enormous interest in Damascus, but it was his ruin; and the curious Spiritualism, *if you like to term it so*, that was developing there was almost like a "new advent," and though he did not then *mean* it, he ended by sacrificing his worldly career to it.' Isabel always claimed that Richard came nearer to a public profession of Catholicism at this point than ever before or since.

He now made Lord Granville a very striking proposal: that he, Richard, should buy a tract of land and establish the con-

verted Shazlis therein under his protection; the Patriarch of Jerusalem should then come to baptize them en masse, with Isabel to act as godmother, and Richard to stand on guard and fend off lurking enemies.

Lord Granville in a sort of daze communicated with the Patriarch, to whom the whole plan was emphatically news; the Patriarch in turn communicated with the Turkish Wali at Damascus, with whom Richard was at daggers drawn; and from then on all was inextricable confusion. The upshot was that Richard was recalled within the month. He too by now was going around more or less in a waking nightmare. The F. O. moved with such alarmed haste at the last that he learned of his recall when the new Consul arrived in Damascus to take over. 'It was not *only* the insult of the whole thing,' cried Isabel in her anguish, 'it was the *ungentlemanly* way in which it was carried out!'

Once more in London, they found cheap rooms and looked about them. There ensued, said Isabel, 'ten months of great poverty and official neglect (though *great* kindness from Society) during which we were reduced to our last £15.' But tears were luxuries while there was work to be done. The hours she spent in the Foreign Office (or on unlucky days in its ante-rooms); the letters she wrote to the press and to friends far and near explaining over and over how everything that had happened was in no way Richard's fault but was all, all due to the machinations of his enemies and the ignorance and wicked prejudice of those in authority — the sum total of these does not bear contemplation.

The Foreign Office staff from Lord Granville and Sir Henry Elliot to the lowliest clerk heard her and shuddered. In desperation they finally issued a Blue Book, *The Case of Captain Burton, Late H.B.M. Consul at Damascus*, and announced defiantly that now the matter was officially closed. But even as the Blue Book came off the press the tireless

woman wore them down to the point of offering Richard a choice of other posts — conspicuously lowly and undesirable posts, it is true, which were at once haughtily spurned, but serving notice to the public that he was still far from being counted out.

At last came the promise of a post for Richard that his self-esteem would permit him to accept. He was to be the new Consul at Trieste. The post was purely and undisguisedly a sinecure. A few commercial papers to sign, a few visiting celebrities to entertain, and that was all. But it is revelatory of the pathetic state into which Isabel had browbeaten the Foreign Office that when Trieste fell vacant Lord Granville wrote meekly to ask if she thought Richard would take it. As for Richard, his reaction was distinctly petulant. After long and prayerful consideration the Foreign Office had come to the conclusion that, with all his ingenuity, he could hardly embroil himself in any very spectacular goings-on in the placid, down-at-heel little seaport of Trieste.

Richard went ahead to inspect the site of his exile, and Isabel followed by way of Brussels, Frankfurt, and Munich. At Venice she caught up with Richard, who was doing a little prowling on his own account.

'Halloo,' he said casually, 'what are you doing here?'

'What are *you?*' said Isabel, and they shook hands.

(This was typical, as was borne out later by their Vice-Consul at Trieste, who wrote that they behaved — heaven knows what the poor man had steeled himself to expect — exactly like a pair of brothers: 'he walking along with his gamecock under his arm, and she with her bull-terrier under hers.')

At Trieste, as elsewhere, Isabel and Richard rose at three or four o'clock in the morning in the summer and at five in winter; Isabel studied Italian, German, and singing, swam or fenced; and what with reading, writing, looking after the poor, working for the Church or for the

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, her day was all too short.

Richard felt at home as soon as he located a sanatorium at the near-by Slav village of Opcina; here he and Isabel took partly furnished rooms at an old inn called Daneu's, brought up things of their own from time to time, and spent frequent week-ends quite alone. 'We lived absolutely the jolly life of two bachelors, as it might be an elder and a younger brother. When we wanted to go, we just turned the key and left.'

Before Christmas Isabel had to see Richard's publishers in London and also superintend the appearance of her own *Inner Life of Syria*. In May, Richard joined her and to their pleased surprise they found themselves joint celebrities. It seemed to Isabel a favorable moment to broach a project she had nursed in mind for some time. She had decided, that is, that Richard should be made a K. C. B.; accordingly she drew up a petition setting forth his claims to this honor and drawing attention to the 'obstruction' with which he had consistently met to date. She then stood over every influential friend she could corner until it was signed.

No one had ever pursued a knighthood with just the innocent directness employed by Isabel. The press was scandalized; it wavered between horror and a few embarrassed editorials on the touching nature of the wifely devotion that inspired her. Embarrassing the whole thing certainly was to everyone but Isabel — and Richard. He was never at any time discouraged; his attitude was simply, like hers, that he was a grievously misunderstood and wronged man, and that whatever could be done to rectify this was clearly only reasonable and right.

She did all she could to get him made a K. C. B., but it fell through now as in 1869. The unforeseeable result of this campaign, which might so easily have consigned them both to utter oblivion or ridicule, was that Isabel's long harping on Richard as the forgotten man made

him in the end a far more widely known figure than he could ever have become as the most successful Consul in the history of Damascus or any other post. About this time General Gordon came prominently into their lives. 'Uncrowned kings both!' Isabel at once exclaimed of Gordon and her husband. She and Gordon shared a love for animals and the obscurer Bible texts and he used to sit on her hearthrug while they discussed oracles, the preëxistence of souls, predestination, the accountability of the heathen, the presumable whereabouts and occupations of the soul during sleep, and the exact locations of Biblical events — on which both might claim to speak as experts.

Gordon kept peppering Richard with letters begging him to give up Trieste.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN BURTON,

You now, I see, have £600 a year, a good climate, quiet life, good food, etc., and are engaged in literary inquiries, etc., etc. I have no doubt that you are very comfortable, but I cannot think entirely satisfied with your present small sphere. I have therefore written to the Khedive to ask him to give you Darfur as Governor-General, with 1,600 a year and a couple of secretaries.

Other lures hopefully put forward: 'I found a lot of chain armour here, just like the armour of Saladin's people, time of the Crusades. . . . The sheep are wonderful, some with a regular mane. . . . The people would delight in the interest you would take in them, for most of the Darfur families are of Mohammed's family. . . . On the border are the Niam-Niam, who circumcise. I only hope you will come.'

Once again the reason for Richard's complete lack of response was that out of the blue there had emerged another glittering prospect of fortune. In the old Mecca days he had heard of a great gold deposit in the portion of Arabia belonging to Egypt, and now his original informant had suddenly reappeared offering to lead him to the spot. Richard leaped at the chance. Egypt, as every-

one knew, was desperately in need of gold; he rushed to Cairo, secured an interview with Ismail I, and was authorized to proceed.

When it developed that there would be obstacles in the way of sending Isabel to Midian on an Egyptian man-of-war, which was what she suggested to the Khedive, she settled herself reluctantly at the Suez Hotel to wait. 'The Khedive was exceedingly gracious to me.' Also 'I had loads of people to see me, and many invitations.' But all these were poor stopgaps until Richard returned, worn and old-looking but still convinced that Midian would be a second California. The Khedive, who had the most urgent reasons for hoping he was right, sent a special train to meet him; and there was a profusion of champagne and toasting and gayety as the party made the triumphal last lap of the journey.

Still in the highest spirits, Richard and Isabel got away to Alexandria: 'We were very merry.' But the collapse of the Midian venture came quickly. The next expedition had to be abandoned when the native chiefs rose in opposition to what would assuredly have meant, in practice, the systematic looting of their domain.

As acknowledgment that Richard had at least not forgotten his Consulate, they touched at Trieste before proceeding to Dublin for the annual meeting of the British Association and thence to London for the winter.

The Burtons spent the ensuing season concurrently in two worlds, the world of Mayfair and the world of spirits. Richard had become much sought after as a lecturer. Soon he brought out his second book on Midian, and Isabel her *A. E. I.* (Arabia, Egypt, India). Her publisher gave her a dinner that lasted till five the next morning, and *Punch* began to write flattering little squibs about 'The Literary B's.' The most moving tribute of the year came when Swinburne dedicated his second series of *Poems and Ballads* to Richard.

When they returned to Trieste in 1879, Isabel too was ailing, having sustained a bad fall in her Paris hotel; it was her turn to endure a long course of massages, bonesettings, and baths in Vienna and Marienbad. From now on, the pursuit of health was a consideration with both Isabel and Richard, and she could not resign herself to it. 'Strength, health and nerve I had hitherto looked upon as a sort of right of nature, and supposed that everybody had them: I never felt grateful for them as a blessing, but I began to learn what suffering was from this date.'

The year 1880 was a troubled one. Richard ended his negotiations with the Khedive in a tangle of litigation and spent much time in Egypt in an attempt to unsnarl it. Isabel still had hopes of Lord Beaconsfield, though as a matter of experience he always did rather less for them than the maligned Liberals. On the other hand, Richard's luck with Gladstone was not much better. At one dinner he had even been known to launch into argument with the great man, at which the guest sitting next him pressed into his hand (but too late) a menu on which was shakily scrawled: 'Please do not contradict Mr. Gladstone. Nobody ever does.'

When the Conservative Government fell in the spring and Lord Granville again took over the Foreign Office, Isabel turned in despair to Gordon, but by this time he too had griefs and to spare and he replied sadly:—

MY DEAR MRS. BURTON,

You write to an orb that is setting, or rather is set. I have no power to aid your husband in any way. . . . I have written letters to the F.O. that would raise a corpse; it is no good. In fact, my dear Mrs. Burton, I have done for myself with this Government, and you may count me a feather. . . .

Meanwhile she underwent a heroic though profitless regimen of doctors. 'I was nearly three months under clever Dr. Maclagan, the father of salicin. I went as advised to Hutton, the bone-

setter.' Richard wanted her, but she remained in London through part of May for the reception given by the Duchess of Norfolk for Newman, who at weary last had received his Cardinal's hat.

III

In 1881 Richard undertook his last mining venture when a Liverpool merchant commissioned him, together with Captain Lovett Cameron, to report on concessions on the Ancobra River on the Gold Coast of Africa.

When he had gone, Isabel wrote: 'I feel it terribly this time, as I go on getting older. . . . He has to change ship four times, and this is a great anxiety to me in this stormy weather. . . . God keep him safe! The mines are all round the coast, and then I dread fever for him. He wishes to make a little trip to the Kong Mountains, and then I fear natives and beasts. Perhaps Cameron will be with him but *entre nous* Cameron is not very solid. . . . I am fearfully sad. I have been nowhere; I neither visit, nor receive, nor go out. . . . I must fight the battle with my own heart, learn to live alone and work, and when I have conquered I will see something of my friends. I dreaded my empty home without children or relatives; but I have braved the worst now.'

Isabel had cancer, and had faced it at last. But when she went to England to meet Richard on his return she refused an operation; an ailing wife would mar his homecoming and besides he might need nursing himself. As it happened he did, and soothing as well. The trip had been a failure, the mines were not worth working, he had been wretched the whole time he was away; he had nothing to show for his year's work except a book — *To the Gold Coast for Gold* — the querulousness of which reflected his sickness and disappointment.

By now the Burton finances were in a genuinely precarious state. Richard was confined to his bed in Trieste for al-

most eight months with a combination of stomach and heart ailments and gout. Isabel was his only nurse.

It was only when he had recovered somewhat that Richard settled to the task of completing a work he had begun over thirty years before — the unabridged and literal translation of *The Thousand Nights and a Night* with explanatory notes. The work was to be published privately, with Isabel as usual handling the business end. Her first assignment was to send out some thirty-four thousand circulars to prospective subscribers.

She was more concerned over Richard's failing health than with the fate of a book she secretly feared he might never live to complete. In a fit of panic early in the new year she implored him to throw up his post altogether even if it meant sacrificing his pension; they would get by somehow, and perhaps they could find a climate where he could recover faster. Nonsense, said Richard, who had been inexplicably jaunty ever since he started on the *Nights*. He called after her that he would be Consul at Morocco yet.

The work progressed swimmingly, the first volumes were nearly ready for the printer, and together they began to compile the index. It seemed to Isabel that everything was going almost too smoothly and on February 12 she warned Richard: 'Now mind, tomorrow is Friday the 13th. It is our unlucky day, and we have got to be very careful.' What happened in the morning was that they heard the belated and ghastly news of the murder of Gordon at Khartoum.

After seventeen months of intensive effort during which Isabel had seen to every detail of printing, binding, and circulation (and pacifying printers; Richard used to 'abuse them up and down the margins') the first volume of *The Thousand Nights and a Night* was now issued. It went to one thousand hand-picked subscribers, and accompanying it was a circular in which Richard requested that it be kept under lock and key.

The original edition was to consist of ten volumes and six supplemental volumes. Since it was printed privately, Isabel, in order to copyright three thousand pages of the text, issued an expurgated or 'household' edition 'adapted for the study and enjoyment of the younger generation.' It was in only six volumes, and Isabel was sensitive on this point: 'I do not know whether to be amused or provoked by people speaking of my edition as a milk-and-water thing; it was Richard's translation, with a word or two cut out here and there, and my name was only put on it to copyright it.' Richard, however, had forbidden her to read some pages until he blotted out 'the worst words'; and her edition, justly famous for its definition of a concubine as an assistant wife, was a very different affair.

The difference, of course, was that Richard's anthropological notes, sole cause of the controversy, were omitted. As to these Mr. Lane-Poole, one of his editors, observed with pain that they evinced an intimate acquaintance with Oriental depravity and 'an attitude of attraction towards all that is most repulsive in life and literature,' thus conferring on his translation 'a peculiar notoriety that has no relation to its scholarship.'

At any rate this peculiar notoriety had one immediate result: the *Nights* made money. By the time the last supplemental volume appeared he had cleared ten thousand guineas. Best of all, he need never worry again about dying obscure.

When Richard and Isabel went next to Hatfield to Lord and Lady Salisbury the post at Morocco had just fallen vacant, and so confident of it did Richard feel that he left to look the place over. He had some reason to feel sure of it since the press seemed of the same opinion, and he was sped on his way by quite a flurry of premature eulogy. Isabel joined him at Gibraltar and they celebrated their silver wedding in Tangier.

As it turned out, Richard did not get

the Consulate at Morocco. But another of Isabel's long campaigns was crowned with success when he was given the order of the K. C. M. G. — not the K. C. B. she had coveted for him, but better than nothing. 'The Queen's recognition of Dick's forty-four years of service was sweetly done at last, sent for our Silver Wedding, and she told a friend of mine that she was pleased to confer something that would include both husband and wife,' wrote Isabel, and in truth no one ever took more candid pleasure in a title than the new Lady Burton.

In 1886 they were in London again. In search of relief for Richard's gout they visited Dr. Foakes, the 'rhubarb and magnesia' man, and Dr. Kellgren, whose specialty was 'shampooing.' The treatment here, Isabel said with justice, was simply horrible. The gouty limb was shampooed and twisted till the patient was in indescribable agony. 'I wish that that treatment had never taken place. I cannot help connecting subsequent misfortunes with it.'

In 1887 they crossed to Paris to stay at the Meurice for a time. They drifted next to Cannes, where Richard had a bad setback. 'He found one of Dr. Kellgren's men, a Dr. Mohlin, and he *would* go on working at the savage treatment with him which I am convinced he had not the strength to bear.' During one attack Dr. Frank told Isabel that he might not come through and this led to an incident that she was to remember: 'I was seized with a panic lest he might not have been properly baptized. . . . I got some water, and knelt down and saying some prayers, I baptized him. . . . When I told him what I had done he looked up with an amused smile, and he said, "Now that was very superfluous, if you only knew"; and after a pause he said, "The world will be very much surprised when I come to die."'

From now on, it would be necessary to have a resident doctor always with them. By slow and painful degrees Richard was taken back to Trieste. The verdict was

that with every care he might live fifteen years; on the other hand his heart might give out at any moment. 'I need not say,' Isabel wrote Alice Bird, 'that I shall never have a really happy, peaceful moment again.'

In June the Jubilee of Queen Victoria was held, and Isabel determined that in no spot in the world should it be celebrated more ardently than at Trieste. She accompanied Richard to the services in the Anglican Church, gave a dinner at the Consulate, wrote Richard's speech for him, and was prepared to deliver it as well, if need be; but Richard was carried downstairs to preside, wearing his Order of St. Michael and St. George for the first and only time.

Their expeditions now were few, but they did leave Trieste to escape the howling bora they had never noticed or minded before. They drove up the Rhone to Saint-Maurice and saw 'everything that could be seen — mushroom-growing, cigarette-making, or Swiss milk condensed.' At Aigle 'we read *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and afterwards we had a contrast in Renan's *Apôtres*.' They went on to Abbazia, where Richard had Father Josef Janc read German with him in the evenings, and here he completed his supplemental *Nights* and the 'Terminal Essay.' When he laid down his pen after the last page, 'we were exceedingly relieved, because he always had such a fear of not living to keep his engagements, and we had received money for it.'

Richard's memory too was failing. 'R. had a habit of hiding things, and latterly especially he could not remember where he put them. Then he had to call me, and I was frequently several hours hunting for them. I have a particular prayer I always say when I cannot find anything; and it has occasionally happened that the lost thing was found, so he used to call me in an agitated way, saying, "Come here, I want that prayer directly; I have lost such and such."'

In London again the men who most

esteemed Richard rallied round rather touchingly. Charles Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* had just come out and Richard took violent exception to everything about it — scholarship, facts, and attitude towards Mohammedanism. Finally the editor of the *Academy* placed the two opening pages of the July 28 issue at Richard's disposition as an outlet for his bursting indignation.

There remained now no last pretense of keeping up with official work. They moved around the country entirely at will, though occasionally the Foreign Office wrote what Isabel bridlingly termed 'very curious letters' inquiring as to this. At Maloja in the Engadine they met Henry M. Stanley, who was touring with his Dorothy on a sedate and middle-aged honeymoon. Richard waited for his opening and found it when Stanley, the soul of correctness, asked politely if indiscreetly what he was writing at present. Richard stroked his moustache and eyed him. He was working, he replied gruffly, on a book to be called *Anthropology of Men and Women*. Stanley scurried off in alarm before the scandalous old man could enlighten him further but all the same he could not repress an unwilling admiration. 'What a grand man!' he wrote that night in his diary. 'One of the real great ones of England he might have been, if he had not been cursed with Cynicism. — I have no idea to what his Anthropology refers,' he added hastily.

Before they left Maloja, Richard talked to Isabel of what might happen to his manuscripts in the event of his death. 'He absolutely declined to let *anybody* but myself search into his papers. He said, "No one has helped me but you during thirty — I may say thirty-five — years; who is likely to know so well now?"'

He did this fully realizing that she did not approve of the work he was currently engaged on, the translation with notes of *The Scented Garden*, by the Shaykh el-Nafzawih.

IV

They had occasion to visit Lever's grave in the English Protestant cemetery — 'a cold, melancholy corner which at that particular time seemed to be a rubbish corner of stray papers and old tin pots. He shuddered at it, and said, as he had often said before, "If I die here, don't bury me there."' He would like, he said, to be buried at sea, but this Isabel told him she could not bring herself to promise. Was there no alternative? "Yes," he said, "I should like us both to lie in a tent side by side."

The last day of his life was impressed on Isabel's mind with photographic accuracy up to the moment when, as she was saying the night prayers, 'a dog began that dreadful howl which the superstitious say denotes a death.' It shocked her so greatly that she interrupted the prayer. In the morning Dr. Baker told her it was the end, and Isabel sent messengers all over Trieste for a priest. 'What I cannot bear to think of, what wakes me with horror every morning from four till seven, is that he kept on crying, "Oh, Puss, chloroform — ether!" — but I had to answer, "My darling, the doctor says it will kill you; he is doing all he knows."' When he died in her arms she refused to concede it. 'I knelt down at his left side, holding his hand and pulse, and prayed my heart out to God to keep his soul there (though he might be dead in *appearance*) till the priest arrived.'

It meant everything to Isabel and nothing to Richard that Father Martelani finally came and administered extreme unction '*si vivis*.' Isabel knelt beside him throughout and 'by the clasp of the hand,' she assured herself feverishly, 'I judged there was a little life until seven.'

She sat all day by Richard, watching and expecting him to come to. 'I thought the mouth moved, but the doctor told me it was imagination.' His kitten too refused to leave him and

fought when they tried to lift it from his chest. But 'what was no imagination,' Isabel always passionately maintained, 'was that the brain lived after the heart and pulse were gone; that the eyes were as bright and intelligent as in life, with the brilliancy of a man who saw something unexpected and wonderful and happy; and that light remained in them till near sunset, and I believe the soul went forth with the setting sun, though it had set for me for ever.'

Richard was given a Catholic funeral. 'I can never forget what Austria in general, and Trieste in particular, did in Richard's honour. . . . They tell me that no funeral has been equal to it in the memory of any one living, not even Maria Theresa's in 1873. . . . Every flag in town and harbour at half mast. . . . Every one who could drive or walk, from the highest to the poorest, turned out. . . . The coffin was covered with the Union Jack and his sword; his insignia and medals were borne on a cushion, and a second hearse was hid in garlands and flowers.'

Isabel's first act was to lock up all Richard's manuscripts against prying eyes. A publisher had already offered to take *The Scented Garden* off her hands for six thousand pounds flat, and she badly needed that sum or any part of it. There had been an end to income even from the *Nights*. Richard had always told her that the *Garden* was to be her jointure; it would have been the easiest thing in the world for her to deliver the manuscript. But she felt in conscience bound to look into the work, after which 'I remained for three days in a state of perfect torture as to what I ought to do about it. . . . Do not let any one suppose for a moment that Richard Burton ever wrote a thing from the impure point of view. He dissected a passion from every point of view, as a doctor may dissect a body, showing its source, its origin, its evil, and its good, and its proper uses, as designed by Providence and Nature. . . . In private life he was

the most pure, the most refined and modest man that ever lived, and he was so guileless himself that he could never be brought to believe that other men said or used these things from any other standpoint. I, as a woman, think differently.'

It was a pity that she had to make her decision with death and the memory of the solemn Requiem Mass so very recent. At such a time her instinct was to get rid of everything that clashed with the highly selective picture she was building up of Richard as she wished to remember him. *The Scented Garden* could not be fitted into this, so she burned it.

Though Isabel had every moral and legal right to act precisely as she pleased in the matter, no one would have suspected this from the way some factions carried on. Obscene and anonymous letters filled her mail; she was sniped at unceasingly by her in-laws and cut dead by old friends. She was taken to task by the very reviewers who had foamed at the mouth only a few years back over Swinburne's infinitely less controversial *Poems and Ballads*.

Isabel, never one to sit meekly under criticism, struck back with spirit: 'It makes me sick to hear all this anxiety of the Press and the literary world, lest they should miss a word he ever wrote. When he came back in 1882, after being sent to look for Palmer, he had a good deal of information to give, and he could not get a magazine or paper to take his most valuable article till it was quite stale. We used to boil over with rage when his books or articles were rejected. . . . And now, because a few chapters which were of no particular value to the world have been burnt, the whole country's literary minds are full of bitter plaint because anything has perished which came from the translator of the *Arabian Nights*!'

Busily setting about arranging a suitable English funeral for Richard, she first sounded out the authorities on the chances of having him buried in

Westminster Abbey — or, as she put it 'I ascertained through friends who spoke to the Dean what the *intentions* were about Westminster Abbey.' The Dean, it was revealed, had no intentions whatever, and no more had the head of St. Paul's. In a stone replica of an Arab tent at Mortlake, Richard was laid to rest with full Catholic rites.

After a retreat in her girlhood convent in Essex, Isabel returned to London and took a small house in Baker Street. For the rest of her life she wore heavy mourning, with a widow's cap and long white veil. The little house was soon glutted with salvage from the Trieste palazzo — Oriental relics, divans, rugs, cushions, narghilehs and chibouques, Turkish coffee sets, curios — and of course pictures and mementos of Richard wherever the visitor turned, not omitting the crystal three-sided mirror with which he had been wont to mesmerize her in the old days. Here she settled with her secretary, Miss Plowman, to her last task, the monumental biography of Richard, which was completed in 1893.

The proceeds of the book improved Isabel's finances to a point where she could put several finishing touches on the mausoleum, including the novelty of camel bells in the roof which would sound at the Elevation of the Mass 'just as it does in the desert.' When a wax-work Richard dressed in Meccan garb was installed in Madame Tussaud's she announced with satisfaction: 'They have given him a large space with sand, water, palms, and *three* camels, and a domed skylight painted yellow throws a lurid light on the scene. It is quite lifelike. I gave them the real clothes and weapons, and dressed him myself.'

Although everyone knew there was no cure for Isabel's disease and she never traveled without a nurse, she was not in the least morbid. When in London, she kept in general touch with what was going on: she entertained and dined out largely, went to see the new plays, and

read the new books, on all of which she passed most definite judgments.

Tall, very stout now, but splendidly imposing in her widow's weeds, effusive and excitable and emphatic as ever and with frosty blue eyes that missed nothing, she was a familiar figure of the nineties in quite a variety of London drawing-rooms. (And whatever the topic might be when she entered a room, from that moment conversation revolved about Richard.) She was inevitably a mark for professional mediums, but she preferred to exercise her own new-found facility in direct communication.

Often people hardly knew which way to look when she described this process as the communion of saints.

One afternoon at Lady Randolph Churchill's the rest of the guests sat enthralled while Isabel, Stead, the Archdeacon of Lambeth (Basil Wilberforce), and Mrs. Craigie discussed the subject.

Stead demurred: 'But you believe in communion with the dead, do you not, Lady Burton?'

'I do,' Isabel electrified her listeners by replying without an instant's hesitation, 'for I talk with my darling nearly every day.'

THE JEWISH PROBLEM IN AMERICA

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

My former paper began by stating the problem thus: It is the problem of 'maintaining a *modus vivendi* between the American Jew and his fellow-citizens which is strong enough to stand any shocks of an economic dislocation such as may occur in the years ahead.' I went on to give reasons why this must be done if we are to avoid extremely damaging consequences; and I then proposed to show in this present paper the specific difficulties and complications which lie in the way of doing it.

First and foremost in point of difficulty, we must guard against becoming victims of a misnomer. The problem is not essentially Jewish, not essentially Semitic; it is an Oriental problem, Jewish only in so far as the Oriental people concerned in it happen to be Jews rather than Syrians, East Indians, Persians or some other. The moment this

is understood, one perceives the degree to which it differentiates this particular problem of population from others which are superficially similar. For example, in the period following the Civil War great hordes of poverty-stricken Irish arrived on our shores, and the economic effect of their presence, coupled with their extraordinary genius for petty politics, set up a terrific commotion which raged from coast to coast. 'No Irish need apply' was a phrase so common that it degenerated into irrelevant slang as a mere expression of strong feeling directed at anything or nothing. The reader will find what is perhaps the classic example of this usage if he looks up Mark Twain's account of Buck Fanshaw's funeral, in *Roughing It*. We had a full-sized Irish problem in those days, but it was Irish, pure and simple; it was an Occidental problem. Therefore

when in course of time, perhaps twenty years or so, the economic aggravations got themselves ironed out in one way or another, the Irish promptly became acceptable as an Occidental people living among Occidentals, and they have remained so ever since.

The conditions of our problem become clearer when we fix in our minds the fact that the Jews are the only Oriental people who ever settled in an Occidental civilization in any large numbers and took any active part in Occidental life. The common saying that Jews are strangers everywhere is not quite correct. As a refugee people they were everywhere strangers in a sense, but not everywhere in the same sense. They were strangers among other Oriental peoples only in the sense that the refugee Irish and Huguenots were, and British, Scandinavian or French refugees might be, strangers among us.

A Jewish writer says that towards the end of the Middle Ages 'the Jew became a European.' He did, but only by residence; by nature he did not become an Occidental; he could not possibly have done so. Hence, while he became acceptable in various parts of the Occident, it was not on the same terms of acceptability as would have been accorded to another Occidental people. The terms might have been as good, as satisfactory, even in certain circumstances perhaps more so; but they were not, and in the nature of things could not have been, the same terms. In my opinion this is all there is to the point of universal 'difference' whereof many non-Jewish writers, notably M. de Madariaga, — and some Jewish writers as well, — make so much in discussing the historical position of the Jews.

I am not here venturing on any stark anthropological doctrine of 'race,' first because I know nothing about such matters, and second, because they appear not to be particularly concerned in the circumstances which I am discussing.

I take it that our problem has to do only with ordinary, regular, easily discernible social reactions between one set of human beings and another. Whether the two sets can ever coalesce in a chemical mixture or whether the mixture must always remain mechanical, and if either, why; whether certain lines of reciprocal reaction are permanent, or whether ultimately they can be faded out by association, miscegenation, or other means of composition, and if either, why — of all this I have no idea. This is for the consideration of those who shall attempt a solution of the problem, and I leave it to them. All that is pertinent to this discussion is that the mixture has always been mechanical and is so at present, and that the lines of reaction have always existed and still exist; and these two facts are so clearly observable as to need no demonstration.

That the problem of establishing a satisfactory *modus vivendi* is Oriental rather than Jewish may be easily shown by imagining the appearance here of another Oriental people in equal numbers and in the same circumstances. We have a small implantation of Armenians, excellent people who have done well, mostly as urban dwellers and in small businesses, and are well thought of. They do not mix much, keeping largely to a social life of their own, and they do not put themselves forward in our public life. The Armenian's trading instinct is said to be much keener than the Jew's; we have all heard the saying current in the Levant, 'Two Jews, one Greek; two Greeks, one Persian; two Persians, one Armenian.' Their position among us is thus roughly comparable to that of the Jews, say, seventy years ago.

Now suppose that instead of this small implantation we had nearly five million Armenians in this country, and that New York was the centre of the whole Armenian world, culturally, commercially, financially. Suppose that in the period 1881-1929 there had arrived here 2,314,668 Armenians (in the one year

1906 more than 150,000),¹ virtually all of them refugees from a most hideous oppression and persecution; hunted and driven; poor, desperate, degraded by having been for years condemned to modes of life to which no decent person would subject a worthless dog; ready with a bloodthirsty eagerness to face any conditions, to compete with anyone and everyone on any terms, in order to get a living. Suppose that where fifty years ago you saw one Armenian you now see twenty, and most of them, by force of circumstances, no very personable specimens. Suppose you saw a steady infiltration of Armenians into positions of the highest prominence in our public life. Would the ensuing problem be essentially Armenian or Oriental? Would the general instinctive reaction between the two peoples be the same as it would be if the Armenians were an Occidental people? Would the resultant mixture be chemical? The parallel case of the Irish gives pretty substantial evidence that it would not; and, to a significant extent, so does the case of the Chinese.

Significant also is the difference between the Jews' historical experience in Oriental and Occidental countries hitherto. During the Exile, when the Jews were herded up in Babylon, after a turn or two at the rough treatment usually accorded to captives they were well treated, and many of them rose to prominence and high favor. Some Jews who escaped Nebuchadnezzar's clutches went down into Egypt. There too they seem to have done well. A Jewish historian says that in the great city of Alexandria 'the Jews held high official posts, had absorbed Hellenic as well as Jewish culture, and at the same time were evidently troublesome rivals of the Greek merchants.' It is true that the Alexandrian Jews did get themselves disliked on account of their vehement partisanship for the Romans as against

the Greeks, but this was quite as Americans, whether Jews or Gentiles, might today get themselves disliked in some quarters on account of their partisanship for England as against Germany, if they were noisy enough about it. As another Jewish writer says, 'There was nothing in common between this and European anti-Semitism as it subsequently developed.' The implantations of Jews in China and India, which were probably formed at the same time, still persist with no record of unacceptability against them. In the Islamic domain, while on religious grounds the Jew may not have been exactly a popular idol, he quite clearly did not suffer from Moslem fanaticism as an Occidental Christian would have done. When the Jews were expelled from Spain in 1492, the Sultan said he wondered what was the matter with Ferdinand that he should be sending him so many of his best subjects.

When the Jews' national independence was broken up in A.D. 70 by the legions of Vespasian and Titus, they moved steadily westward along the Mediterranean coast to the Atlantic seaboard, spreading northward until by the end of the Middle Ages they had covered the whole of Europe. As I have said, they are the only Oriental people who ever did this. Here their experience was not what it was in Oriental countries, with the significant exception of those who settled in the Iberian peninsula, which had always, and still has, the strong Oriental cast that led Victor Hugo to say, 'Europe stops at the Spanish border.' From the days of the adventurous Phœnician traders, who, by the way, were much sharper and more enterprising traders than ever the Jews were, Oriental peoples had found themselves spiritually at home in Spain — Arabs, gypsies, Jews, all sorts and kinds. Of the six civilizations which have flourished along the Iberian littoral, two were Oriental. I have already spoken, in my first paper, of the position attained by the Jews in Spain, so I shall say no more about it here.

¹ I use Jewish statistics and cite Jewish authorities throughout this article except where otherwise noted. — AUTHOR

The first Jewish immigration to America was a small one of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, known as Sephardim and speaking Ladino. The Russian and Polish Jews, known as Ashkenazim and speaking *jüdisch-deutsch*, or Yiddish, came later and in enormous numbers. It is interesting to observe the rather deep social cleavage between these two branches of the same people. Coming comparatively lately out of a civilization so largely their own, in which they had figured with such high distinction, the Sephardic Jews in Europe have a benevolent but prideful feeling of superiority towards the more unfortunate Ashkenazim, regarding them somewhat, though not precisely, as the cultivated Southerner of earlier days might regard poor-white trash. The Ashkenazim, especially those who have become prosperous, repay this disfavor with interest, even to the extent that marriages between the two groups are discouraged on both sides, and by both are termed 'mixed marriages.'² Descendants of the original Sephardic families still exist in this

country, but are vastly outnumbered by the Ashkenazim.

II

Thus it appears that in virtue of his special position in Occidental society the Jew is under a disability whereby the Occidental has never been, and is not, able to meet him except on special terms of acceptability. This does not make him an *Untermensch*, however, as is sometimes asserted, because the Occidental is under a disability precisely similar, whereby the Jew has never been, and is not, able to meet him on the same terms as those accorded to one who is '*von unsere Leute*.' The existence of this reciprocal disability is the fundamental thing that any effort to arrange a durable *modus vivendi* between the two peoples must take into account. Failure to do this is mainly responsible for the very puny results attained by such efforts hitherto — efforts like those of Mr. Asch, of the National Conference, of Mr. White's Council Against Intolerance. They overlook the fact that Jew and Occidental are each the product of a distinct and special history. They fail to heed the austere saying of Ernest Renan, that 'man does not improvise himself.' Not being a Jew, I have not presumed to analyze the Jew's disability, but as an Occidental I am on safe ground in analyzing the disability which I share in common with my kind.

In discussing these matters with one of my friends not long ago, a very learned rabbi finally said, 'You are right. What it comes to is that you are a fine man and I like you, but I don't trust you, and you don't trust me.' My friend thought this over for a moment, and said, 'That is so.' Now, this did not imply that their word was not good, or that their pocketbooks were not safe; it carried no ethical implications whatever. It meant that in each there were great areas of consciousness which the other could not possibly enter upon, let alone explore; therefore no satisfactory presumptions could be

² Cf. the story called 'Request the Pleasure,' by Montague Glass. As a matter of long-belated justice I wish to say that Mr. Glass's books, barring three, have a priceless documentary value to the non-Jewish reader. As a delineator of character Mr. Glass had hardly an equal in American literature, and his presentation of the first-generation Ashkenazic immigrant Jew is complete and perfect. His fellow-Jews of his own day, thirty years ago, understood him with all the appreciation that his ability deserved, but non-Jews saw in him little more than a teller of more or less amusing stories. Aside from its merit as a study of character, his work preserves an authentic English rendering of the *jüdisch-deutsch* idiom, and is valuable to the student on that account, as this usage has now virtually disappeared from among us. I remember that when Brand Whitlock asked him how he managed such inimitable idiom, Glass laughed at his naïveté, and said, 'Why, don't you notice that it is all I can do to keep from talking that way myself?' His three books which centre on the war of 1914 are a labored and worthless *tour de force*, but his seven books remaining should be made the subject of a critical essay in the hope of securing for them the respect they deserve. The story I have cited above is in the volume entitled *You Can't Learn 'Em Nothin'*. — AUTHOR

made upon the content of those areas or upon the reactions which the motion of that content might set up. My friend, speaking of the Jews, put the whole matter admirably in a single sentence: 'They have got something which they don't need to tell one another, and they can't tell us.' In all probability (though on this I must speak provisionally and under correction) the Jew finds this as true of us as we of him.

Here precisely, at all events, is the Occidental's disability. Try as the Jew may with every concession in his power, intimate and cordial as may be the relations on which we stand, it is impossible for him to admit me and mine to regions of his consciousness the gates whereof would open of their own accord if I and mine were *von unsere Leute*. This does not make me an *Untermensch*, any more than the Jew's disability, whatever his analysis of it may be, makes him one. There is no question of superiority or inferiority, one way or the other. Nevertheless, there the disability is, and there seems nothing I or mine can do about it. The reaction is a matter of instinct, of inherited habit. Jews have told me that this is all moonshine, that the Occidental is under no such disability; but they are no more competent judges of my disability and the reaction it provokes in them than I am of theirs and the reaction it provokes in me. A starchy cat named Thomas, owner of the house I live in, is much aggrieved when I jostle him in the dark, because he thinks I can see in the dark as well as he can; he is not a competent judge of my disability or of the reaction which my behavior has set up in him.

When one thinks of the inherited stock of experience which goes into the content of the Hebraic consciousness, one's conception of the Occidental's disability becomes clearer. The Jew, every Jew, bears the mark of a continuator of the world's most august tradition, and possibly also its oldest. Beside it the whole sum of independent Occidental tradition

is extremely frail and small. The dominant Occidental civilization's secular tradition — Ebbsfleet, the Conquest, the *Mayflower*, 1776 — is a thing of yesterday; while its philosophical and religious tradition, when disentangled from a clutter of miscellaneous borrowings, is most insignificant. Intending architects of a *modus vivendi* must surely see that any sentimental notion of blinking the effects of this disparity or wishing them out of existence had best be put aside as a piece of egregious intellectual dishonesty. 'Things and actions are what they are,' said Bishop Butler, 'and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?'

The mark of the world's greatest tradition is on the inner self of every Jew, distinct, well-defined, indelible. He may not be aware of it, often is not, but the Occidental eye makes no mistake about it. A sensible Jewish apologist says, 'When I meet a Jew, and he meets me, we salute in each other, without knowing it, the conqueror of Titus, Torquemada and Hitler.' Far more than this, they salute in each other, without knowing it, the military genius of Gideon and Joshua, the scourges of the Palestinian tribes in the dawn of Jewish history. When two Jews hear music, they apply, without knowing it, a common consciousness determined by a tradition running from Deborah and David down to Mendelssohn, Halévy, Offenbach. So of poetry, so of history, so of every department of spiritual activity. The content of consciousness determined by membership in an age-long tradition responds automatically to another similarly determined. It is the sense of membership inherent in this automatic response that limits the terms of acceptability which the Jew can extend to me and mine.

This is inevitable, invariable. Whether Kipling was right in his dictum that never the twain shall meet on common terms of acceptability, I have no opinion. All I can say is that those who are

hopeful that the determining sense of membership may somehow be rubbed out in a generation or two or twenty, or be transformed through some kind of spiritual osmosis, seem to be overconfident. 'I have been an American forty years,' a prominent rabbi is reported to have said lately, 'but I have been a Jew five thousand years.' This utterance was criticized as injudicious, but the man was right. He had been a Jew five thousand years, and could no more help it than he could fly. He spoke of something which runs infinitely deeper than any merely political allegiance — his sense of membership in the world's greatest and most powerful tradition. Man does not improvise himself; certainly not by the accident of having been born in an alien political domain, and least of all by taking out naturalization papers.

When I was a young man of twenty-five or so, I was once marooned for eight days on one of society's most arid islands, in company with a Jewish girl of twenty-three. There being virtually no one else to talk with, we were pretty strictly limited to each other's society, and became very intimate. She was the only girl I ever saw who seemed to me the acme of everything desirable, with no offset that I could discover — everything in nature and disposition, education, beauty and charm, cosmopolitan culture and manners. Such I have always imagined Fanny Mendelssohn must have been or perhaps rather Henriette Herz, at the time when the mighty Schleiermacher was making up to her and the great Wilhelm von Humboldt was writing her his charming and whimsical love letters. What especially interested me was my complete certainty that with the best will in the world on both sides I should know her no better at the end of a hundred years of close companionship than I did at the end of those eight days. I never saw or heard of her afterwards, nor tried to do either. I have often thought, however, of what would happen

if some rash and personable young Occidental fell in love with her — no one could help doing that — and married her. If he were sensitive, how distressed and dissatisfied he would be as he became aware of the vast areas of her consciousness from which he was perforce shut out forever; and on the other hand, if he were too insensitive to feel that he was shut out from them, how intolerable her life with him would be.

III

We may easily see now how fundamental this reciprocal disability is to the secondary complications and difficulties which lie in the way of a durable *modus vivendi*. Here again as a matter of propriety and good taste, I must speak of these only as they appear from the point of view of an Occidental. But more than this, it is above all things necessary that our social architects should consider them not only as they appear to the intelligent and judicious Occidental, but also and chiefly as they appear to the unintelligent and emotion-ridden Occidental masses; for it is here, as I have said, that sentiment against a minority invariably reaches the exploding-point, and it is here, according to every sign, that we may look for it to reach that point again.

Take for example the manifestations commonly lumped off under the prejudicial term 'Jewish manners': manners reflecting a fierce and insensitive arrogance, a flagrant vulgarity, a rude and pushing disregard of decent civility. These are not Jewish manners, and every intelligent Occidental knows it. They are frontiersman's manners, the manners of our own frontier, the manners which accompanied the great irruption of raw Western money into the society of the Eastern seaboard. As Mr. H. L. Mencken acutely observes, nearly all the qualities which the Jews' critics complain of 'are identical with the harsh, impatient, cocksure, truculent and, alas, somewhat un-

couth qualities which won the American West.' For centuries the Jew was a herdsman in Southern Palestine, warlike and violent as all primitive herdsmen are, 'truly indomitable fellows,' as Mr. Mencken says, 'and neither the dull hopelessness of the city proletariat nor the yet more dull helplessness of the tamed yokel was in them.' Their subsequent experiences throughout the Western world have been uniformly of the kind best calculated to confirm and perpetuate in them their primitive qualities, and among these the quality of manners. That is the whole story.

But the Occidental masses do not know all this, and hence do not view the matter in this light. 'The revolt of the masses' which made its first advance under Jackson, and reached its apex of social control under Roosevelt, was naturally and necessarily accompanied by a great general reversion towards the frontiersman's type of manners, the evidences of which are now most offensively observable in all grades of our society. The Occidental mass-man accepts this reversion, is pleased with it as a creation of his own, and glorifies it as 'democratic.' Mr. Sinclair Lewis devoted a whole series of novels to showing how cheerfully the mass-man regards the code of manners expressing this reversion as a bond of solidarity with the rest of the mass. Yet when an Oriental comes along with a code expressing to no greater degree the same reversion, the instinctive reaction set up by the Oriental's obscure but deeply-rooted disability is at once discriminatory. Putting this reaction down to 'prejudice,' of which we hear so much, is the lightest kind of superficial talk. It is due to disability; and as I have tried to show, the disability is reciprocal.

Take, again, the uneasiness and dissatisfaction so often displayed at the part which Jews are playing in our public life. The Civil Service Commission reports 959,146 civil employees in the Federal executive departments. It is impossible to say how many of these are Jews. The

highest Jewish estimate I have heard made is 40 per cent, the highest non-Jewish estimate is 63 per cent. To the intelligent Occidental no estimate counts for anything; all he is interested in is that public affairs should be in the hands of the most capable persons, whether they be Jews, Turks, infidels or heretics. But what I wish to insist on is that for the purposes of our social architects who may be trying to arrange a *modus vivendi* the intelligent Occidental's view hardly counts. It is the view of the masses which counts, for the reason I have already stated. The reaction of the mass-man in this matter of Federal employment was well put to me by a man who said, speaking of a certain executive department, 'You can't find an official in the whole place who hasn't got a damned Jew lawyer sitting by him at his desk.' The reaction prompting this remark is not essentially anti-Jewish; it would be exactly the same if (let us say) 25 per cent of the Federal personnel were Syrian and if Mr. Cohen, Mr. Frankfurter, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Morgenthau, Mr. Hillman and Mr. Jerome Frank were all Syrians. It would not be the same if this percentage were Irish and these officeholders were Irishmen. There might be in that case, perhaps would be, some slight unfavorable reaction due in part to envy, political partisanship, or some such cause, though I doubt it; but, granting that, it would not be at all *the same* reaction. And finally, the motive power behind that specific reaction is furnished not by 'prejudice,' but by a disability which would be operative to precisely the same effect in the case of any other Oriental people in the same circumstances.

Again, consider the geographical distribution of the American Jews. Of the 4,770,647 officially reported, 4,096,220 are clustered in cities of 100,000 or over. This distribution is most unfortunate; the Jews know it, and those who direct their institutional life are doing their best to bring about a readjustment. The

intelligent Occidental knows that this task of breaking up an enforced secondary habit is virtually impossible short of no one knows how many generations. He takes one look at the Ashkenazic Jew with the brand of the ghetto and the Pale burned deep into his body and soul, and simply throws up his hands. Potash and Perlmutter, Polatkin and Scheikowitz, Maisener and Finkman, would be a complete washout in American rural life, as much of a washout as the early immigrant Quaker, and for the same reason. The Occidental mass-man sees the thing differently. He faces the thousand and one petty economic disarrangements and social annoyances resulting from this bad distribution, and meditates savagely on the chances that a merciful Providence may some day send him a couple of *sotnias* of Cossacks to help straighten things out.

Then there is the matter of immigration for our social engineers to think of. Today as I write this I read a disclosure from the State Department that 4000 refugees a month are coming here, that 600,000 more have applied for visas, half of them, 'including many Jews,' in Germany and German-occupied countries. I also read that 'thousands of Viennese Jews are cabling relatives here to deposit the cost of their passage over.' However the intelligent Occidental may regard this prospect, the Occidental mass-man does not regard it as he would that of a similar irruption of Occidental refugees. In the latter case it would be only the economic side of the matter that would concern him, while in the former it would be more than that, as it would be in the case of any other Oriental people.³ Furthermore, he has collateral beliefs

which operate as an aggravation. He believes that every Jew in the world who can find his way here will do so by hook or by crook; also that Jews have better-organized facilities for getting here than other refugees have; also that in this direction, despite the letter of our immigration laws, our government is distinctly and specially and reprehensibly squeezable. Whether or not he is right in believing all this is not to the point. The point is that he believes it firmly, and that our architects must take due notice of his belief.

I have no observations to make on the purely economic features of our problem, because I see nothing peculiar or special about them, except, of course, that the Occidental mass-man's view of the Jew's economic successes and economic practices is liable to the special coloration which it would have in the case of another Oriental in the same circumstances. He is inclined to be more resentful of the Oriental as a competitor than of another Occidental, and his resentment has a qualitative difference marked by a vague sense of cosmic injustice, a sense of being unduly and intolerably 'put upon.' He is also more inclined to bring an indictment against a whole Oriental people on the strength of the occasional roguery or swinery which he has encountered in individuals. Where the Oriental is concerned he is quicker to generalize, to take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, as on our Western coast when he evolved the maxim that 'for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinese is peculiar.' All this may be deplored as unjust and indefensible, but there it is for our social architects and engineers to deal with as best they may. The civilized Occidental knows that an Oriental people, like any other, must be granted its fair proportion of rogues and swine, and he makes his general estimate accordingly; but here again it is not the view of the civilized Occidental which counts, but the view of the Occidental mass-man.

³ One of my friends told me that in a delicatessen store one evening lately he heard a well-dressed young Jewish woman, slightly tipsy, holding forth on the iniquity of 'letting all these damned refugees in to take jobs away from us native Hebrews.' I tell this only as an amusing incident, though I have sometimes wondered how far, if at all, this view has penetrated among American Jews of the baser sort. — AUTHOR

As my space is running out, I shall mention only one more complication which is seriously disabling; it arises from the peculiar and suspicious sensitiveness which the Jew has developed, whereby he is prone to see enmity where there is none, and even more regularly to attribute dislike or distrust to a cause which does not exist. As a Jewish writer says of his people, 'They tend to nurse the obsession that the only reason for the slightest rebuff from which they may suffer in business, social life, or any other activity, is a causeless anti-Jewish prejudice, quite unjustified by anything in their personal behavior as individuals.' Or as an acquaintance once put it to me in more colloquial terms, 'A Jew always thinks you dislike him because he is a Jew. It never seems to occur to him that you might possibly dislike him because he's offensive.'

In my own case, in discussing Jewish affairs with Jews, I have often observed that instead of taking what I say they take what they think I say, and then add to that a wholly gratuitous string of what they think I mean, so that the total product has no resemblance whatever to anything that is, or has been, in my mind. The intelligent Occidental perfectly understands this peculiar sensitiveness, and knows how it came about, but the Occidental mass-man does not; and this puts innumerable exasperating difficulties, usually trifling in themselves, in the course of his relations with Jews.⁴ By consequence, therefore, it makes uphill

⁴In one of New York's clubs the other day I heard a man put this point very well. He said, 'When we are playing Kelly pool downstairs, if A [an Irishman] wins a big pot on an awful fluke, I can say, "Isn't that a dirty Irish trick?" If B does it, I can say, "Isn't that just what you'd expect from a conniving, swindling Massachusetts Yankee?" But if C does it, I can't say, "That's a dirty Jewish trick," for it would hurt him — it really would — and everybody in the room would feel uncomfortable and a little bit shocked to hear me say it.' — AUTHOR

work for the social architect who undertakes to design a durable *modus vivendi* between the two peoples.

IV

Wishful thinkers, whether Jewish or non-Jewish, may be dissatisfied with the matter-of-fact character of what I have said in this paper, and take it amiss that I have done no moralizing and indulged in no sentiment. This failure may impress them as unsympathetic and anti-social, perhaps even as irreligious and against God. If so, they mistake my function. My job is not with them, but with the social architect and engineer; and my function is only that of charting quicksands and rock formations so that the piers of the structure they build may be secure. A humble cartographer, which is all I am, must resolutely keep his sympathies corked down during business hours, and those who wish to see them in action should come around after closing time.

I wish, though, that something better than an amateur cartographer might have been found for the job, for it is one that calls for the best professional skill. As I hinted at the outset, the thing I find most disquieting is the thick fog of silence which has settled over this grave question. It bodes no good; there is every evidence that the lamentable antipathies which are simmering and festering beneath it are increasing in volume at a rate which I find as terrifying as it is distressing. The thing should not be left to *ex parte* pleaders, sentimentalists, propagandists, disseminators of idle and vicious blackguardism. It demands able, well-informed, and disinterested thought expressed with the utmost candor and calmness. I have done my best to break the ominous silence — not at all a good best, I know, for I am so distinctly not the one to make the attempt; but what I could do I have done.

ONIONS

BY NINA FEDOROVA

I

ALL the population of Manchuria knew about the coming flood. Early in the spring of 1933 our Granny came from the market with — as usual — one basketful of provisions and another of news. In China, markets are the places of information. The distributing of news is done carefully, with consideration of one's financial assets; the more you buy, the more you know about the world and its wicked ways.

After the usual recital of prices, Granny concluded: 'And we shall have a flood this summer.'

Flood was a thing we never had before. The children grew excited and greedy for details.

'You wait,' I said. 'We shall ask our tailor.'

Our tailor was an accomplished politician. To add the unpleasant truth, he was an indifferent tailor. He just could not get interested in somebody else's clothes. If he ever sewed them, it was from sheer politeness. His real vocation had always been in the field of international politics. Of course he knew about the coming flood, too. He could even give the causes of it.

'Japanese,' he said laconically.

The children did not perceive the sequence.

'Their country has plenty of water. Japanese are coming into Manchuria in masses. They bring water with them.'

Thus the astonished children learned that people bring something of their own with them: Russians bring cold winters;

Americans, money. Every nation moves in its element.

But, unlike other modern politicians, the tailor would not talk much. His words were rare and weighty.

'All right,' I said to the children, 'we shall ask our laundryman.'

The laundryman in fact was an astronomer. He would not pay much attention to things going on upon the earth. He instantly put the coming flood on a cosmic plane. Well versed in the science of omens, he was glad to share the burden of knowledge.

He traced on the floor with a piece of chalk the scheme of the Moon Year. Being rather shortsighted, the astronomer happened to mix up the Chinese zodiac and we had to accept on his word of honor that the Phoenix or Fowl stood for Summer and the South. He was extremely talkative, but we were soon lost in the darkness of the stellar systems. Fascinated, we acquired this information, given to us in a chanting voice: —

'Constellation "The Badger." Unfortunate. Children born on that day are either deaf and dumb or idiots. Business started on that day brings no profit. A kitchen stove repaired becomes the cause of fire in the house.

'Constellation "The Hare." Lucky for funerals.

'Constellation "The Earthworm." If you choose this day for a burial, a successful official will be born to your daughter.'

Likewise our flood was decided in the

heavens. We became convinced. One cannot break into the scheme of the twenty-eight constellations with one's protests or fancies.

But the most accurate news we got from our gardener. This man grew vegetables. He spoke in the name of Natural Science. He was wisdom and poetry in one.

'See,' he said, and pointed his finger to the Sungari River. We could not see from where we stood. We climbed a garden bench. Our house being on a hill, we saw the lower part of Harbin and there — behind — the majestic Sungari River.

'See that island?' the man said. 'This spring, as always, migratory birds flew to that land. But soon they left it. They did not build their nests there. It means that the island will be hidden under water.'

This seemed monstrous, impossible.

'See that other island?' and he pointed his brown finger. Cracked and rugged, it seemed to be made of earth itself.

We could not see that distant island.

'There are birds' nests. That land will not be flooded. Look at the level; all the lower part of the city will be flooded. This hill will not.'

The news that our house would not be flooded annoyed the children.

II

Thus we were informed, as was everyone else in the town. When everything was specified — the time, the probable height of the water, the area to be covered — the people lost interest in the flood. It was not news any more. Other vital topics attracted the mind: the New Deal in the United States of America, and the departure of Japan from the League of Nations. Therefore when, toward the end of June, 'in the time when garlic ripens,' rains began to pour down and the water in the river to rise, only lazy people paid any attention to it. The unemployed, for want of anything

better to do, would stand on the banks of the river or bend over the rails of a bridge, watching the water. Connoisseurs of floods would gather small groups of listeners and orate on how it was with the Sungari in 1899, and 1906, and then again in 1912.

The 'real' people in the town had their daily problems to ponder over. Nothing was done to prevent the disaster. If only they would build a dam! But who would do that? Private initiative could not, the government would not. Nobody knew exactly whose the town was; the Russians had lost their hold over it, the Chinese were at the end of the process of losing theirs, and the Japanese had not yet grasped it. The common people were sweating for bread, the uncommon sweating in politics, and the water in the Sungari River was meanwhile rising.

Some people's spirits were even going up with the level of the water. Boys like dangers and rush to meet them. Girls enjoy being a little afraid. Old people had something to foresee and forecast. And the water *was* rising.

Still, when the flood came, it seemed most unexpected, most outrageously unbelievable.

This happened early in August. I went to our garden. It was six o'clock in the morning. Suddenly I heard a strange noise. Although distant, it was as heavy as if the earth itself gave out deep sighs. The soil trembled under my feet.

I climbed the bench and looked over the fence. All the space on the hill was filled with a dark and dense moving crowd. People were in tens of thousands. Like ants, they moved up from below and poured over the space, filling every available foot of streets and squares. They moved in silence. That heavy noise was produced by their steps. It was the weight of the movement, so to say.

They approached. I saw them clearer. They were Chinese, about 100,000, the

population of the Chinese part of Harbin — Fu-dia-dian. They left their abodes precisely at the last moment, when the water pushed them out of their houses.

All were burdened with heavy loads. Everybody was carrying somebody or something else. Women were carrying children. Some men had parents on their backs and children in their arms: three generations moving uphill on two feet. Of course they had things to carry too — movable property.

They reached the top of the hill and began to settle down — to build houses.

Chinese, like birds, can build without nails and hammers. Here they had to build almost without any materials and almost on no space. An exhausted family would sit on the ground; this meant that the lot beneath them was theirs. They could claim only a sitting space. Mothers began instantly to feed babies at their breasts, and the bigger ones would cling to them and to each other in one tight cluster of life — and that instantly became *home*. Fathers would surround the whole with some cover, giving to it the most economical shape, — that of a tent, — and *the house* was ready.

New masses were pushing up from below the hill. Narrow spaces were left to them, like the streets, and they moved farther, beyond the lines of this new settlement. There were no disputes and no quarrels. An unspoken law ruled over all — everybody had equal rights. Justice and order were necessary to economize time and life. There was no leisure for abuse and persecution.

Still there were things like the play of chance and the smile of fortune, even in those conditions. Although born equal, people cannot achieve an equal living. Happiest were those who got space near fences. It gave one solid wall to cling to; and the pavement ran along it — this gave a concrete floor. Some had only the pavement's advantage; those farther along had to live on the damp, clammy soil, sliding down the hill.

As if to complete the disaster, a storm

came, with thunder, lightning, and rain. That rain, once started, never stopped for weeks. New parts of Harbin became covered with water. The Sungari River was trying its utmost to show what it could do. And the consequences of the flood brought no less misery than the inundation itself.

In theory, cholera is difficult to catch by those with hygienic habits of cleanliness. In practice even inoculated foreigners sometimes die from it in China. In that flood, when the draining system was broken and became one with the sources of water supply, when all the vegetables got rotten, the milk instantly turned sour and the bread mouldy and damp, those hygienic habits were of little value.

An average human being does not care to be kind unless challenged. Now the flood became everybody's concern. White or yellow, rich or poor, friends or foes — all rushed to help each other. Even children had plenty to do. Boy Scouts saved half of the drowning cattle, and girls some of the stray dogs and blind kittens. Mothers gave food or clothes, fathers gave money. Private yards were turned into kindergartens and houses were filled with somebody else's friends. Every church, club, or society was doing its best. Japan gave medicine, China gave workers, Russians were doctors or nurses. All cried. All prayed. One third of those efforts in the spring would have been enough to prevent the disaster. To build a dam, for instance.

It lasted two months and a half — the gloom, the privations, the fear, the dirt, the dampness, the cholera, the typhus, and the typhoid fever. In our house several people were ill and one died. What was going on in those small tents of the Chinese refugees is hard to imagine. There was no living space, and no dying space. Often we heard the siren of the ambulance. It never could approach the place where help was needed — there was no room to move among the

tents, so thick was the population. The ambulance would stop somewhere at a distance and the staff would come with stretchers for a patient or a body, and the siren would howl. And the rain was pouring from above.

III

Our house filled with our Russian friends from the lower parts of the town. A family of four, we became twenty-three. And our servants had to give shelter to their friends too.

Once, in the depth of the night, the bell of our gate rang. This was quite unusual. In order to ring our bell a whole household, clinging to our gate, had to be removed. We tried to use the gate as little as possible, always warning in advance that somebody was going to market, or the doctor was coming in — and they had to dislocate their tent and stand on foot waiting for the incident to pass.

Yes, the bell rang again. I went out with my servant. We unlocked and opened the gate. I saw a man. He stood bent in a deep bow. I could not see his face. Behind him, in a shaggy group, stood the disturbed family of the undone tent. The rain poured over the whole.

There is a peculiar thing about the Chinese language — everybody can speak it without previous study. You say what you like, and an average Chinese has enough insight and intuition to understand what you want. What he wants he would never say bluntly and directly in any language. All the foreigners in China speak Chinese; the Chinese concerned with foreigners speak all the foreign languages. Not much is misunderstood.

The man at the gate spoke in a dialect. He asked for clean and hot boiled water. I invited him to come in. The inhabitants of the dismantled tent stood sleepily in the rain. I invited them too. The flickering lights in the eyes of the women-

folk accepted the invitation, but the men of the family — tall and stern — said they would *wait* there. The visitor did not belong to their family; he came from somewhere afar.

The man stepped into the yard and we went to the kitchen. The fire was made to boil water. The man stood before it, motionless and silent. The brown skin of his face glistened under the moving reflections of the fire. His quietness was too tense to be natural. He looked at the fire as if hypnotizing it — to burn brighter, to make the water boil quicker.

From time to time he would give my kitchen a furtive, searching look, and every time his eyes halted for a while on one thing — a new tin basin.

The fire was slow. I listened to the noise the rain made upon the roof and thought, with pain, about the family waiting outside.

At last the water was ready. My visitor was in a hurry now. His tension turned into a feverish activity. The kettle was covered with a lid, and the man, all bent over, was ready to leave the house. On the sill he tarried, and his look went again to the basin. I guessed he wanted it. I took the thing and said that I offered it to him as a gift. He accepted. For a moment I had the vision of a *happy* man. He put the kettle on the ground, took the basin, and held it close to his breast, as if it were a child.

My servant offered to carry the basin, but the man would not part with it. He held it now in one arm, carrying the heavy kettle of hot water in the other hand. The night was dark, the path was slippery, and the short way to the gate seemed long under the rain. The electric lantern revealed instantly the mournful picture of the family waiting for us. One more figure gave an additional lugubrious touch to it. An old woman, disheveled and dirty, met the man with a cry which seemed a blame and a reproach. She snatched the basin and on her small bound feet, as on stilts, quickly

padded away. The man hastily followed her.

Although my tactics with Chinese were always not to ask questions, here I could not restrain myself and asked what had happened.

'He was too long absent,' one of the women said. 'They needed water long ago. A child is born there.'

Whatever I felt, I could not help. Foreigners are not welcome to interfere with Chinese family affairs. I only told them that whatever they needed I was ready to give, and that we had a telephone in the house.

IV

Weeks longer the rain poured, the ambulance gave signals, people with stretchers were moving among the tents.

Then, suddenly, the sun broke through the clouds and with bewilderment looked down at what had been done to us through its negligence. Quickly and heartily it began to shine, to dry the earth, to kill the germs. The beautiful Manchurian autumn invited us to forget the dead and think of life. The refugees began to move down to their houses. The hard work of cleaning and repairing filled our days.

Once, when we all were very busy, somebody rang the bell. The servant went to answer it and presently came back, angry.

'A fool was there. Imagine a big Chinaman asking what Russian ladies like most to eat!'

'And what did you do?'

'I mocked him and said, "They really enjoy only onions." He smelled of onions so terribly.'

'And the man?'

'He asked, "Would they not like to eat something else?" "No," I said, "their diet is almost exclusively onions."'

Very early in the spring, during the days of the Chinese New Year, I had visitors. First appeared the man, triumphantly carrying a basin in his outstretched arms. It was like the basin I had given, only much smaller. Behind the man walked a young, round-faced woman. She carried a child in her arms.

They came to thank me for the boiled water. That night their first child had been born — a son. Now the mother was proudly, yet modestly, smiling. The child was asleep. The tiny slits of his eyes were shut, and several single hairs of his eyelashes, ridiculously thin and pathetic, trembled in the air.

When I was taking the basin, the father said in a tone of restrained pride that a gift was inside.

There were onions. Six. Big, round, golden. Splendid. Of an unmistakably onion smell. The best onions one could get — chosen with care — given with dignity and pride.

'We planned to bring you cakes or apples,' the man said, 'but knowing you eat only onions . . .'

It was my turn to say something gracious. I took one onion and, raising it to my face, sniffed it to show appreciation.

And suddenly it was not an onion any more. I saw, instead, a tent with human pain and sorrow hidden in it.

'*Nunc dimittis* . . .' I said. 'I see the end of it.'

If the man did not understand my Latin, he did not show it.

'Yes,' he said, 'there will be no flood for thirty years hence . . . and meanwhile the onions will grow.'

POEMS FROM LONDON

BY RUTH EVANS

CITY CHURCHES

HARK! for the holy little sisters waken,
Spilling their notes defiantly around,
Eleven times for each the mellow sound,
Into the dust and blood of battle shaken.

Not at the hour, but momentarily prevailing,
Ringing high courage through a stricken race,
Gathering the city in a calm embrace,
Wounded but undismayed, beyond assailing:

So once they watched a greater Fire raging,
Doom and destruction met with steadfast eyes;
And when peace blossoms slowly in the skies
Behold, a second Wren for their assuaging.

FOR 1941

Up from the sorrowful stubble, bare as defeat,
Up through the manifold darkness of night in retreat,
Rises the lark in his freedom, beating his wings,
Tossed in the shaft of the storm, foolhardy he sings.
Foolhardy he sings in the darkness, lifting his sight
To a thread stretching silver above him, essence of light;
For the thread ever widens to glory, dawning begun:
Uprises the lark in his freedom, up to the sun.

A NEW HOPE FOR THE DEAF

BY BARBARA REX

I

ANN KIRKE and I went to school and college together. Last summer I watched the struggle between Ann and her seventeen-year-old boy, Tom. Tom is deaf — 44 per cent loss in one ear, 60 in the other. When Tom was four, Ann suspected it. Now, when he is seventeen, she is certain of it. It has taken her as long as that to *be* certain of it: constant testing that she knew was not adequate, constant local treatment, constant assurances that Tom was 'getting better.'

No one Ann Kirke or I knew had a deaf child. No one seemed to have accurate practical information. Doctors continually misdirected Ann. Even the psychiatrist she went to knew almost nothing about the attitude of the deaf child. No psychologist had written a good book on it — sure sign of public apathy and ignorance! If there was no one Ann could talk to, how could she work out her relationship with this boy?

A child gradually comes to accept his handicap because he lives with it. Young Tom Kirke was living with his deafness, but Ann wasn't. She could not accept Tom as he was. She continually tried to 'make it up to him.' All summer I watched her do things for him that it would not have occurred to her to do for an unhandicapped boy.

Tom Kirke is a natural-born lip reader. For years he fooled his teachers and his friends. Now Tom was advancing. Tall, angular, earnest, he was getting life into his hands again, making his ad-

justment — pale, tight-lipped, but making it. Whereas Ann would gladly have evaded the whole issue, done anything rather than admit her own son was deaf.

As the summer ended I realized that unless Ann forced herself to change her attitude she would plunge her family into ruin. The very fine relationship between her and her husband faltered. I saw a whole family breaking up.

Because of the problem of young Tom Kirke I became 'ear conscious.' Ann had said again and again that hearing tests given by schools, doctors, even otologists, often were not accurate or adequate; that unless doctors had seen thousands of ear cases it was impossible to judge the extent of deafness or health of an ear; that every child in the United States should be thoroughly tested by methods established after the most careful clinical research.

On the strength of this I took my own twelve-year-old son, Jimmy, down to the Otological Research Laboratory of the Johns Hopkins Hospital to be tested. There has never been any indication that Jimmy's hearing was not normal. Our state, Pennsylvania, has passed a law making ear tests for school children mandatory. Yet when Jimmy came to be tested on the great 1A Western Electric audiometer, with its vast range of sounds, he didn't hear the high frequencies. Next to the high frequencies, those almost intangible squeaky sounds, lie voice tones. Deafness progresses by involving one octave after another toward

the low end of the scale. If ever you are to hear those shrill sounds it is when you are a strong boy of twelve. Modern otologists say that impairment of *any* tone indicates trouble.

Patches of lymphoid tissue lay close to the opening of Jimmy's Eustachian tube on each side. This tiny passage leads from the middle ear to the pharynx, opening high up in the wall of the nasal chamber. Air comes through the Eustachian tube to one side of the eardrum, and through the auditory canal to the other, neutralizing pressure so that vibrations are the same on both sides of the drum membrane. Block this Eustachian tube, making unequal pressure on the eardrum, and you have impaired hearing.

Jimmy had his tonsils and adenoids removed. He now hears the faintest squeak of a high frequency. If the tissue recurs, he will be treated with radium. Jimmy will be all right. But I kept thinking of young Tom Kirke. I had learned that there were 10,000,000 deafened people in the United States. What if they had been properly tested and adequately treated at Jimmy's age? Dr. Edmund Prince Fowler's report states that there are 3,000,000 deafened children in the United States. Ann Kirke had told me she was isolated. I didn't believe it. I wanted to find out what was being done for ears, for children.

I found a whole other world whose existence I had never so much as suspected.

II

The 1939 report from the Otological Research Laboratory at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, given by Dr. Samuel Crowe and his associates, is dry and specific. 'If young school children were examined once a year and lymphoid tissue around the Eustachian tubes treated with radiation, there is the possibility of lessening the number of deaf people by 50 per cent.'

The Otological Laboratory is testing

the possibilities and the use of radium. Not cure — prevention. Dr. Crowe and his associates are making a survey of 1500 children from the ages of eight to fourteen, reëxamining, testing, and treating them several times each year, to prove that deafness in younger children can be prevented. Fifteen thousand children and adults with some type of hearing disorder have passed through their hands in fourteen years.

In some children the entire range was affected; in others the loss lay in the high frequencies, the shrill sounds. But that is the first indication of either middle or inner ear deafness, in adults as well as children. With one great difference: in children this condition is just beginning, scarcely noticeable, whereas in adults the structural changes that cause hearing impairment are established. There is little chance, in spite of advertisement and ballyhoo, to do much for the deaf older person. It's too late. The harm is done.

'Deaf,' I learned, is a loose term. As used by the layman, it usually includes children with a 20 per cent hearing loss, those with 40 per cent, those with 40 to 60 per cent, as well as those with from 60 to 90 per cent.

The findings for 1939-1940 of the Otological Research Laboratory are that, out of 1500 children tested, over 40 per cent regarded as normal showed a hearing loss in the high tones, and three quarters of the group had nasopharyngeal conditions that are a potential menace to hearing.

Children are tested every day at the Johns Hopkins laboratory. Brought from six schools, three public and three Catholic, all of them have had their ears tested at school, or by their local family physician. They supposedly have normal hearing.

There was Betty, the eleven-year-old, brought in from a Baltimore Junior High School. This was her third visit. Her former tests showed pronounced 'dips' in both ears; in the left, at the high frequency charted by otologists

as 4096 double vibrations per second. That is close to the voice range. Betty settled herself back in her chair, snugly. The room was soundproof, the young doctor who administered the test was a well-known authority on ears and children. His hands moved the dials skillfully, testing certain high frequencies again and again to make sure Betty was being accurate.

I remembered Ann's tales of tests given Tom Kirke by other doctors — tests given in small offices with the trolley roaring by outside, with the doctor's secretary fumbling at the controls of the audiometer, or perhaps the doctor himself asking Tom if he 'heard the watch tick.' Here in this laboratory the doctor sat before the control board of the 1A audiometer. The machine was big, higher than his shoulder. On the other side, Betty, earphones clamped tightly to her head, held fast to the punch button. The doctor twirled his dials, and when Betty heard sound, either high or low, loud or soft, she punched the button, releasing it when sound faded.

Next Betty was tested by the voice audiometer. This is shaped like a victrola, operating in much the same way. A record revolves on a disk, a voice repeats numbers through the earphones. The voice is quite loud at first, gradually fading, sinking to nothing. Recklessly Betty repeated, 'Forty-four, sixty-seven,' absolutely confident she was hearing correctly. Most children are.

Upstairs in the nose and throat clinic the doctor examined Betty's nose through his nasopharyngoscope. He beckoned me to look. Down the tunnel of the instrument and then out into light: adenoids pressed against the red of her nose, outlined like mountains. The Eustachian tube opening on one side was completely covered.

Betty badly needs treatment. She would be a lost child deaf. Fortunately there is radium to shrink these adenoids and prevent lymphoid cells from growing.

Betty was given radium. The treatment takes approximately five and a half minutes. The radon applicator was inserted up her nose without anaesthesia and without pain. Three quarters of the children with less severe hearing losses treated with radium are benefited. I saw charts with hearing losses as high as 55 per cent cut down to 15.

Twenty thousand requests have come to the Board of Health in Baltimore from school doctors for the removal of tonsils and adenoids in public-school children. Using every facility, 2500 children were operated on. Nothing whatever has been done for the remaining 17,500.

Seventy-five per cent of all adenoids that are removed in very young children recur, says the otologist. To keep back the lymphoid tissue by radiation treatment is to tide a child over that period when, for some undiscovered reason, the tissue grows so virulently. Radium reaches the area at once. Fifty per cent of X-ray is absorbed by the skin and never reaches the area most in need of treatment; therefore it is necessary to give an excessive amount of X-ray to check lymphoid tissue. Whereas radium is quick, practical, and effective — like a miracle.

Under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation, at a cost of some \$25,000 per year, the Otological Research Laboratory of the Johns Hopkins Hospital is evolving a method of testing children and treating them for the prevention of deafness. Information is being compiled here that may change the lives of thousands of children — and parents, too.

Other clinics and laboratories are working on prevention, by testing high frequencies in children, experimenting with vitamins, making surveys of families to determine biologic deafness. There are clinics where women can take their children to be properly tested, and perhaps prevent a hearing handicap — in New York City at the Manhattan Ear, Nose and Throat Clinic, and at the Presbyterian Medical Center; in Minneapolis

at the University of Minnesota Medical School; in Boston at the Children's Hospital; in New York State at the University of Rochester; in Illinois at the St. Louis Central Institute. Outstanding work is being done at the Abington Hospital Otological Laboratory, Philadelphia. There is Dr. Isaac Jones at the University of California, and Dr. H. Marshall Taylor at Jacksonville, Florida.

Schools are slowly realizing their responsibility in the prevention of deafness. The towns of Lowell and Worcester, Massachusetts, maintain their own clinics where the ears of school children are tested as part of the *regular school system*. Alameda, California, is working towards prevention, and Winnetka, Illinois, is doing outstanding work in testing children.

There are 24,000,000 school children in the United States. The Otological Research Laboratory at Johns Hopkins says that 40 per cent of the 1500 tested by them were found to have a high-tone hearing loss. What was happening to the great bulk of American school children?

After prolonged study the American Society for the Hard of Hearing has published a report on hearing conservation in the United States. They found that California, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Oklahoma, Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, and Washington have laws that provide for the examination of the hearing of school children, compulsory in the last four states. In 1939, 1,871,031 children were tested in the United States. Out of these 6.9 per cent showed a hearing loss, 9363 were advised to see an otologist, 7281 were benefited by treatment.

In the state of California 155,000 children were tested, otological care was recommended, in some instances parents were interviewed. Excellent testing was done in New York City, where the ratio of impairment was high: 13.2 per cent. Ratios differ. In Los Angeles and Boston, 7 per cent were

found to have a hearing loss; in Jersey City, 9.2 per cent; in Detroit, 4.6 per cent. These are the roughest sort of figures. It is impossible to be accurate when the method of testing varies, when different kinds of audiometers are used and tests are not rechecked. In some cases tests were given by the principal of a school who was unable to give the test adequately or interpret it intelligently, or by a classroom teacher who had never seen an audiometer before, or by an overworked nurse who was expected to learn as she went along.

Nevertheless, nearly two million children *were* tested. Over seven thousand had their hearing improved by treatment, or restored to normal. But on the basis that 6.9 per cent of all those tested had hearing trouble, and that 1½ per cent of these were deaf enough to need lip-reading lessons or be sent to schools for the deaf, then 300,000 children in this country should be taught to read the lips. But, adding the 20,500 children now in schools for the deaf and the published report that 17,808 children received lip-reading lessons in the United States, then approximately 40,000 children in America are now being taught to read the lips, instead of 300,000.

III

When Alexander Graham Bell opened his School of Vocal Physiology at 18 Beacon Street, Boston, he advertised that he was prepared to give instruction in 'lip reading, the art of understanding speech by watching the mouth, with practical methods of teaching the art to those who are deaf.' Mr. Bell had vision and a fiery enthusiasm. Ordinarily, in the first schools for the deaf, children were not admitted until they had reached the age of ten. Mr. Bell believed that the education of deaf children should begin as soon as possible. Today, in certain schools for the deaf, children are admitted when they are only three years old. Education of the deaf has advanced

since the Bell School of Vocal Physiology. Today there are 66 residential state schools in the country and 128 day schools for the deaf maintained by local and city government. There are also 20 denominational and private schools.

The Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, outside Philadelphia in Mount Airy, is one of the largest residential schools in the country. People in Philadelphia refer to it as the 'Deaf and Dumb Asylum.'

Asylum? Inside these gray stone buildings 537 boys and girls who are totally deaf, or whose loss of hearing is so great that they cannot continue in regular school, are housed, fed, and clothed. They are educated academically, physically, and morally. Here they are allowed to come at the age of five, sometimes making strange unintelligible sounds, using gestures, and here they can stay until they are twenty-one. When they graduate they are equipped with a trade, from their vocational school, and an adequate pre-high-school education. It takes them twelve years to complete nine grades, and it is a long, grueling process.

In large bright classrooms, children who cannot hear a sound, who face a terrifying abyss of silence, who can't possibly realize that when you move your lips sound comes, are taught to speak, to read lips. Sir William Wilde, the famous Dublin surgeon, father of Oscar, said this: 'For wealth men have risked their salvation; for fame men have perilled their existence . . . but to me the patient instructor of the deaf and dumb deserves a reward which nothing earthly can bestow.'

Slowly, painfully, the deaf and speechless child is taught to be as other children. He is taught which vibration indicates high pitch, low pitch. His hand is placed on the teacher's throat as she speaks. 'Ball . . . book . . . orange . . . spoon.' He picks up each object to show that he understands. For whispered sounds, like *h* and *sh* and *f*, the teacher breathes on the child's hand, so

that he may feel the breath and imitate. Patiently, kindly, with utmost cheerfulness the deaf children are taught to speak.

In kindergarten they learn their own names. 'I am Billy.' They recognize their names on cards; later from seeing the teacher's lips move. Their sense of touch must be developed by progressive sense training. They are taught to match shape to shape and color to color. To distinguish pitch through vibration they twang a guitar string, raising their hand for high, lowering it for low. They are given tongue exercises to develop the muscles, to make them conscious of the part their tongues take in speaking.

Deaf children are enormously eager. Their eyes cling to the teacher's face. When they are little, deaf children cannot hear or understand many of the things that are told them; they have to find out for themselves, explore. In a classroom they are very active. The noise is terrific.

From class to class their lip reading and speech improve, slowly, laboriously. Dumb? No one is dumb! They are taught useful things that relate to the life they will live: simple mathematics, how to make change and keep a budget. They are instructed to express themselves and to tell what things look like. With great importance they say, 'The leaves are yellow and brown.' They must be taught how to write a letter home to their parents.

After they have reached a certain age they begin to learn a trade. Here, at Pennsylvania, the boys learn printing, carpentering, barbering, tailoring. The girls learn sewing, laundering, cooking, typing.

The greatest single improvement in the life of the deaf boy or girl is the 'hearing aid.' Earphones that are plugged into the child's desk are hooked up to the microphone in the centre of the room which the teacher uses. Some of these children have enough hearing to distinguish what is actually said through

the hearing aid, others distinguish sound in bulk, others simply know there is sound. In this school, 35 per cent of the children can be reached by hearing aids. The fact that they now hear sound has heightened their intelligence and morale. Because their ears are trained to expect sound, their yearly auditory tests may improve.

Educators of the deaf quarrel as to the methods of teaching children. Alexander Graham Bell believed deaf children should be taught in the same classes as children who were only hard of hearing, or even with children who had no hearing loss whatever. Undoubtedly a child who has even a great hearing deficiency must not be treated as the totally deaf child. At the Pennsylvania School they are put in separate classes.

These cheerful, handsomely equipped schools for the deaf do not seem institutional. Parents of deaf children fear the residential school. But let the deaf child languish at home, let the parent say, 'We can't bear to part with Johnny — he's our only boy,' and you have a boy whose intelligence disappears like water draining into sand.

Naturally, the child who has only partially lost his hearing, who has a high IQ, who is enterprising and tough, can and should stay in regular school. But he must receive special handling, be given lip-reading lessons, wear a hearing aid if possible, and be properly tested frequently to make certain he is not getting deafer. Many public schools are doing splendid work with small classes of deaf children. But the danger is ever present that the regular school may slide over the deaf child, become used to him, or make an exception of him. In the end he is labeled 'queer,' 'backward,' 'retarded.' The New York State Board of Charities reports a high percentage of deafness in delinquents, sometimes four to ten times as many deaf delinquents as hearing delinquents. The most pitiful of these cases are the boys who, besides being judged delinquent, are also classed

as feeble-minded. One youth of twenty-five was found in an asylum for dangerous delinquents. He could not be made to understand and he could not speak intelligibly. He had committed no crime. His attitude was considered menacing. But he had done nothing wrong. He was only deaf.

There was also the deaf boy who was kept in public school until he was sixteen. His mother insisted that although he was 'slightly' deaf he spoke beautifully, wrote perfectly. I saw him. His head jutted forward, his mouth hung open. He uttered strange, unintelligible sounds. The words he wrote made no sense whatsoever.

And there was the deaf boy at the Pennsylvania School who said, 'They called me Sleepy Joe. They wouldn't let me play football.' Now he's on the School team, proudly sports his letter. Deaf children are good at sports, being quick and sure. Scouts make their own uniforms in the vocational school. They print their own *Mount Airy World*, a handsomely bound magazine filled with good articles and pictures.

The school is largely supported by the state. It also has a private endowment of about \$25,000 a year. The term is from the second week in September to the middle of June. Children go home for the holidays, take occasional week-ends.

The Pennsylvania law says that if ten deaf children are found in a district a school must be formed and those children specially educated. As this is not possible, the state sends the deaf child to the state residential school, and pays \$620 per capita per annum. The Pennsylvania School boasts three private pupils whose parents pay approximately the same fee as the state.

There are excellent public day schools for deaf children. There is the famous Horace Mann School in Boston, the Detroit Day School for the Deaf. Public School No. 47 in New York City is the largest day school for the deaf in the country. Work is done also in regu-

lar public schools. Lip-reading classes are provided for slightly hard-of-hearing children.

Schools for the deaf vary. Some are good, some backward. This is true of any public-school system. Amounts expended on schools range from \$365,000 a year to \$1510. Improvements include everything from the purchase of a new hearing aid in the Florida School to the addition of an entire Vocational School Building, at a cost of \$213,737, in Louisiana.

The United States has 2854 teachers of the deaf. Their salaries range from about \$800 with maintenance to \$2000 without maintenance, and in some districts go as high as \$3800 a year.

The average student in the public school for the deaf cannot afford to go to college or even to high school. He is interested in earning a living. But the boy or girl who is in a better income group, who is alert, whose mind is as quick as lightning, can go to college. There are totally deaf students today in universities. There is also a college for the deaf — Gallaudet College in Washington, D. C., with 160 students. In 1938 the Johns Hopkins University awarded a degree of Doctor of Philosophy to a graduate of the Clarke School for the Deaf who had been totally deaf since childhood. A totally deaf boy got his Ph.D. from Harvard after two hours of oral examination.

In 1877, after receiving special instruction, one totally deaf student in the United States passed the necessary examinations and was admitted to a high school with hearing pupils. In 1899, two were admitted to regular high school and two actually went to college. In 1917, four deaf students went to college and six to high school. In 1939, six went to college and thirty-two to high school. These were the totally deaf who depended entirely on lip reading. In all, since 1877, one hundred and sixty-seven deaf students have gone to colleges and universities, and four hundred and ninety-nine to high schools.

IV

I had seen nothing but public schools for the deaf. What was being done in the expensive private schools? How were the children of more privileged parents being educated? I remembered that Tom Kirke went to a regular private school with hearing children, where no one had the slightest notion of his difficulties. Tom wanted to go to college. Given the determination to use his intelligence to its fullest capacity, this could be accomplished. It meant an almost insupportable amount of work for him. If the program proved too stiff, perhaps a private school for the deaf would be possible.

After many letters had passed, and my credentials as a worthy, socially eligible woman had been minutely examined, I was admitted to one of the most exclusive schools for the deaf, in a most expensive neighborhood, where twenty-five privileged children are taught to 'take their rightful place in life.' They are housed, with hardwood floors and spiral staircases, and fed from stainless-steel kitchens, all for the sum of \$1650 a year — without extras. Taken with extras, the amount is closer to \$2200. The place, I was told, was 'just like home.' It certainly did not look like a school.

The students are drilled and trained relentlessly, for they must be equipped with a high-school education. All their time is devoted to study. They will, perhaps, be brokers or publishers or designers or artists. The girls are to 'have an interest.' Most important of all, they are to marry hearing people. They are taught to have their own characteristics, never the characteristics of the deaf. The wealthy are paying fat sums for this process of education, and are evidently satisfied with the results.

It was difficult to obtain accurate information about the number of students entering colleges from this school. No one seemed able to remember, or willing to find out. 'The greater proportion of

students . . . ' What did that mean? A report from the *Volta Review* shows that this school has sent twelve students through college.

Grade for grade, the best public school for the deaf can compete with the private school. But the average public-school deaf student has no use for a higher education. He is not being educated to be 'interested in something.' He spends hours of his day in vocational school. He must earn his own living, take his place in the world. There is no wealthy indulgent parent behind him.

Private schools and some state schools are undoubtedly sending students to college. But the problem of the pupil who comes from a higher income group needs discussing, airing. There is, in the school I saw, a deadening atmosphere of exclusiveness. These deaf pupils were 'set apart.' I was not told the names of any of the students, except in a whisper.

If these boys and girls could see what I had seen they would realize that the deaf world is not hidden in careful exclusion, but lies in big modernized schools.

V

In Washington, Baltimore, Boston, teachers spoke constantly of the Clarke School in Massachusetts and New York's famous progressive school for deaf girls, the Lexington School. Few schools compared with the Lexington, they said. Here was the finest example of teaching I had ever seen — children perfectly adjusted. Visiting every classroom, I never saw a 'queer' child. It was difficult to believe I was in a school for the deaf. There were absolute confidence and understanding between teacher and pupil — a rare thing in any classroom. They were gay, these attractive young women teachers, many of them graduates of Smith, Bennington, Columbia.

Here, as in the Pennsylvania School, there is no tuition charge for pupils appointed by the state. Last year all but two pupils were state appointments.

The fee for pupils who are not residents of New York State is \$600 for boarding pupils, \$375 for day pupils.

The progressive method of teaching the deaf, which is used at Lexington, is harder than the old method, educators say. The teacher must be quick and imaginative. She cannot rely on her handbook.

The exceptionally bright girl, or the pupil who has the advantage of more residual hearing, advances steadily from class to class at Lexington, without regard to semester or age, but depending on ability.

Every classroom in the primary department and a number in the upper departments are equipped with the new Reger-O'Connor hearing aid. With this equipment each child speaks through her own microphone, thus hearing her own voice at close range, instead of through a microphone in the centre of the classroom. This is of infinite importance, as the child then has a chance to distinguish her words, the pitch of her voice.

The Lexington School takes deaf children as young as two. Here little girls of two and three are frequently as advanced as those five and six years old. They have had no time to form any bad habits — even a parent handicap. One child of three had been in the school less than a year. She had been taught by the new progressive method — 'whole word with meaning,' instead of the single sound approach. She has a vocabulary of 150 words and sentences. She speaks ten words clearly and can recognize five words through the hearing aid, although she has an almost total loss of hearing.

Teachers College, at Columbia, sends its students to the Lexington School to study this method. Thirteen of them sat watching a lip-reading lesson. Already, before their course is completed, every one of them is placed in a position at a school for the deaf.

Meeting the problem of the deaf child academically is one thing; meeting it

vocationally, quite another. Trying to place the handicapped person in a job is a constant struggle. The employer faces added risk. I knew of one vocational school that placed 75 per cent of its boys and girls, but the percentage of placements ought to be higher.

The attitude of the worker is everything. I had seen girls in vocational schools apathetic, slow, discouraged. I had read reports stating that many vocational students do not follow the trade learned in school; they feel there is no opportunity for the deafened to get ahead.

The Lexington Vocational places more than 75 per cent of its students, with salaries ranging from \$12 to \$30 a week. The graduate worker from here is considered *better* trained than the worker from the regular vocational school. Classes are much smaller for the deaf, with only ten or twelve students, whereas classes in the regular vocational school have from forty to fifty students. Hard-headed manufacturers sit on the Board of the Lexington Vocational and oversee all work being turned out by the school. It must meet factory requirements.

The school is equipped with power machines identical with those used in a cotton-goods factory. These the deaf girl is well able to manage. Actual production at Lexington is on a factory basis. The students have made 75 skirts for the Red Cross. They clothe 93 of the children in their own school, fitting many of them individually; coats, dresses, and hats are turned out smartly, with the newest gadgets.

They are taught handicraft, millinery, tailoring, sewing, electric soldering (for work in airplane factories), bookbinding, printing, cooking, and homemaking. They learn to budget, to select meats and vegetables, and to know what the well-balanced meal consists of.

Five hours a week are devoted to a course in vocational adjustment. Deaf people are sometimes stubborn, suspicious, quarrelsome, for the deaf person is shut into himself, even more so than the blind. He is not as dependent, therefore does not appreciate the attitude of the hearing person as easily. The worker must be fully instructed, therefore, on labor unions, industrial legislation, employers' attitude; also how to get ahead, how to sell himself. When the deaf worker gets a job he must make his work so good that it will pave the way for other deaf people.

Two hours a week the deaf girl is taught personal hygiene — how to give a shampoo, how to dress smartly but simply, the technique of make-up.

When these girls graduate from the Lexington School they are not good deaf people, but good citizens who are deaf.

VI

I had discovered deaf people. I knew what to tell Ann Kirke. I knew what to tell Tom. The problem he faced, being seventeen and adolescent, must remain his own problem. He could not share it, even discuss it with Ann. Parents belong to childhood, symbolize the silver cord children struggle so violently to break. Thoreau said, 'My friend dwells in the eastern horizon. There he sails all lonely under the sky. . . . But thoughts go out silently from me and bely him. . . . I have a neighborhood to his.' Tom and Ann were bound by kind — yet wonderfully free.

Ann must see what I had seen. She must bring herself past the point of fear and accept Tom Kirke as he was. She would find a whole new world. Not to be feared — to be sung about! She was not isolated, but had ten million people for company. A goodly company.

CLAMBAKE

BY LLEWELLYN HOWLAND

I

FIFTY years ago Clark's Point, the westerly of the two long necks of land between which the Acushnet River loses itself in Buzzards Bay, was a country of 'shore farms.' One of these farms, called 'The Cottage,' was periodically visited by a small band of pilgrims that came to worship at an altar — a rough circle of clean-washed beach stones set in a clearing overlooking a sandy beach. The season of the year chosen for the pilgrimage — or 'Cottage Clambake,' as it was called — was the last week in August, for then generally occurred a 'spell of weather' that was 'set fair,' when the sun was tempered by a thin blue haze that softened and rounded all outlines and lent distance to the view.

The exact date determined, the 'Skipper' would send forth his invitations (never more than twenty-five), and early in the week cordwood, half green, half dry, would be hauled and stacked close to the circle of stones, or 'bake-hole.' Then, on the day before that appointed for the pilgrims to attend, there would be great activity throughout the neighborhood.

At morning low tide — no matter how early it may occur — two gangs spread themselves along the shores of the Cove, one with buckets and clam forks, the other with farm wagons and pitchforks, for the clams must be *sweet, clean, and fresh*, and the rockweed to bank the bake with *unwilted*. The experienced diggers have no difficulty, during one tide, in producing the prescribed half

peck of clams — not too big and not too small — for every expected guest and helper. These the boys free from their stains of black mud and sand, finally sousing the full buckets in clear pools of sea water to rinse the grit out of the 'critters' before transferring them to an open-seamed barrel in the cart.

There is also abundance of crisp rockweed, with golden-brown juicy bladders bursting with brine, floating at water level and caught in the pools among the boulder-strewn foreshores. This is forked into piles at the head of little coves or on sandy beaches where a wagon can most nearly approach, then loaded on the wagon and drawn handy to the bake-hole, where it is stacked and covered with sheets of heavy canvas to hold in the brine and protect the weed from sun and dew.

The clams, meanwhile, in their open-seamed barrel, together with several open-headed *tight* barrels of fresh sea water, are hauled to the cart shed whose stone walls and tree-shaded roof will keep them calm and free from nervousness. Twice during the next twelve hours the clams are well sluiced down with bucketfuls of the fresh salt water.

While these preparations are in progress, Clark's Point farms are searched for muskmelons, and a half bushel or more of fine green and golden globes are thumbed and smelled and found juicily ripe. These are picked and brought with care to 'The Cottage,' where they are ranged on a broad sunny

shelf and, while still warm, cored from one end to the centre, care being taken that the rind as cut shall be preserved whole to be used as a plug after the core-hole has been filled with the incomparable Madeira that has gone a *sailing* voyage to the far East and back to New Bedford. They are then set back on the shelf, plug end up, and allowed to chill all night, and before the morning sun has dried the icy dew on them they are set away in the coolest end of the cart shed — nectar and ambrosia — to await their appointed moment at the feast.

A gray sunrise on the day of ceremony assures good weather. The sweet corn is gathered early with the cool crispness of the night beaded on its green sheaths, the sweet potatoes are scrubbed, the small white onions pulled and stripped; the fish (rock cod for preference), taken the day before and kept alive during the night in a fish car, are gutted and, with heads, fins, tails, and skins left on, lowered into the cool shadowy shaft of the well in a basket that has been carefully scalded and scrubbed and allowed to dry out in the sun.

Ten-thirty A.M. to the dot is the hour set for lighting the fire in the bake-hole; for heat — and plenty of it — is to reach the vitals of its sides and encircling beach stones, and a heavy bed of embers is to be laid down on its bottom before it will be ready for the sacrifice. Much care and time, backed by experience, will be expended on this pyre, for when the match is applied at the appointed hour it must instantly burst into rushing flame in every part — circumference as well as middle. First is laid down a good heavy bed of old dry-as-tinder hay, with a train leading up to and outside the circle of stones. Above this is constructed a framework of soft pine fagots, dry but with the pitch still sticky, so placed and braced with air spaces between the crossed sticks that it will neither flatten down and smother the bed of hay below it nor be broken

down by the weight of the oak and maple logs that are ranged above it — first a grid of split dry wood, then one of green, and so on until there is only space enough left for two more layers of fuel to top the encircling and containing boulders. The first of these last two layers is then heavily ballasted with clean wave-washed stones about the size and shape of a coconut, above which the last grid of logs is placed — an arrangement that assures a space for ample oxygen to mix with the gas and smoke coming from the fire below and play upon and force into the ballast stones a special intensity of heat.

To the youngest helper should always be accorded the privilege of setting the train alight. For in the years to come he will never forget the memory of that particular match, its almost explosive results, and the events that followed.

While the fire roars and crackles, eating up the hardwood fuel and converting the bake-hole into a volcanic crater and the stones into shimmering incandescence, white pine planks that are kept on hand for these occasions are set up on wooden horses to form a rough table in the shape of a hollow square, and benches running along both its outer and inner sides. This table is so placed that it is to windward of the fire, and after the sun passes the meridian and slopes toward the west it will be dappled with shade from the trees on the edge of the clearing. The end toward the bake-hole is not completed, which allows service to be rendered easily and quickly to all quarters.

Leaving an experienced aide armed with a rake with a long iron handle to tend the fire, the Skipper and two of his crew enter the cart shed where the green corn and sweet potatoes have been keeping cool. There the ears are stripped down to the last two of their pale straw-colored cerements and the tassel silk carefully picked off, leaving the old-ivory kernels enwrapped against smoke

or contamination while in the bake. The fish, cold and firm-fleshed, are then fetched to the shed from the well shaft, and treated to a seasoning of pepper and salt well rubbed in both outside and in the gaping belly cavity, and a sprig of costmary (that herb of all others intended by heaven to add a fillip to a baked fish) is inserted between the flaps of the gash; and finally all of them are carefully wrapped in the tenderest inner fronds of corn husk.

II

At noon the fire at the bake-hole has ceased to seethe with flames and become a deep sea of glowing coals reddening and whitening as the puffs of southwest wind blow over its surface, beneath which the layer of ballast stones have sunk to the bottom and lie white-hot, many ready to crack open when their covering of embers is presently removed by the help of long-handled besoms of gray birch twigs.

Now has arrived the crucial moment in the ceremony, for every minute and movement counts in the preservation of the highest possible temperature in and around the bake-hole. The instant the last hot coal or smouldering ember that might poison the bake with acrid smoke has been brushed out and away, the pile of rockweed is stripped of its canvas covering, and dripping forkfuls of it are thrown into and around the hole and pushed and prodded into a shallow nest above the white-hot bottom stones and up the shelving sides of the circle. On to this cushion, which for a few moments only remains wet and steamless, the potatoes in their scrubbed jackets and the corn and fish in their corn-husk wrappings are spread, while the clams in their glistening white papery shells are poured in among them and leveled off — all this with the precision of a gun crew on a battleship in action, under the eye and tense instruction of the Skipper.

During this loading of the bake, two of the crew stand by with the canvas sheet that has covered the pile of rockweed, and as the last of the clams are settled they clap the canvas over the top of the nest, tucking the clams and their companion bedfellows snugly and cleanly away. More rockweed is then forked on until all signs of the bake-hole and what it holds in its heart are lost to sight.

Fifty-six minutes, only, are now left before it is time to uncover the bake. Every one of these minutes is precious, for there is much still to be done to set the stage for the shift, without a letdown, from anticipation to realization. The acolytes are divided into two crews, 'youngs' and 'olds' — the former to act as Ganymedes and Hebes for the duration of the day, the 'olds' to assist the womenfolk of the household in the kitchen and later at the bake-hole. Each division has a captain who 'knows the ropes' and whose word is law. Under such military ordering it is but a short time before the table in the clearing is furnished with the requisite number of knives and forks, coarse linen napkins of generous size and laundered 'soft,' Sandwich glass tumblers, maplewood bowls (capacity about a quart) — and on the ground under the edge of the table, to the right of every indicated seat, an empty bucket. To windward of the bake-hole on a washtub bench are four well-scoured maple chopping trays, empty.

Within doors both summer and winter kitchens (many of the old houses had such an arrangement) are in full blast, the latter redolent with steam of the onions that have just been poured into the kettles of walloping water on the range, while on an iron rack over the cookstove of the summer kitchen stacks of glazed heavy earthenware plates and shallow bowls are heating, and the sweet unsalted freshly churned butter is slowly liquefying in a saucepan on the end of the stove farthest from the firebox. A

moment arrives when, at a given signal, an iron door in the chimney breast next the range is swung open and the dark umber loaves of brown bread (in the dough of which only that soft, gray Rhode Island corn meal ground between slow-turning 'stones' in an old water- or wind-driven gristmill and dark heavy West Indian molasses are tolerated) are drawn out on long-handled wooden paddles from the cavern of the blandly hot brick oven where they have been slowly baking for hours. Hot to their very cores, they are lined up on clean hardwood cutting boards and swathed in fresh linen napkins to preserve their moist sponginess and protect them from the assaults of flies and wasps.

III

In ample time to arrive without any sensations of hustle or bustle, the pilgrims begin to make their appearance in the 'wide-track' two-seated 'wagons,' as the carriages with standing tops and furling side curtains of this countryside are called. After discharging their passengers, who move off to the lee side of the bake-hole, the drivers manœuvre the wagons into the shade cast by the farm barn, loose the traces, and lead the horses to a long rack for hitching, then join their friends in the clearing. There is good reason for choosing this position during the short wait before the uncovering takes place, for wafted down wind come odors from that heap of rockweed that would whet the most jaded appetite, but in hungering pilgrims arouse ecstasies of expectation.

When only ten more minutes are left before the appointed time, several stone jugs are hoisted from the well shaft where they have been suspended all morning and, sweating with the sudden change from cool to warm, take central positions on the table. This is the signal for the pilgrims to be seated — which is done without haste or jostling, for there is room and to spare for all at this board.

The jugs are then uncorked and circulated from hand to hand clockwise (disaster would follow if they moved against the sun) with a pause above every tumbler, into which is poured a 'jorum' of pale amber-colored liquid, cold but not overchilled, the ingredients of which are one third white Santa Cruz rum, a third strained juice of Dominica limes, and the balance slightly sweetened smoky China tea, with a suspicion of bruised mint leaves. This brew, of which a sip only should be taken before the clams make their appearance, is called locally 'Lime Calabash,' the wherefore of which is a yarn by itself of good length and much action.

This first libation has no sooner been poured than there issues from the house a procession — the Skipper and his entire crew — which bears down on the clearing all loaded with impedimenta: baskets of hot plates and bowls, hot pitchers of melted butter with a dash of cayenne pepper, hot steaming bowls of onions in a thin sauce of milk with a speckling of black pepper, cutting boards with the veiled loaves of brown bread, and a stack of cold plates and dessert spoons for serving at their proper moment those melons still hidden modestly in the shed.

The Skipper now takes his place close to the mound of rockweed with watch in hand, supported by four of the 'olds.'

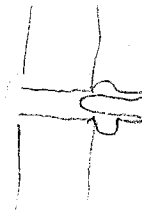
'Fifty-five,' he calls, and at this signal two of the trusty four start pitching forkfuls of the rockweed to one side, and as the pile dwindles, and the canvas blanket is neared, wisps and jets of delicious-smelling steam pervade the glade, a compound of odors impossible to describe but, once enjoyed, never to be forgotten. As the last forkfuls are lifted from the steam-stained canvas, the besoms are passed over the surface to rid it of remnants of the weed which the heat has transformed to shreds and twigs lustreless and brittle. Then the blanket is gingerly seized at the two corners to leeward, lifted up, and turned back, exposing enough of the bake to allow

the two acolytes with the toughest labor-calloused hands to kneel and flip the infernally hot clams into the chopping trays which four of the 'youngs' are tendering like begging bowls. The four trays, brimming full, are then rushed to the table and discharged with speed into the wooden bowls in front of the pilgrims and the now-seated Skipper.

A neophyte at this point might be puzzled as to what the 'correct' procedure might be, but not so with this band of seasoned veterans, for they fall to with claw and tooth 'shucking' off the white shells, lifting the tender sweet morsel therefrom, stripping the skin from the shrunken black snout, and then, with a dextrous dip into the bowl of melted butter, popping the clam whole into hungry mouths. Most of the shells, after the clams have been lifted out, will contain a spoonful of salty liquor or broth; this also should be tilted into the mouth after each swallow. The empty shells are dropped into the buckets on the ground under the edges of the table.

The first bowl of clams disappears with surprising speed. Another relay appears, reënforced with fish, corn, and potatoes from the bake, and slices of

brown bread and helpings of onions from the centre of the table. But, from this point on, how can I attempt to set down in words, which after all are poor things, the disposal of all these gifts of God, which have been for the most part cooked in the good earth, seasoned by the salts thereof, uncontaminated by the impurities of civilization, fresh as the dawn, and in such abundance that no one has to bolt his first helping to ensure a second, third, or even a fourth — except to say that when every soul here gathered has filled himself or herself to comfortable capacity, and those who smoke have ignited the butt ends of Manila cheroots that have come tied in bunches with buttercup-yellow ribbands in leaden chests from the Far Eastern Isles, the day sinks softly and peacefully down towards its end in a pale blue smoky haze of contentment: a contentment that can only come from the 'know-how' of making the most of Nature's gifts and the satisfaction arising from such knowledge, which has been acquired, not from endowed institutions of learning, but from attendance at that greatest of all universities, the outdoor world.



SHIPS—AND MORE SHIPS

BY SHELBY CULLOM DAVIS

I

FOR the second time in a generation American shipyards are being called upon to perform shipbuilding miracles. The shipways of the country are crowded to capacity, new ways are under construction, all in a gigantic effort to make indomitable our navy, our merchant marine, and at the same time to supply beleaguered Great Britain. A new era in America's history as a seafaring nation is dawning. Our sea power is already at an advanced stage, far ahead, comparatively, of what it was during the First World War. We start now with what was our goal then: a navy second to none. And our merchant marine at this writing is four times as great as it was in 1914.

This, indeed, is one of the soundest achievements of the Roosevelt Administration, which set up the Maritime Commission in 1936 as a first step in a long-range program. The present emergency program is, therefore, but a phase, albeit an important one, in the long-range program of building up our merchant marine. The war has not caught us unawares on the sea. Our present shipbuilding program contemplates nearly 10 billion dollars in new construction over a five-year period, double the mammoth efforts of the First World War. This would be impossible of achievement had not plans been laid five years ago for just such a possible contingency.

Navy men and shipbuilders still recall the hectic days of the First World War.

How the ground at Hog Island, in the Delaware River, was actually steam-heated so that it could be broken during the winter of 1917-1918. How riveters received prizes for speedy work and contests were held between riveters of rival yards, all bent on 'driving rivets in the Kaiser's coffin.' And then there is the story of the enthusiastic Mare Islanders who hoped to set a new record by turning out a ship, keel laying to launching, in 30 days. When word came through that New York Shipbuilding, at Camden, New Jersey, had launched a merchant ship 27 days after its keel was laid, the goal at Mare Island was set at 26 days. And a ship was actually launched in 17½ days. Those times have not yet returned; but they will.

Today America is getting ready to build ships in new yards scattered from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, in Los Angeles, Houston, Mobile, Wilmington (North Carolina), Baltimore, New Orleans, Tampa (Florida), and Richmond (California). Not only is this dispersion a safeguard against bombing, but it taps new labor markets and prevents the transportation tie-ups that occurred in the last war. The fifty ways at Hog Island electrified the nation with the realization of the greatest shipbuilding feat in history. But now we are building ships on more than one hundred and fifty new ways, three times as large as the effort at Hog Island.

We are building six different classes of ships. First and foremost, naval ves-

sels, of the highest possible quality; for, as navy men say, it is no good to have the second-best fighting ship. The two-ocean navy is being rushed to completion, ahead of schedule by as much as twelve months on battleships and ten months on destroyers.

Second, high-quality cargo and passenger cargo ships, under the Merchant Marine Act of 1936. These are part of the ten-year program of the Maritime Commission, calling for a total of 500 ships by 1948, an average of 50 per year. This program, originally conceived to replace the obsolete ships built during the First World War, is six to eight months ahead of schedule. Although built on order of the Commission, all ships are privately operated on Commission-approved trade routes.

Third, ships built for private owners, without benefit of Maritime Commission blessing or subsidy — largely tankers or other special-purpose industrial carriers. Twelve of these tankers, built for Standard Oil of New Jersey in collaboration with Commission high-speed designs, have already been taken over by the navy for fueling the fleet.

Fourth, the 200 emergency cargo ships ordered in January by President Roosevelt. Dubbed the 'ugly ducklings,' although they have since been streamlined and christened the 'Liberty Fleet,' these low-speed, ten-knot vessels are suitable only for work under convoy. Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, Chairman of the Maritime Commission, admits they have little commercial value for foreign trade under normal peacetime conditions. Necessarily of an obsolete type, they would have to go into lay-up after the war except for this: the domestic fleet badly needs replacements. It cannot afford the expensive naval auxiliary type, foreign-trade ships, but since speed is unimportant in domestic vessels (the railroads carry perishables and other cargo which must move quickly) these ten-knot ships will be ideal for coastwise and intercoastal com-

merce. They will be built in seven new shipyards, to avoid interference with existing construction.

Fifth, the 60 emergency cargo ships ordered last December by Great Britain. These are also old-style ships, with bygone-day power equipment. But they are easy to construct, and because they specify old types of equipment used in the early '20s, such as reciprocating engines and Scotch boilers, they can tap sources of supply not presently in use.

Sixth, the 212 'lend-lease' ships ordered by the President in April following enactment of the bill. Approximately half of these are to be of the standardized Liberty Fleet type and half of the various types under the Commission's long-range program.

All told, contracts now awarded and authorized call for about 950 merchant ships and 913 naval vessels. In addition, something over 1000 small craft are being built for naval uses. Still more ships may be ordered. When completed, all these ships will make up the greatest armada in history. With them we are revitalizing our merchant fleet and also building a bridge to Britain. Britain's shipping expert, Sir Arthur Salter, has stated that Great Britain would like to see this country turning out four million tons of ships a year, nearly a fourfold expansion from this year's estimated production. And President Roosevelt has made a promise: 'The British people . . . need ships. From America they will get ships.'

Added to this emergency program is the long-range program of the Maritime Commission, wholly apart from the 500-ship program to be completed by 1948, which is largely aimed at replacement of existing obsolete tonnage. The goal of the Commission is an American merchant fleet capable of carrying about half of our foreign commerce, compared with the one third which our fleet carried before the present war.

The emergency and long-range pro-

grams, therefore, contemplate the greatest shipbuilding effort ever undertaken by any nation. Can American shipyards live up to this gigantic task?

II

The building of a ship is one of the most complicated operations in the whole industrial process. For a ship is not only a skyscraper (the S.S. *America* has ten decks), a first-class hotel, a warehouse, or a floating fortress; it is also a gigantic refrigerator, a power plant, a steam locomotive. It must be strong enough to withstand the sea's buffeting, and, as protection against collision or torpedoes, cut up into watertight compartments, yet sleek enough to slide speedily through the water.

A great advance has taken place in shipbuilding in the past decade — the increased use of welding. Since all the plates and frames have to be tied together, the use of welding instead of riveting is a major advance, a 'revolutionary' development, according to some shipbuilders. Some ships are 'all-welded' today. 'All-welded' oil tankers, for example, in which Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company have pioneered, have only about 200 rivets now, as compared with 1,308,000 before welding was used.

Welding not only eliminates the laborious riveting job, with a crew of three or more men for each rivet, but it also does away with the punching of holes for the rivets and the reaming of these holes so that they are perfectly in line. Welding has other advantages: it saves weight — on an average, 13-15 per cent. This not only is an economy in the cost of construction, but enables more payload to be carried through the life of the vessel. Sometimes, too, welding greatly hastens construction, particularly in the case of oil tankers. The side plates of oil tankers are of somewhat more regular design than on a cargo or passenger ship. They

lend themselves to pre-assembly, and are welded together on the ground and hoisted in large masses on the side of the ship. Sun Shipbuilding has developed a particularly efficient welding machine, now in use in many yards, which can weld one-inch plates at a speed of one foot a minute. As a result, a 19,000-ton tanker, which would have been six or seven months on the ways, can now be launched within four months. This welding produces greater structural strength than if rivets had been used, for it is not possible to have the rivets fit 100 per cent perfectly. In fact, the efficiency ratio of rivets is sometimes rated as low as 85 per cent. Welding, on the other hand, is based on complete fusion and should leave no open cracks between the plates.

Welding encourages pre-assembly — in such pieces as ships' bulkheads, for instance, where the work can be more conveniently done on the ground. Pre-assembly on ground rather than on ship is another major change in shipbuilding of the past decade. As much of this is done as possible, since more hands can work on a piece flat on the ground than suspended on a ship. It is far easier, too, to weld 'down,' with the piece being welded on the ground, than to weld 'up,' holding the welding rod above one's head. Whole bows, bulkheads dividing the ship into compartments, and other parts are built and put together on the ground today and then hoisted on to the shipways for the final assembly. Sometimes as much as 50 per cent of a ship is pre-assembled even before the keel is laid.

III

If you were to look at the most modern cargo or passenger ship and then compare it with one of ten or fifteen years ago, you would observe little difference. The great advances have come within the ship rather than outside. There has been a phenomenal improve-

ment in power efficiency. The reciprocating engines have almost completely given way to turbines, at a saving in fuel consumption of no less than 50 per cent. Speeds have been increased. The tankers are outstanding examples, where speeds have been increased by as much as 40-50 per cent within the past five years. This has been due to the pioneering of the Maritime Commission. Its national-defense tankers, which make 19 knots, were built when other tankers made 10 to 11 knots. One operator found he could make money by operating at near the top speed. Since then new commercial tanker speeds have risen to 15 knots.

Whereas vessels of First World War construction had an average speed of about 11 knots, those of late design average $15\frac{1}{2}$ knots, with the result that three vessels can now do the work for which four formerly were required. Improved cargo-handling gear reduces port time and brings the ratio to two new ships to three of the old. Many lines, in fact, think the Maritime Commission's new C-2 and C-3 designs have double the efficiency of the older ships, with efficiency including not only speed in travel but economy in fuel and repairs and speed in loading and discharge.

The form of the vessel has been altered so that it can be propelled through the water more easily and with less horsepower per deadweight ton, and the reduction in weight of the machinery per horsepower has been such that much less of the vessel's space is required for the housing of the machinery. More space is thus allowed for cargo and crew. The use of air conditioning has been extended, higher standards of efficiency are applied to lifesaving equipment, and better sanitary provisions are made for passengers and crew. Electric equipment is installed so extensively that in recent vessels virtually everything except the main engines is controlled by electrical devices. A wider use of fire-proof materials has resulted in a much

lower fire hazard and greater safety for passengers and crew.

IV

Personnel is to material as three is to one, said Nelson. Good forecastle hands, plus efficient licensed officers, make the ship. In recent years one of the greatest handicaps imposed upon our struggling merchant marine has been the lack of discipline of its seamen. Radical movements have gained a foothold on ship-board. If these were originally caused by what Joseph P. Kennedy termed, in his *Economic Survey of the American Merchant Marine*, the 'shocking conditions now prevalent aboard our vessels,' they no longer have reason for existence. Crews' quarters have been renovated at more than \$1,500,000 expense, and on the new Commission ships they are the best in the history of any maritime nation — so comfortable, say some old tars, that they breed softness. New vessels have recreation rooms and ample crew quarters, with seldom more than two or three to a room. Wages are high, the men aboard ship receiving on average more than \$90 monthly, and also most of their living expenses. The Maritime Commission has instituted a seamen's training program which not only encourages ambitious seamen to learn better jobs but also attracts more young men into the merchant marine. For the Commission realizes that it is building a merchant marine not just for today or tomorrow, but for the future. Not only must our ships be the best ships; our sailors must be the best sailors.

Part of the success of the Maritime Commission is due to the fact that it is not primarily a regulatory agency, a curb on initiative, but an accelerator agency, which above all else has been charged with getting good ships built and aiding American shipping. The merchant marine was in a lamentable state in 1937 when Mr. Kennedy issued

his significant report. Government policy was in chaos, although a number of private lines were strengthening their positions on world-trade routes. The navy had been attended to in 1933, President Roosevelt allocating 250 million dollars of NIRA funds to begin ship construction. But affairs in the merchant marine were allowed to drift — no one seemed to know just what should be done.

The Kennedy report, therefore, was a clear clarion call for action. It proposed a ten-year building program for the merchant marine of 500 new ships, an average of 50 per year. It recognized the fact that, at the water's edge, ships constructed under the American standard of living are thrown into direct competition with ships constructed under substantially lower standards of living. Ships built out of steel by men whose wages permit at least one car in their garage cannot compete with those built in the bicycle economies of Great Britain or Norway or Denmark, for example. So ships constructed today under the Maritime Commission's program receive an outright construction subsidy, which is calculated to be the difference between building a ship in American and in foreign yards. In addition, operators of a ship, whether it be under charter from the Maritime Commission or owned outright, receive an operating subsidy, which is the difference between various costs — such as seamen's wages, food, repairs, and insurance — in American and in foreign ship operation. These subsidies, which under pre-war conditions had been running at the rate of 13 million dollars a year, seem ridiculously small in comparison with the subsidies given to other groups of our population. And they are paid to the ship operators solely to enable them to stay in business against low-cost foreign competition.

The Maritime Commission early in its career made a most significant decision. It decided that the 500 ships should be of

only a few basic designs. So at first, after consulting shipbuilders and shipping interests, the greatest effort was concentrated on the drawing boards, in order to ensure ships embodying the most up-to-date methods of propulsion, holds, and cargo-handling facilities, as well as comfort and speed. The designs adopted must, obviously, be a compromise, for some of these objectives are conflicting. Finally, three basic designs were decided upon: two for cargo vessels and one for a combination passenger-cargo ship. This does not mean, however, that there are only three types from which a ship operator can choose — which would have been intolerable for the operators, who like their ships to embody part of their own experience and taste. A certain freedom of choice is allowed, provided it does not conflict with the basic features.

This relative standardization of the American merchant marine was a far-sighted step and one which will prove most helpful in our current effort to build ships quickly. Shipbuilders are now thoroughly familiar with the basic designs, the makers of propulsion machinery have had valuable experience, and the ship fitters on the ways have an easier time than they would if each ship were different. Only 83 vessels have been delivered so far out of the 500 contemplated under the Maritime Commission's ten-year program, although 198 have been ordered and are in various stages of construction. Such an effort, in most industries, would hardly constitute mass production, and yet it is mass production from a shipbuilding standpoint.

These ships will be coming off the ways in the very nick of time. Passing, except for those taken by the army and navy, into private hands, they are helping to solve the renewal problems for many lines, enabling them to meet the heavy task of bringing in strategic materials for our national defense. Although America's merchant marine at

the start of the Second World War was larger than at the start of the First World War, the position was still far from admirable. Among the six leading seagoing nations, our merchant marine ranked last in number of ships in foreign trade, next to last in total tonnage of ships, last in number of vessels with average speed of twelve knots and upward, and next to last in number of ships ten years of age or less. By practically every comparison, except in the quality of its passenger services, America's seagoing fleet was at the bottom or next to bottom of the list — hardly the place for a nation with the glorious traditions of John Paul Jones, the clipper ships, the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, and Manila Bay.

However, there is a somewhat brighter side. In addition to its ships used in foreign trade, America has the largest fleet of intercoastal and coastal vessels in the world, and incidentally this fleet, until war broke out, carried 25 per cent more cargo tonnage than the foreign-trade fleet. Moreover, many of these coastal and intercoastal vessels, though they are old, are seagoing, capable of sailing the high seas to foreign lands. This is not true of the Great Lakes and connecting-channels ships, which in 1937 carried three and a half times as much tonnage as the overseas fleet. These Great Lakes ships could not be used on the high seas for the simple reason that they are bottled up in the Great Lakes — being of too broad a beam or too long for the Welland Canal or other arteries leading from the Great Lakes to the open seas. The 2,298,000 tons of Great Lakes shipping will not be of great help. Our coastal and intercoastal fleet, which totaled 2,356,000 tons in 1939, has already been reduced — by sales to Britain, to the navy, and to private interests — to 1,858,000 tons, and not all of this is available for ocean service. Some of it can be diverted, however, throwing upon the railroads the burden of their own traffic. President Roosevelt acted in May to use part

of this tonnage, along with the nearly one million tons of foreign vessels recently seized, for the formation of a two-million-ton shipping pool to aid the British.

Another source of strength in the American merchant marine is the number of tankers and other special-purpose vessels. These numbered 2,678,000 tons at the beginning of the war and were 2,578,000 tons recently. Not all of them could be converted easily to carry general cargo, but they are all ocean-going. In May, fifty of these tankers, averaging 10,000 tons each, were transferred to Britain. The 'hidden reserve' in existence since the end of the First World War is already practically exhausted — our laid-up 'ghost' fleet. At one time this totaled several million tons, and at the beginning of the war numbered 776,000 tons. Much of the fleet has been sold to Great Britain and friendly neutrals, with the remainder being taken by the navy and by American lines.

V

American shipping lines have found the Second World War a boon rather than a detriment. At the start of the war only 30 per cent of the cargoes going to or from America were carried in American bottoms. This compares with less than 10 per cent in 1914. Then, when the Neutrality Act forced American ships to withdraw from North Atlantic trade routes and, in May 1940, from the Mediterranean, ships were tied up at the wharves. The situation changed as British shipping losses mounted and British ships were forced to abandon trade routes which they had dominated for years, thus opening up new opportunities for American ships. The Moore-McCormack Lines, for example, which formerly had a major part of their business with the Scandinavian countries, concentrated on the South American trade, receiving from the Maritime Commission a subsidy for

trade from the North Atlantic to the east coast, and have succeeded in quadrupling their passenger traffic in the past three years. The S.S. *America*, completed for the United States Lines in the summer of 1940 and intended for the North Atlantic, was given permission by the Maritime Commission to ply between the east and west coasts of the United States, through the Panama Canal, plus scheduled cruises in the West Indies. The result is that the *America*, which is the largest passenger ship ever built in American shipyards, has been loaded to practical capacity.

American Export Lines, which had engaged until May 1940 in the Mediterranean and Black Sea trades and a monthly service to India, now is running weekly sailings to India, taking much of the material going to China over the Burma Road, and bringing back burlap, jute, and other necessary Indian products. The weekly service of the American Export Lines between New York and Lisbon, the only port to which American vessels can now go in Europe, has long waiting lists. The Grace Line, operating for years to the west coast of South America, has not been affected by the war in the sense of altered trade routes, but our greatly increased imports from South America under the national-defense program have doubled its business.

All in all, this has been the most golden age for American shipping since the First World War, although profits have been limited both by government statute and by taxation. And some shipping men estimate that American flagships will dominate the overseas trade routes until three years after the end of hostilities, since it will take that length of time for competitor merchant fleets to be replenished and trade routes reestablished.

Last year American vessels carried 42 per cent of the tonnage going to and from the United States. This is the highest for any year this century.

The long-term aim of the Maritime Commission is that about half of our cargoes shall be carried in American bottoms. To achieve this end the Maritime Commission had made extensive studies of the desirable and necessary trade routes for the American economy. The war, of course, has obliterated some of these routes, but twenty-six of them had been found necessary before war broke out. As Great Britain calls in more and more of her tonnage engaged in trade routes other than those connected with at least one member of the Empire, the demand for American tonnage will increase. Already cargoes have been reported as piling up on the docks in certain South American countries where British ships have been withdrawn for service to Great Britain. But the situation is far better than it was in 1914-1915.

The slightly over one million tons of merchant vessels that will be built in the United States in 1941 will not only ease the pinch in our own carrying trade but also provide substantial aid to Great Britain, equivalent to ten or twelve weeks' losses at sea from German raiders. Not until 1942 — when, according to present estimates, some 3½ million tons will have been built in American shipyards — will practically the full force of the American shipbuilding program be felt. But 1942 is only six months away — and this represents a truly magnificent achievement when it is recalled that it took three years for 112 ships to be turned out at Hog Island. By contrast, the 200 emergency cargo vessels ordered by the President in January and the 212 'lend-lease' ships ordered in April will all be delivered in two years, with deliveries commencing in November. As much of the ship's component parts as possible will be manufactured outside the seven new shipyards, in order to hold down to a minimum the new buildings and machinery needed. The emergency ships will be assembly jobs as far as is humanly possible. One repre-

sentative yard plans to take only $5\frac{1}{2}$ months from keel laying to launching, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ months at the outfitting piers. The ships will be built in a definite series, two in the first series, for which all the component parts will be ordered together, — steel, rudder, and so forth, — six in the next series, and so on. It is expected that this will greatly facilitate the securing of the necessary propulsion machinery and materials for assembly on the ways.

In all, 107 new shipways are being constructed to handle the 412-ship program. It is no great trick to build a shipway, which consists merely of a concrete foundation at tidewater, resting on huge pilings driven to solid footing, and large cranes, either overhead or alongside the ways, for the handling of material. But other buildings must be erected behind the ways and outfitted with machinery in order to have a shipyard. It is what goes into a ship that really determines the shipbuilding capacity of a nation: its steel, boiler, and turbine capacity, as well as its capacity for turning out skilled workers. America's steel capacity is greater than that of the rest of the world combined, and so is our machinery-building capacity. We have a greater reservoir of skilled labor. And our shipbuilding capacity within six months will exceed that of the entire world, perhaps by nearly one third.

Whether the emergency cargo ships, plus the sixty old-type, reciprocating-engine, and coal-burning ships ordered by the English, plus the Maritime Commission's program and the others, are finished ahead or behind schedule depends upon two things: getting the materials in time — which is essentially a matter of priorities — and labor. The shipbuilders will receive favorable treatment from the Priorities Commission, headed by E. R. Stettinius, Jr., in view of the primary need for ships. But the labor problem is more complex. It necessitates a twofold expansion in our shipbuilding force within a year. Since

most of the labor required in shipbuilding is skilled labor, a tremendous burden will be placed upon our training schools. Moreover, a graduate of a training school cannot immediately take his place on the ways, in the mould loft, design room, fabricating shop, foundry, pipe shop, paint shop, or in any of the other multiple operations necessary to shipbuilding. He must first serve as an apprentice, and this has led William S. Knudsen to urge: 'Give every skilled man three helpers to learn the work.' So far the situation has been met satisfactorily, although strikes in April and May have slowed output. Long shifts are the rule in many yards today, plus Saturday work. Some yards are working three shifts, although there is general agreement that the third shift cannot amount to much more than maintenance and clean-up work even if there were trained men available, as there are not. Officials are convinced that at the present time we are making the greatest shipbuilding effort that we possibly can with the resources at our command.

Meanwhile the needs of our own navy for auxiliary ships are increasing. As Admiral Land has stated, 'The merchant marine is the lifeline of the navy. . . . It feeds it, it fuels it and repairs it at sea. In addition, it transports troops when necessary.' The navy is taking no chances, and aims to be ready for any emergency. It has quietly been buying up tonnage and has acquired about fifty large merchant ships, including twenty-seven new vessels built under the Maritime Commission's program, as well as yachts that can be used for patrol purposes.

How many ships will be necessary? During the emergency that will depend upon the success of the German U-boat campaign as well as upon our own naval requirements. The exact state of the British merchant marine is an Admiralty secret. Great Britain began the war with some 20 million tons of ocean-

going vessels, and has since acquired between 7 and 9 million tons from other countries, including $1\frac{1}{2}$ million from America. Losses of British, Allied, and neutral vessels thus far approximate 6 million tons. Further British tonnage is immobilized, undergoing repairs, sometimes perhaps as much as a million tons. At the current rate of sinkings, Great Britain must count upon a loss of between $3\frac{1}{2}$ and 5 million tons in 1941. Yet both the British Empire and the United States combined will not produce more than $2\frac{1}{10}$ million tons this year. That means a net loss of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 million tons, which fortunately will be the first net loss of the war, inasmuch as the accretions from foreign and United States owners have so far kept British tonnage up to the pre-war strength.

This method of calculation understates the British need for ships because of the low efficiency of the convoy method, which is said to raise the need for tonnage by as much as one third. Nevertheless, Sir Arthur Salter stated on May 7 that 'there is presently available in America enough merchant tonnage to form the so-called bridge of ships, until such time as the combined ship construction efforts of the United States and Great Britain begin sending new

vessels off the ways.' And Prime Minister Churchill declared on the same day, 'We can probably maintain our minimum essential traffic during 1941. As for 1942 . . . I have received assurance of construction of merchant vessels by the United States which, added to our own large program of new building and repairs, should see us through the year 1942.'

By 1942 we shall be launching merchant ships almost at the rate of one a day. The program which the Maritime Commission had carefully developed even before Munich will be bearing fruit. The Liberty Fleet, ordered by the President for the emergency, will be coming off the ways. Our production, plus that of the British, should by that time equalize shipping losses, and be sufficient to maintain a bridge of ships to Britain. Our own merchant marine will be rising, in reaffirmation of the highest traditions of American sea power. Nor will this be just for the emergency. The present is just the first stage in the revitalizing of our merchant fleet, to give it a permanent place in our economy, so that, as in the days of the clipper ships, the American flag will again swiftly, bravely, and proudly sail the Seven Seas.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ZENO BEGAN THIS

WHEN we walk with double tread,
How of feet can it be said
One is followed, one is led?

When we pause and look about,
Which of two eyes peering out
Solves the greater share of doubt?

When we listen, which of ears
More clearly than the other hears
Words upon a wind that veers?

Mark the tongue that wags alone,
It must stand upon its own
Balance or it will have none.

KEITH THOMAS

MY MOTHER AND THE PRESIDENT

My mother is a Christian, law-abiding woman. Furthermore, she has lived for more than half a century in New England. In other words, she is a Republican.

She never sought out President Roosevelt on her own. In fact, she never heard of him until he foolishly accepted the nomination for President in 1932. Then she found out that he was a Democrat, and thereafter she has felt an extremely active dislike for the man.

'If he gets in,' she warned us, 'he will be as bad as that Wilson — or, for that matter, Cleveland.'

'Go out and distribute Hoover buttons,' she told us, 'and tell everyone to vote for Hoover and that fine Mr. Curtis.'

Later the facts began to come out. Franklin Roosevelt was related to our own Teddy Roosevelt. 'There is a bad strain,' said my mother, 'in every family. As a matter of fact, I never thought that Teddy's own children were at all equal to their father. But it is a very bad thing to have a member of one of our fine old families running on the Democratic ticket. That couldn't happen in Massachusetts.'

My mother shortly found out that Roose-

velt was for drink. Drink had always been for the Democrats in Massachusetts, but all Democrats weren't always for drink. Republicans probably drank, as my mother recognized, but always behind closed doors or in their cellars, decently. When election time came around, all her Republican candidates turned up dry (though sometimes reeling), and also those Democrats were dry who foolishly thought they had a chance to snatch my mother's vote.

As election time drew nearer, we gave out more and more Hoover buttons, and more and more automobiles carried Hoover banners and stickers. There were automobiles with Roosevelt stickers, too. But our local authorities — the minister, the Republican newspaper, the butcher, my mother's dress-maker — agreed that the good people of Massachusetts and the United States would return Mr. Hoover to the White House.

'I only wish poor Mr. Hoover were a little more colorful,' my good mother sighed. 'It seems as though he could do more of the work. We have to *push* him so.' And after careful thought, 'Mrs. Hoover is such a fine reserved woman, so active in the Girl Scouts, that we couldn't afford to lose her. She's really almost another Mrs. Coolidge.'

My mother voted for Hoover in 1932, and her world has never been quite the same since. Away down inside I'm sure that she still hasn't conceded that election to Franklin Roosevelt.

During those first four years, everything evil that she ever dreamed of came to pass. Her taxes jumped. The President sent an army of men to dig a sewer right past our house. And whenever my mother wasn't around to drive them off, they spent a great deal of time sitting on our stone wall.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourselves,' my mother lectured them. 'Big healthy men like you, digging ditches and living on the taxpayers' money. Why don't you go and get yourselves jobs?' When she brought them cold lemonade during the hot summer months, she would grow even more furious. 'You've been here two years and what have you done?'

The President traveled around on battleships spending the people's money. He built up an enormous debt, just as my mother said the Democrats always would do.

'Mr. Hoover,' she solemnly prophesied, 'will have a terrible mess to clean up after the next election. And besides he'll have to get this lazy riffraff off our stone wall and back to work.'

Drink came back, and my mother bought her medicinal liquor at a package store instead of from an apothecary. My brother kept cans of beer in the refrigerator. My sisters had cocktails before their meals when they ate in restaurants with my mother. Everything happened just as she had said it would under the Democrats. Mrs. Roosevelt told the young people how not to drink. Many prominent people, even Republicans, appeared in the public press holding glasses, bottles, canapés, napkins, all with a very liquorish and decadent air.

The tragedy grew. That woman was as unlike Mrs. Coolidge as could be. She kept no collie on the White House lawn, and spent little time there herself. She piled up more and more fabulous mileage behind her. My mother never saw it as a wonderful personal sacrifice for human welfare. Sometimes it seemed as though Mrs. Roosevelt did it just to get away from that man, and sometimes it seemed as though she were working hand-in-glove with him, doing the field work.

The President spent more and more of his time in the headlines. Even in our own home Republican paper he did wonderful things day after day on the front pages. You could usually tear each knightly deed down by keeping up-to-date on the editorial page, but who but my mother read the editorials? And there was that dreadful man on the front page every day, as poor Mr. Hoover had never been, the perpetual good-natured smile always grinning out at you.

My mother talked a great deal more about him than she ever did about Mr. Hoover.

'It seems as though every time Mr. Hoover opens his mouth these days,' she finally said, prophetically, 'he always says the wrong thing. I'm beginning to think that it's almost time for a change. Mrs. Hoover has been so fine and self-effacing that one hasn't even heard of her since she left the White House. I wish that Mr. Hoover would step down and

let one of our fine up-and-coming young Republicans take his place.'

Alf Landon never appealed particularly to my mother. 'Too dull,' she said; 'another Hoover.' She liked Mrs. Landon, who reminded her in a Middle-Western sort of way of Mrs. Hoover, though of course not of Mrs. Coolidge, who had come from New England.

So we didn't work very hard for Landon. 'He'll win anyway,' — my mother gave out her ration of sunflowers, — 'for they're sick of that man, even those that are on the public welfare. Mr. Landon is extremely quiet because he thinks so much, just as Mr. Coolidge used to be. He'll take those poor people off relief and put them back to work.'

'Besides, he's got the business men and the rich men behind him. They've been holding back,' my mother whispered, 'because they don't trust that man. He's always had so much money he just doesn't know what it's worth.'

And then Landon was defeated and Roosevelt went in, and relief continued, and the men came back to finish the sewer in front of our house, and my mother's taxes rose another notch.

'I really don't know what to say,' she said. 'Everyone I asked said it was a Republican year. For he has gone back to Washington, and now Massachusetts is Democratic, and it just seems as though the whole world would come to an end. If I were God, I'd just turn away.'

My mother never did recover her full confidence and political vigor until she discovered Wendell Willkie. All during that first feverish month when people rushed up to each other to ask, 'Who is this Willkie?' my mother knew. He was the man whom she had already named to be the next President of the United States.

'This is going to be a good year for the Republicans,' she said, confidently, 'even if it rains on election day. Mr. Willkie is a business man, and he will get rid of all those Harvard men and get some real business men to help him run the government. Mr. Willkie will have all the business men and the rich men behind him because he won't try to take their money away. They'll hire more people, and everybody will go back to work. We'll be as happy as we used to be under President Coolidge.'

Mr. Willkie's voice wasn't what my mother expected, especially after he had been bel-lowing for a few weeks. But his manner, his enthusiasm, his youthfulness, and particularly his crusade, a sort of extension of my mother's own crusade, won her completely. Mrs. Willkie was a dear little woman who had already promised that she wouldn't go running around the country.

'They are so much our own kind of people,' my mother summed up the case.

As election time drew nearer, Mr. Willkie gave England the kind of support my mother wanted for England. 'That man in the White House,' she said, 'is adopting Mr. Willkie's own views on England and many other things just because he knows the people are for Willkie and the only way he can get any votes at all is to copy him.' This gave her considerable pride, and as her spirit martially followed the Willkie train on that tremendous cross-country trek she again and again found the President in agreement with her. The terrible-browed Mr. Lewis came to agree with her. Al Smith, safely out of the way, was on my mother's side.

After the election, my mother conceded her defeat. Nobody could ever beat the President. He could serve hot dogs to the King of England. He could seize Republicans for his Cabinet. He could sink the country deeper into debt. He could even go to war.

My mother hasn't thought very much about unemployment for a long time now. She's too busy fighting the war. More and more the President has come to look at things from her viewpoint.

When Mr. Willkie went to the White House and the President called him Wendell, my mother forgave him too. She began to send all our friends folded newspapers with President Roosevelt's picture circled, and, scribbled in the margin, 'He is my friend.'

My mother is now deep in the great war question, and she stands shoulder to shoulder with President Roosevelt and King George. I even expect that the next time I climb off the train in New England and walk into her living room I shall see there President Roosevelt's picture hanging in the place of honor where poor Mr. Hoover hung for so many years.

H. E. FRENCH

TO MADONNA IN QUAKER

BECAUSE my fathers gave not grace
To thy so lighted face,
Being by Discipline most gravely gray,
Some thing of loveliness has fled its place,
Is lost to me this day.

Not that I'd bring thee candles in bright
rows,

Mary! thee knows.

I, of plain heritage, convinced and plain.
Never I'd suffer symbols and thy shows,
Mary! Yet this again:

Because my fathers gave not grace
To thy small oval face,
Being by Discipline so firmly free,
Some thing of loveliness has fled its place —
Is lost to me.

WALDEEN H. WHITE

CONVERSATION

'MOTHER, may I stay up tonight?'

'No, dear.'

'Oh dear! (She always says "No, dear.")'

'But Father said I might.'

'No, dear.'

'He did, that is, if you thought it right.'

'No, dear, it isn't right.'

'Oh dear! May I keep on the light?'

'No, dear. In spite

Of what your father said,

You go to bed,

And in the morning you'll be bright

And glad instead

For one more day ahead.'

'Not one more night.'

'No, dear — no, dear.'

'At least I've been polite, I guess.'

'Yes, dear, you've been polite —

Good night.'

'Oh dear!

I'd rather stay down here —

I'm quite . . .'

'No, dear. Now, out of sight.'

('Well, that was pretty near, all right.')

'Good night.'

'All-l-l right! — (She's hard to fight.)'

'Sleep tight.'

'Good night!'

DAVID McCORD

THE NEW ATLANTIC SERIAL

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON

— 1860 – 1865 —



— *BY MARGARET LEECH* —

CHAPTERS XI – XVII



REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON

1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

The story of our National Capital
in its greatest ordeal

FIVE years ago Margaret Leech began writing a book which is more pertinent today than she could possibly have guessed. It was her ambition to tell the authentic story — a story as vivid as human nature made it — of what happened in Washington during the years of the Civil War. Her book begins on that day in December 1860 when huge old General Scott limped into town to put down the sedition openly threatening that Lincoln would never live to be President. The General saw before him 'a Southern town without the picturesqueness but with the indolence, the disorder, and the want of sanitation.' Southerners exerted a far-reaching influence in the Buchanan Administration; they held key posts in the Army and Navy; with their thoroughbreds, their wealth, and their slaves, they gave Washington a spirit and an appearance which no one could miss. By Christmas Day the talk of secession had reached such a pitch that guards were placed in the Capitol building and its cellar was searched for explosives. Commissioners from South Carolina called upon President Buchanan and were treated like envoys of a foreign power. The Commissioners rented a fine house for their embassy, but their visit was cut short by the President's decision to reënforce Fort Sumter.

The next problem was to maintain order in the capital itself. At that time the Washington barracks were watched over by one old Irish caretaker, and General Scott said they might easily have been taken by a bottle of whiskey. Early in January 1861, Scott called up the four companies of local militia and telegraphed for eight companies of regulars from New York. With them came spies and troublemakers from Baltimore and points South. Into this town with its strain and anxiety came a tall, lanky figure, with dark-skinned, melancholy face and stiff chin whiskers — Abraham Lincoln, the President-elect, recognized by only one man as he stepped from the train. . . .

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON: 1860-1865

BY MARGARET LEECH

XI

THE Fourth of March has come and gone, and we have a *live, Republican* President,' wrote a female clerk in the Patent Office, Miss Clara Barton, 'and, what is perhaps singular, during the whole day we saw no one who appeared to manifest the least dislike to his living.'

A few days after the inauguration, the President and Mrs. Lincoln held their first evening levee in the Executive Mansion. Measured by the numbers in attendance, it was a monstrous success. At seven o'clock, an hour before the doors opened, the great driveway was blocked with carriages. Senator Charles Sumner arrived in the sartorial perfection of English evening dress, there were military and naval officers, and a number of the foreign ministers presented themselves as a diplomatic, if disagreeable, duty. From eight until ten-thirty, the President shook hands without pause, often using his left hand, too, to pass the visitors along. He wore his inauguration suit, and fresh white kid gloves. Ward Hill Lamon stood beside him. Mr. Lincoln intended to nominate his friend as District Marshal, one of the Washington appointments which were a Presidential prerogative. It was an office which superadded to the duties of sheriff the occasional rôle of court chamberlain, for the marshal, who had charge of the county jail and was partially responsible for the preservation of order in Washington, also traditionally presented the guests to the President at White House receptions.

The arrangement of the mansion might have been designed to preclude all decent privacy for the President. Executive business was transacted in three rooms on the east end of the second floor, at the head of the main stairway. The family's sleeping quarters were situated at the other end of the same hall — Mr. Lincoln occupying the small southwest bedroom and his wife the larger adjoining chamber, while the two little boys were across the way. In passing between his office and his bedroom or the dining room, the President was obliged to struggle through lines of office seekers, some of whom grabbed him, holding out their papers. Only a doorkeeper was on duty at the Executive chamber. The conditions in his new home contrasted strangely with the precautions taken in bringing Lincoln to Washington and in guarding the inauguration.

To loyal men, in Congress and out of it, there was a bitter incongruity in the administration's preoccupation with patronage at a time of national emergency. The Confederate States were aggressively preparing for war. Late in February, General David Twiggs, U.S.A., had delivered nineteen Army posts to the rebel authorities of Texas, wearing the uniform of his country while he made the surrender. The newly appointed superintendent of West Point, Captain Pierre G. T. Beauregard of Louisiana, had resigned to become a Confederate brigadier, commanding at Charleston. Many experienced officers

of the higher grades in both Army and Navy had offered their services to the rebellion. The resignations were accepted without question, and the officers were given honorable discharges. Some who remained at their posts were known to be unfaithful.

At the short extra session of the Senate which followed the inauguration, all the slave States save six were represented, in many cases by disunion leaders. The Senators from Texas continued to sit in the Capitol, although the State had sent delegates to the Confederate congress. Washington heard the echo of Wigfall's threats of war on the Senate floor, and his boast that he owed no allegiance to the government. A motion was made to expel him, but no action was taken.

An irresolute Republican Cabinet convened in the White House, instead of an indecisive council of Democrats — that was nearly the only visible difference between government in March and in February. Public opinion in the North was lethargic and divided, and the decadence of patriotic feeling was increased by the inaction of the new administration. In journeying up from the deep South, the traveler passed from an atmosphere of unanimity and martial excitement into a region of apathy and indifference. Early in March, the contrast was noted by a former Army colonel, a red-headed, quick-tempered, nervous man named William T. Sherman. He was one of the Northern officers who, despairing of a future in the service, had gone into civil life. For the past year and a half he had been acting as superintendent of a military academy in Louisiana. Colonel Sherman liked the place and the people, but he could no longer with honor remain there, and he was returning to his home in Ohio to look for another position.

Sherman knew that war was coming, but he did not suppose that it would give him any employment that would provide for his wife and children. In Wash-

ington, however, he had a young brother, John, a Republican Congressman from Ohio, who had just been appointed to the Senate in place of Mr. Chase. John Sherman believed in his brother's military ability, and he persuaded him to visit Washington. The colonel went, but he was disgusted with everything he saw. There was no appointment waiting for him, and he was by nature impatient. One day John took him to the White House and introduced him to the President, explaining that his brother was just up from Louisiana and might have some useful information. The colonel began to tell his grim story, that the South was preparing for war. 'Oh, well!' said Mr. Lincoln. 'I guess we'll manage to keep house.' Colonel Sherman closed his lips. Outside the President's office, he broke out and damned the politicians. 'You have got things in a hell of a fix,' he told his brother, 'and you may get them out as you best can.' The country was sleeping on a volcano that was ready to burst, and William T. Sherman wanted no part in it, and went off to accept a job in St. Louis.

The President, while he listened to the prayers of aspiring postmasters, was haggard with the problem of Fort Sumter. On assuming office he had received a report that Major Anderson's provisions were running low. The fort was menaced by Beauregard's batteries, and the decision to relieve or not to relieve was at once set squarely before the new administration. General Scott gave the opinion that evacuation was almost inevitable. Day after day, the dismayed gentlemen of the Cabinet assembled in the President's office with its worn carpet and plain, heavy furniture. They sat around a long oak table, covered with a green baize cloth, and listened to the advice of the experts: Army officers, who discouraged the relief of Fort Sumter; Navy men who believed that it could be successfully carried out. Even granted that an expedition was feasible, it was not an easy matter to resolve to undertake

it. The Sumter question had become a powder magazine, and only one of the President's advisers, Mr. Montgomery Blair, was eager to drop a match in it. High above the fireplace, an old engraving of Andrew Jackson stared down on Lincoln and his Cabinet.

On the evening of March 28, the Lincolns were giving their first state dinner for the Cabinet ministers and Vice-President Hamlin and their ladies. Among the guests of less official importance was Mr. William Howard Russell of the *London Times*, a portly, graying, and quietly dandified Briton, given to fiddling with his eyeglasses, which hung on a chain about his neck. All unknown to himself, he was the forerunner of a line of lean, fluent, and adventurous gentlemen. He was the first of the war correspondents. His dispatches from the Crimea and from India had already made a name for him in England, and he had now been sent by his newspaper to report on the troubled situation in the democracy overseas.

The President, entertaining the company with his funny stories, gave no impression of a man in distress of mind, save to the members of his Cabinet, whom he drew apart for a brief conference; but he did not sleep that night. He felt that national destruction was the alternative to an assertion of the Federal authority. He had not firmly decided on relieving Fort Sumter, but after the Cabinet meeting next day he signed an order to make ready an expedition, to be used if necessary.

In the plans for a similar expedition to Fort Pickens in Pensacola harbor Mr. Seward was the moving spirit, and all knowledge of this project was withheld from the other Cabinet officers, including the Secretaries of War and the Navy. The resultant inefficiency and confusion of orders impaired the preparations for Fort Sumter, and damaged the morale of the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln soon saw the mistake he had made in permit-

ting his Secretary of State to override the authority of his colleagues. Clever Mr. Seward, with his air of 'a refined New York criminal lawyer enacting Richelieu,' assumed that his abilities entitled him to perform all the executive duties of the government, and he soon wrote Mr. Lincoln a letter which contained a plain intimation of his alacrity to discharge the functions of President. Mr. Lincoln composed a courteous reply which put Mr. Seward in his place. The Secretary of State played the rôle of Richelieu on a smaller scale thereafter; but he did not, as a pettier man would have done, bear Mr. Lincoln a grudge for the deflation of his ambition. His mind was supple and his nature generous, and two months later he would write his wife, 'The President is the best of us.'

After a month of relaxation, Washington was again uneasy. It was said that a band of five hundred men, led by the Texas ranger, Ben McCulloch, planned to raid the capital from Richmond. According to some, their object was to carry off the President and the Cabinet. There was a strong national sentiment in Virginia, and Mr. Lincoln's initial policy of forbearance and delay had been influenced by the hope that the State would adhere to the Union. The governor, however, was hostile to the North, and the enthusiasts for secession were active. As an emissary to Charleston they sent a United States Congressman, Roger A. Pryor, a young fire-eater with an impassioned and truculent face and long straight hair, brushed back behind the ears. The message that Pryor carried was 'Strike a blow!' If blood were shed, he told the excited crowd in Charleston, in less than an hour by Shrewsbury clock Virginia would join the Confederacy.

Early in April the relief expeditions were secretly ordered to sail for Fort Sumter and Fort Pickens. The administration, in great anxiety, awaited news from Charleston. On Friday, April 12, Washington heard that General Beauregard had demanded the surrender

of the fort, and that Major Anderson had refused. Next day the headlines proclaimed that the bombardment of Fort Sumter had started on the preceding day. Newspaper offices were raided, and the presses could not supply the demand. Late in the evening the *Star* posted on its bulletin board the dispatch which told that the fort had surrendered. All day Sunday, in the big hotels and on the street corners, people gathered to discuss the news. There was some skepticism about its reliability. Many held the opinion that the report had been put out to affect the decision of Virginia. On Monday the President's proclamation was published, calling out seventy-five thousand militia for three months.

Suddenly it was impossible to depreciate or parry the crisis any longer. Civil war was upon the nation. The bonfire kindled by the politicians had lighted a great blaze of rebellion. Washington looked anxiously toward the heights beyond the Long Bridge.

Roger Pryor had been a true prophet. The guns that battered Sumter swept Virginia into the Confederacy; but neither he nor any man could have foretold that, in less than an hour by Shrewsbury clock, they would arouse the North. The flag that fluttered earthward in defeat sent the men of the loyal States thronging to the recruiting offices. There was a hearty clamor of bells and bands and cheers. People ran into the streets with a strange new look on their faces — a kind of desperate joy, as if they were relieved to feel passionately again.

From sixteen States, telegrams and letters flooded into Washington, offering men, money, arms. The volunteers far exceeded the number called by the President. Six border slave States sent angry refusals, and one of these was Virginia. A hesitant reply came from Governor Hicks of Maryland. He was a Union man of the stamp of Mr. Buchanan, patriotic but timid; and his State, split into warring factions, was a microcosm of the national problem.

In the eyes of the North, Washington was a cherished symbol of the nation's power, to be held and defended at all costs. To the South, the capital was a great prize whose capture would enhance the prestige of the rebellious government, and surely bring it recognition by foreign powers. The Confederate Secretary of War publicly boasted that before the first of May the Stars and Bars would float over the dome of the Federal Capitol. Richmond secessionists were panting for the attack, and the *Enquirer* called on Virginia volunteers to be ready to join the march of a Southern army on Washington. The confidence of the disloyal residents of the capital increased the impression that the danger was imminent and acute.

The defense of Washington, in spite of the British invasion of 1814, was not a subject which had been studied by Army engineers, who were versed in the topography of the environs of Paris and other European capitals. The city, sprawling in its marshy valley, covered too wide an area to be easily defended, and no natural features in its vicinity were well adapted to fortifications. One neglected fort, twelve miles down the river, was the only protection that had been devised for Washington. The reliance of the city was on man power.

Massachusetts, the only Northern State that was fully prepared for the crisis, was promptly sending four regiments, under the command of Benjamin F. Butler, brigadier-general of militia, and three had been ordered direct to Washington. Two companies of weary regulars had come in from Texas before the fall of Sumter, and at least one more was soon expected. Pending the arrival of reinforcements, citizen soldiers were called out in the District. Every day the muster-in proceeded in the yard of the War Department. The chiefs of the Treasury bureaus met to organize a regiment of clerks and messengers. Office seekers were routed out of their hotel rooms to listen to fiery speeches from two

veterans of the Mexican War: Cassius M. Clay, a picturesque Kentuckian who had had Vice-Presidential aspirations, and General James H. Lane, Kansas border fighter and Senator-elect. In a pinch, these strangers in Washington would at least prove dependably loyal — they were Republicans, to a man.

The government had been assured that in a few days numerous militia regiments would arrive, and to all save professional soldiers militia meant an army. Even civilians, however, recognized the difficulty of finding competent officers of the higher grades. Among those who remained faithful, none save Scott and Wool had had command of a brigade. 'What are we to do for generals?' Mr. Seward inquired of Scott.

Half an hour's ride away, in his pillared mansion on Arlington Heights, was a handsome officer for whose abilities Scott had an almost idolatrous admiration. Colonel Robert E. Lee, a man who believed secession to be revolution and anarchy, was on leave of absence from the Army, for his military service had been abruptly terminated in Texas in February. On his return home, he had paid his respects to General Scott, and the two Virginians had been closeted together for nearly three hours. Scott's secretary, Keyes, felt certain that the General had offered to resign in favor of the younger officer.

On the morning of Thursday, April 18, Lee again rode across the Long Bridge to Washington. He had appointments with old Mr. Blair and General Scott, and he went first to Montgomery Blair's yellow house on Pennsylvania Avenue. At the instance of the President, the elder Blair that morning made Colonel Lee an unofficial offer of the command of the Federal army. Whether Lee hesitated to reply or at once gave a firm refusal, in the afternoon he rode for the last time from Washington to his home on Arlington Heights. Behind him he left a city uneasy with rumors of the secession of Virginia.

XII

From group to group in the public rooms of Willard's, the rumors spread that Virginians were marching on Washington. The mail train was late, and treason was feared in Baltimore. Half of the faces in the crowd at Willard's were Southern; and, while loyal men loudly declared their sympathies and impatiently asked, 'Why don't the troops come on?' there were many who stood apart, whispering or listening. The dependable boarders were assembled in the large hall adjoining Willard's, and messengers were sent to bring in guests from the other hotels. They were divided into the Clay Battalion and the Frontier Guards, headed respectively by Cash Clay and Jim Lane, and were placed under the command of an Army officer — Mr. Lincoln's friend, Major David Hunter. The two companies were motley groups of vigilantes rather than military organizations. When the men had signed a pledge to defend the capital they were supplied with muskets, and Major Hunter stationed Clay's company at Willard's, with orders to patrol the streets all night, while he took the Frontier Guards to the Executive Mansion.

General Jim Lane, a bold Kansas ruffian, with 'the sad, dim-eyed, bad-toothed face of a harlot,' strode into the East Room of the White House, brandishing his shiny new sword. Behind him marched his earnest and awkward following of jayhawkers and a few Easterners, in citizens' dress, with muskets on their shoulders. In the blaze of the crystal chandeliers, ammunition boxes were opened and cartridges distributed. Colonel Stone, when he came to inspect the District sentries who were posted every night around the mansion, was startled by the loud voices and the ringing of rammers in musket barrels which proceeded from the East Room; but he was assured by Mrs. Lincoln's cousin, Captain Lockwood Todd, that it was all right. The Frontier Guards prac-

tised drilling for a while, and then composed themselves to sleep on the velvet carpet, with Major Hunter beside them.

During the evening, the government received verification of the report that the Virginia convention, which had been deliberating in Richmond since mid-February, had adopted an ordinance of secession. On Friday morning it was learned that the little Federal garrison at Harper's Ferry, attacked by Virginia militia, had demolished the arsenal and burned the armory building. At the same time, Secretary Welles received disturbing news from Norfolk.

On Friday, the Cabinet had grim news from Maryland, as well as from Virginia. An official dispatch brought word of fearful excitement in Baltimore, of a collision between citizens and Northern troops. Rumors that the capital's reinforcements had been attacked were flying through the city. By five o'clock, the depot was surrounded with anxious people. The regular afternoon train was followed by a special, which stopped just outside the station. Uniforms descended from the cars, and the crowd hailed with a cheer the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, the first armed volunteers to come to the defense of Washington. They were soldierly figures in their dark gray overcoats, with neat knapsacks and new rifles; but their young faces were dirty and haggard. They had fought their way through a mob, hurling stones and firing guns, in the streets of Baltimore. Their casualties were four dead and thirty-one wounded. As the stretchers were carried out, some ladies sprang forward to dress the wounds with handkerchiefs. Their leader was the Patent Office clerk, Miss Clara Barton of Massachusetts — a shy little spinster, who forgot her timidity in her earnestness to assist the boys from her home State. The injured men were placed in hacks and removed to the E Street Infirmary, and the crowd escorted the regiment as it marched to the Capitol. The soldiers were fasting and ex-

hausted, and it was late before they were handed one ration each of bacon, bread, and coffee, and stumbled down to cook it on the furnace fires in the basement. Their camp was the Senate Chamber, and wrapped in their blankets, with knapsacks for pillows, they flopped heavily on the carpeted floor, the gallery seats, and the cold tiles of the corridor.

Now the Capitol was ringed by rebellion. The north-bound trains were packed. All night the pickets were vigilant at the roads and bridges and a sharp watch was kept by the militia at the public buildings. The sentries of the Frontier Guards patrolled the White House porticoes. Major Hunter was still faithfully stretched on the East Room floor. At midnight, the Baltimore authorities decided on a plan for keeping the Yankee soldiers out of their town. The bridges were burned on the railroads to Philadelphia and Harrisburg. Washington awoke on Saturday to find itself without railway communication with the loyal States, without mail or newspapers from the North. Until Sunday night the telegraph faltered on. Then rioters seized the Baltimore office, and the capital was left in silence, isolation, and fear.

Over the week-end, women and children were sent away. Hotel guests fled the city. Office seekers scurried home. Across the Potomac secession sympathizers went in droves, carrying the story of Washington's helplessness and alarm. Travelers to Aquia Creek were chagrined at the government's seizure of several large river steamers, an act which not only interfered with transportation to the South but deprived Virginia of the ships. Army and Navy officers were leaving for the Confederacy by scores, and civil servants by hundreds.

Some of the citizens clung to the hope that secession would be repudiated by the people of Virginia. General Scott cherished no such illusion. Now he spoke of the soil of his native State as enemy's country, repeating the strange phrase

over and over again. Scott had been persuaded to move from Cruchet's to Mrs. Duvall's boarding house on the Avenue above Seventeenth Street. People nervously observed that the General was keeping close to the War Department, with a guard of soldiers posted in the yard around his lodgings. No man dared trust his neighbor, and Scott was a Virginian. There were whispers that he was unfaithful. The day after the Baltimore attack, a committee from Richmond had called on Scott to offer him the command of the forces of Virginia, and it was announced in a Charleston newspaper and joyfully credited in the South that the General had offered his sword to his State. But Scott had served under one flag for more than fifty years, and he would die a Union man. The command of Virginia's army was given to Robert E. Lee.

The old General's gout was so bad that, when he drove to the White House for a conference, Mr. Lincoln came down and stood beside his coupé in the driveway, to spare him the pain of climbing the stairs. Troops must somehow be rushed to the capital. They might be ordered to fight their way through Baltimore — and men like Major Hunter and Kansas Jim Lane were ready to see the rebellious city laid in ruins. Mr. Lincoln, however, wanted to avoid bloodshed, and to conciliate the timid Union sentiment in Maryland. The spreading turbulence in the State soon led him to abandon the hope of marching the troops around Baltimore. Scott had promptly endorsed a route, suggested on Friday by the railroad authorities — by steamer from Perryville on the north shore of the Susquehanna to Annapolis, which had a rail connection with the Washington branch line. In spite of rumors of rebel batteries on the Potomac, it was also expected that troops might come by the river route. On Sunday, the government received the cheering news that General Benjamin F. Butler was off Annapolis with the Eighth Massachu-

setts Regiment, and the Seventh New York and a Rhode Island Regiment were believed to be close behind.

Every day people collected at the depot, longing for the sight of soldiers. They walked aimlessly away, with apathetic and discouraged faces. Looking up at the iron skeleton of the Capitol dome, one Washington resident despondently remarked, 'I wonder if it will ever be finished!' 'Yes, *ma'am!*' a Yankee voice emphatically replied. It came from a sentry of the Sixth Massachusetts, the spokesman of the spirit of the awakened North. Somehow, on Tuesday, a belated New York mail found its way to Washington. The newspapers were avidly seized. The hero of Fort Sumter, Major Anderson, had been greeted with wild enthusiasm in New York. The Seventh New York Regiment had departed in a storm of cheers. Governor Sprague of Rhode Island had sailed with a regiment from his State. The columns blazed with enlistments, orders, proclamations, flag raisings. But the newspapers were three days old, and the patriotism of the North seemed a senseless mockery. From the President to the last despairing property holder, the cry went up from Washington, 'Why don't they come?'

General Scott invited Colonel Stone to dine with him. When the meal was ended, the old General and the young Colonel sat staring at each other over their glasses of sherry. Scott recapitulated the disasters of the past few days — Harper's Ferry, the Norfolk Navy Yard, the burned bridges.

'They are closing their coils around us, sir!'

'Yes, General.'

Stone produced his plan for the defense of Washington. His centres were three: the Capitol; the City Hall hill, with the Patent Office and Post Office; and the Executive Square, including the mansion and its neighboring departments. Three centres were too many, the General said. They must concentrate

their little force on holding the Executive Square. Its citadel was the Treasury, with every opening barricaded and breastworks made of sandbags on the portico. It had a supply of good water, and two thousand barrels of flour in the basement. In the last extremity, the President and the Cabinet members would have to take up their quarters there. 'They shall not be permitted to desert the capital!' the General said.

The President's placid manner concealed the strain he suffered. His nerves played tricks on him, as the suspense was prolonged almost beyond endurance. One day he heard a sound like the boom of cannon. None of the White House attendants had noticed anything, and Mr. Lincoln walked out to see for himself. He walked on and on to the south, until at last he stood before the Arsenal. The gunfire had been a phantom sound, but the open doors of the Arsenal were real. Mr. Lincoln saw that there were no guards on duty. Anyone could have helped himself to the arms.

The same trancelike mood which had sent the President wandering the whole desolate length of the Island was expressed in the words he spoke to some of the wounded of the Sixth Massachusetts who came with their officers to visit him on Wednesday. 'I don't believe there is any North. The Seventh Regiment is a myth. Rhode Island is not known in our geography any longer. *You* are the only Northern realities.' There was an unusual irony, too, in Mr. Lincoln's tone. Since midnight on Saturday, reinforcements had been only forty miles from Washington.

Next day the spell was broken. The sight of a train filled and covered with soldiers set the militia at the depot cheering. At the Capitol, the Sixth Massachusetts raised a shout. Crowds came running, and housetops, windows, and balconies swarmed with people. Reviving at the sight of its deliverers, the Federal City warmed its chill faith at the fires of the North. For six days at the

very outset of hostilities it had shivered at its fate—a border town, divided within itself, and nakedly exposed to danger in a time of great rebellion.

XIII

The deliverance of Washington was effected in style. It was relieved by the Seventh New York, the kid-glove militia corps of the North. In spick-and-span gray uniforms with pipe-clayed crossbelts on their breasts, the young gentlemen had had several days' experience of the inconvenience of war—dirty, crowded ships and coarse rations, long marches and hard labor. The sandwiches prepared for them under the supervision of Delmonico had long ago been eaten; and they had had to leave at Annapolis a thousand velvet-covered campstools. All night long they had trudged the miles from Annapolis to the Junction, helping the Eighth Massachusetts to repair the track, sharing their rations with hungry, resolute sailors and mechanics. The New Yorkers had suffered all their hardships without complaint. They had come to save the capital, and were proudly aware of their own pluck and perseverance. As they marched in perfect step to the White House, with flags flying and bands playing, and rifles and little brass howitzers shining in the sun, they accepted the welcome of the Washington population as their rightful due.

'We are here,' wrote Private Fitz-James O'Brien, an Irish author, who was at home in the best circles of New York City; 'we all feel somewhat as Mr. Caesar Augustus must have felt when he had crossed the Rubicon.'

After saluting the President, the Seventh paraded back along the Avenue to the Capitol. Through the dust, they looked at their quarters as they went up the hill and joked about their Big Tent ready pitched. The top of the dome, of course, had been left off for ventilation.

Desks and gallery benches were allotted to the men. The leftovers occu-

pied corners and lobbies. The staff used the committee rooms. The colonel took the Speaker's parlor. Commenting favorably on the Congressmen's lavatories, the Seventh washed; and then, formed in companies, they marched down the hill to dine at the big hotels. This regiment was never obliged to put up with a ration of bacon and biscuit in the furnace room, but ate three times a day on the Avenue during the week it spent in the Capitol.

Early the next morning, soldiers from Massachusetts and Rhode Island came tramping into Washington. Troopships were gathering in a cloud outside the port of Annapolis, whose tenuous little railroad now formed the connecting link between the capital and the North. Brigadier-General Ben Butler was assigned to the command of the newly formed Department of Annapolis. He vigorously expedited the forwarding of regiments to Washington, but his jealous quarrels with the colonel of the Seventh New York had been a factor in delaying the arrival of the first troops. Butler was a military amateur, puffed up with self-importance. His stout body was encased in a gorgeous, gold-embroidered militia uniform, his crossed eyes flashed authority, and he gave his orders as curtly as a general on the stage. Although he claimed for the Eighth Massachusetts full credit for repairing the tracks, there were also skilled workmen on the job. At the request of Secretary Cameron, Mr. Thomas A. Scott, vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, had hastened to Annapolis with a corps of assistants. His former private secretary and personal telegrapher, a dapper little flaxen-haired Scotchman named Andrew Carnegie, had pitched in with the laborers and militia and was the engineer of the first train which carried soldiers to Washington over the reconstructed line from Annapolis. On the way he stopped the train to repair the telegraph line, which had been torn down and pinned to the ground. As he pulled

up the stake the released wires lashed his face, and he was bleeding profusely when he arrived at the capital.

The Eighth Massachusetts was quartered in the well-ventilated rotunda of the Capitol, between its comrades of the Sixth and its new-found friends of the Seventh New York. Drums beat, feet tramped, and guns clanked in the marble halls. In both wings, mock sessions of Congress were the favorite diversion. The uproar started every morning with the rattle of reveille. A self-appointed presiding officer rapped for order. The galleries shouted to the floor, and the floor bawled back. There were pompous speeches and burlesque debates, greeted by howls of applause and hoots of derision. In ancient committee rooms in the basement a huge bakery was being established, and, as the May days passed, smoke belched from queer little chimneys that dotted the west terrace. Soldiers lost themselves in the caves and crypts, with barrels of flour in every one of them. Even after taps had sounded, the basement of the Capitol was lively. Men in paper caps moved around the enormous troughs and ovens. Sentries stood at their posts, their guns gleaming in the gaslight, and the relief awaited its turn in the guardroom. Toward morning, the smell of fresh bread drifted warmly through the cellar damp. The wagons began to back up to receive their loads of brown loaves for the regiments.

The men of the First Rhode Island had spread their bunks beside the cabinets of curiosities in the Patent Office. They were likely troops in simple coarse uniforms — gray pants, dark blue flannel shirts, and Army hats, turned up at the side — and across their shoulders they slung the scarlet rolls of their blankets. The absence of smart trappings made the Rhode Island militia look fit and ready for business, though the regiment was noted for the social standing of some of its private soldiers. John Hay, who had attended Brown University and

knew Providence well, was impressed by the spectacle of men of wealth and breeding quietly doing their duty amid the litter of Company C's quarters in the Patent Office.

A high board fence was built at the depot to protect the troops from the welcoming crowds. Every day the population turned out to see the parade on the Avenue. 'It seemed,' wrote Theodore Winthrop of the Seventh New York, 'as if all the able-bodied men in the country were moving, on the first of May, with all their property on their backs, to agreeable but dusty lodgings on the Potomac.' Soldiers in gray and soldiers in blue, garish companies of Zouaves, chasseurs, and firemen, carried their presentation flags past the White House. The legions of the New Yorkers mingled with regiments from Pennsylvania, from Connecticut, Vermont, New Jersey, and Michigan. The full brigade from New Jersey, thirty-two hundred strong, was the largest body of men that Washington had ever seen in line; but the record soon was broken by a single afternoon's parade of four thousand men, their bayonets glittering all the way from Sixth to Fifteenth Streets. They comprised six regiments from three different States, arriving so close together that they formed a continuous procession.

Some of the regiments had made circuitous voyages, and others had been detained on guard duty along the railroad. In varying degrees, all had endured hunger and exposure. Their privations had been partially mitigated by the prompt action of Mr. James S. Wadsworth of western New York, who had dispatched a steamer loaded with provisions to Annapolis. The War Office was not even organized to take efficient care of the troops when they reached the capital. Its bureaus were accustomed to the leisurely, red-tape formalities of a small peacetime establishment, and the post of Quartermaster-General was still vacant.

The Northern arsenals contained a small number of improved weapons. In

the main, however, they were stocked with old flintlock muskets of Revolutionary days, altered by the addition of the percussion cap and rifling. These rusty and clumsy guns, frequently defective, were handed out to the militia.

As the well-equipped regiments received their baggage, they were sent to make their camps on the hills around the city. The Irishmen of the Sixty-ninth New York marched out with emerald colors flying to the grounds of Georgetown College. They were loyal to a man to their narrow-faced commander, Colonel Michael Corcoran, who had refused to order them to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales during his visit to New York. Corcoran had been court-martialed for his disobedience, but the charges were dismissed to permit him to lead his command to the seat of war.

The New Jersey Brigade camped on Meridian Hill, in the neighborhood of the Seventh New York. The regular dragoons were sent out the Seventh Street road. The First and Second Connecticut went to Glenwood, Mr. Corcoran's fine estate two miles north of Washington. The Rhode Islanders occupied huts, roofed in felt, in the vicinity of Glenwood Cemetery. The entrances had curtains of red, white, and blue, and several soldiers, with Yankee ingenuity, dug cellars underneath the floor, to keep their provisions cool. Some regret was expressed that they did not reach camp in time to get in a patch of vegetables.

The apprehensions of the Washington population had been immediately dissipated by the arrival of troops. Confectioners, oystermen, and barbers were delighted with their trade, and all but die-hard secessionists rejoiced to find that war, which had been heralded by such great alarms, had turned out to be a holiday. Two days after the Seventh New York reached the city, its band played on the lawn south of the White House. A gayly dressed and carefree crowd strolled through the grounds, to

the strains of 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Up-dee,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' and 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.'

'Strangers began to come in to see the show,' wrote Joseph Bradley Varnum, 'children were everywhere seen playing at soldiers in the streets — the ladies were delighted with the officer-beaux, and the strains of music from the numerous military bands. There seemed to be one continual drumbeat. People were awakened by the reveille, walked with measured tread during the day, and were lulled by the tattoo at night. All seemed more like a grand gala season than a serious work of war.'

The Y. M. C. A. held services, and handed out Bibles and tracts. Ladies carried delicacies to the sick and gathered to make havelocks, the headdresses which had been designed for troops in India by the British general, Sir Henry Havelock. They were made of heavy white drilling, and hung in long flaps over the soldiers' necks. As havelocks were declared to be a perfect protection from sunstroke, they were made in enormous quantities by ladies who longed to be of service. All over the Union, bales of white drilling piled up in church sewing circles, and soon the volunteers, wearing a faintly Bedouin air, were enduring the heat of the havelocks, as well as the rays of the sun.

Another regiment of New Yorkers attracted quite as much attention as the Seventh, though for totally different reasons. Elmer Ellsworth, discouraged in his aspirations to a War Department post by the jealous antagonism of Army officers, had hurried up to New York to recruit a regiment from the volunteer fire departments. He returned early in May with a gang of roughs, dressed in gray, scarlet, and blue Zouave costumes, armed with rifles and huge bowie knives, and encumbered with handsome presentation flags.

Heavy-shouldered, hard-faced, spoiling for a fight, the Fire Zouaves were a new type of hero. They tumbled off the

cars, asking for Jeff Davis and growling over the fact that they had been brought by way of Annapolis. 'We would have gone through Baltimore like a dose of salts,' one of them told the *Star* reporter. As they marched up the Avenue, the Franklin Hose Company reel dashed past them on the way to a fire, and the Zouaves hailed the apparatus with a yell of recognition. Ellsworth was indignant that no preparations had been made for the regiment. Sitting in Hammack's restaurant with John Hay, he could not enjoy his tea because his Zouaves had not been fed. Like them, he wore his hair shorn to the scalp under a little red cap, and carried a knife a foot long. His face was thin, his voice was hoarse, but he was in command of men, and he was happy.

The regiment was soon installed in the old and new Halls of Representatives. In their gaudy fancy dress, the brawny firemen sat about the floor, smoking, reading, sleeping, or playing cards. They swung themselves down on ropes from the cornice of the rotunda, walked around the outside parapets, and hung like monkeys from the edge of the dome. The Fire Zouaves had great respect for their little colonel, but they were as wild as wharf rats. Some seized a wandering pig, cut its throat, and ate it. One Zouave pushed another through thirty-five dollars' worth of plate-glass window. They bought new shoes at a fashionable bootmaker's and asked that the bill be sent to old Abe. Dinners and suppers, cigars and transportation, were charged to Jeff Davis.

After the Fire Zouaves had spent a week at the Capitol, they had an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Early one morning a fire broke out in a tailor shop next door to Willard's. As the Washington fire companies were notorious for letting buildings burn to their foundations, Colonel Joseph Mansfield, commanding the Department of Washington, gave orders to call out a detachment of the New Yorkers. Colonel Ells-

worth detailed ten men from each company, and led them on a run down the Avenue. They broke down the door of the Franklin enginehouse, and dashed across the street, followed by most of the remaining members of the regiment, who had knocked down the sentries at the doors and leapt from the windows of the Capitol at the cry of fire. A large crowd on the Avenue, including the guests of the hotel in varied wardrobes, watched the Zouaves expertly mounting lightning rods and climbing into windows. They formed themselves into human ladders for passing up water buckets, and one man was suspended headfirst from the burning roof to reach the hose line. Suddenly a Union flag on the roof quivered and fell. Secessionists in the crowd made mocking comments, but some Zouaves caught the flag and waved it, and Willard's hastily ran up two flags in a roar of cheers. With an exhibition fire drill and a patriotic demonstration, a calamity was averted. The tailor shop was in ruins, but Willard's was saved.

By breakfast time, in spite of a smell of smoke and some water damage, the hotel was doing business as usual. Servants cleaned the floors and washed the windows, while in the dining room the Zouave heroes breakfasted with the guests, on Mr. Joseph Willard's invitation. A purse of five hundred dollars was made up for them, and even Mayor Berret chipped in ten dollars.

XIV

For the most part, the soldiers were entirely unprepared for shifting for themselves. The best of the militia regiments had had no real experience of camp life. They were merely social clubs which made a hobby of drilling, and enjoyed parading in their fine uniforms on national holidays. Ben Butler admitted that even the handy boys of the Eighth Massachusetts did not know how to cook, because they had always taken caterers with them on the glorified

picnics of their encampments. They looked with a laughable uncertainty at the salt beef and hard bread and cords of wood which were distributed to them.

Certain regiments did show remarkable initiative in creating comfortable camps, with well-organized kitchens and bakeries and tidy rows of tents, decked with green boughs. They were, however, entirely uninstructed in matters of hygiene, placed the tents too close together, did not provide drainage, and usually thought it unnecessary to dig latrines. In the city, the sanitary conditions were appalling. Washington, with its river flats, its defective sewage system, and its many privies, had always been odorous in warm weather. In May of 1861, it was as sour as a mediæval plague spot. The ill-ventilated buildings were stale. Squares festered. Alleys stank. The barracks of the Fourth and Fifth Pennsylvania Regiments, at the rear of the City Hall and at the Assembly Rooms, were public nuisances. 'Are we to have pestilence among us?' asked the *Evening Star*, and the query was echoed by the worried citizens. The comatose Board of Health aroused itself to a protest, the Surgeon-General made inquiries, and the War Department conducted an investigation.

The town was growing murmurous with complaints, directed not so much against the men as against the officers. Militia colonels owed their positions to their personal popularity, and the colonels of the newly formed regiments — usually appointed by the governors of their respective States — were chosen, not on the basis of military aptitude, but because of their influence, political services, or ability to raise recruits. All other officers were elected by the soldiers themselves. The system of electing officers was acceptable, not only to the volunteers, but to the American people. It was supposed that the technical side of war could be easily mastered, and that resourceful Yankees would soon develop into competent military leaders.

Mr. Seward and a few others were saying that the war would be very short, and the President thought they might be right; but he was not entirely sanguine. Virginia was in arms. North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas were going with the Confederacy. Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri were torn by internal dissension. The War Department had refused to accept any more men for a short term of service, and the President had widely exceeded his powers by calling out volunteers for three years and by adding ten regiments to the regular Army and eighteen thousand seamen to the Navy. In the absence of Congress, Mr. Lincoln had assumed the war powers of the government. Appalled at their own audacity, the gentlemen of the Cabinet had sanctioned acts which, in Mr. Seward's opinion, might bring them all to the scaffold. Mr. Lincoln had authorized Scott to suspend the writ of habeas corpus along any military line between Washington and Philadelphia.

Army officers did not share the popular opinion that the defense of Washington had been accomplished by over-running the town with men. Colonel Mansfield, the white-bearded Inspector-General, had advised the occupation of the Virginia shore of the Potomac immediately after taking command of the Department of Washington. Mansfield was an engineer, and he saw the importance of holding the Arlington Heights, which were only two miles distant from the low-lying executive offices and the government buildings. The range of artillery fire had recently been increased to three or even four miles. For the security of Washington, redoubts were needed at the south end of the Long Bridge and the Chain Bridge above Georgetown, and also of the Aqueduct, which carried the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal over the river from Georgetown. Finally, to protect the navigation of the Potomac, the decayed old port of Alexandria must be occupied by Federal troops. Mansfield's recommendations

were accepted, but they could not immediately be carried out. It was not until May 24, the morning after the people of Virginia voted for secession, that the soldiers of the Union advanced.

Squads of cavalry posted across to hold the Virginia ends of the bridges. Under command of Colonel Stone, companies of District militia, including the National Rifles, advanced on scouting and patrol duty. South through the sleeping Island went boys from New York, New Jersey, and Michigan. Other New Yorkers converged on the Aqueduct from the Georgetown Heights. There was no sound of drum or fife. Officers gave low-voiced commands. Artillery rumbled above the heavy irregular tread of men marching in broken step. The moon made a white path on the Potomac, and tipped the rows of bayonets with sparkling points of light.

On the Virginia shore, the regiments established their outposts and engineers traced lines of fortifications. The Seventh New York sprawled out for a rest. As the sun rose high, guns were stacked, with blankets draped over them for shade. 'Nothing men can do,' thought Private Winthrop, 'except picnics, with ladies in straw flats with feathers, is so picturesque as soldiering.' He lay watching his comrades, as they lounged or slept or nibbled at their rations. It was hot, and he nodded. A rattle of horse's hoofs aroused him. Before he had grasped the shouted words that Colonel Ellsworth was dead the rider was gone, galloping on to the bridge, to carry the news to Washington.

The city was horror-struck, and at first incredulous. At ten o'clock, the tolling of the bell of the Franklin enginehouse confirmed the news. The flag of the fire company was lowered to half-mast, and then all the Union flags in Washington, great and small, drooped slowly in honor of young Ellsworth.

Carried on a litter of muskets, his body was taken by boat to the Navy Yard and laid on a bench in its neat little

enginehouse. Thousands came that day to look at the remains. At the mess of the Seventy-first New York, on duty at the yard, sat Private Francis E. Brownell of the Fire Zouaves, with blood on his gaudy uniform. Over and over again he had to tell the story: how Ellsworth had gone to the roof of the Marshall House in Alexandria and torn down the Confederate flag; how the innkeeper had shot him as he came down the stairs; how he, Private Brownell, had shot the innkeeper. His lip was bitten nearly through in his effort to keep from crying aloud. Ellsworth had understood the command of men. He had disciplined his New York roughs, played ball with them, fathered them, won their love and respect. As rage succeeded the first shock of grief, the Fire Zouaves threatened to burn the town of Alexandria, and it was thought prudent to confine them for the night on a steamer anchored in the middle of the Potomac.

The President had suffered a personal bereavement, and Ellsworth's funeral services were held in the Executive Mansion. More thousands filed through the East Room, where he lay in state, dressed in his uniform, with white lilies on his breast. On the casket Mrs. Lincoln had placed his picture, framed in a waxen laurel wreath. Single-minded, courageous, and austere, he was the ideal figure of a fallen hero. It was told that a medal he wore, a golden circle inscribed '*Non nobis, sed pro patria,*' was driven into his heart by the shot that killed him.

When the services were over, the flag-draped coffin was placed in a hearse drawn by four white horses. The military escort marched with arms reversed and colors shrouded. Directly behind the hearse came an unarmed company of Fire Zouaves, and among them Private Brownell drew all eyes, for he carried the darkly splashed Confederate flag for which Ellsworth had given his life. The President, with bowed head, drove in the cortege to the depot.

Having disgorged its volunteers, the city turned lazily in the warm sun and began to prepare for the special session of Congress, which the President had convened. At the Capitol, soap and sand removed the grease, tobacco, and filth of the soldiers' occupancy. It was remarked that the furniture and draperies, the mirrors, chandeliers, and frescoes, remained as bright as new. In spite of the well-known whittling propensities of Yankees, no cuts were found on the gallery seats. When the scrubbing was finished and the carpets had been taken up and cleaned, there was little to remind the visitor that the Capitol had been a crowded bivouac.

The application of the modern invention, the telegraph, to military uses was strikingly apparent in Washington. Immense reels of insulated wire were among the supplies which the government had ordered, and the War Department had been connected with the Navy Yard, the Arsenal, the Capitol, the depot, the Chain Bridge, and the outlying encampments. The wires were now carried into Virginia, and a corps of operators, mainly drawn from employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, took up their duties in and around the capital. Thomas A. Scott, in charge of government railways and telegraphs, placed his right-hand man, Andy Carnegie, at Alexandria to organize military transport.

Washington was startled to learn that another scientific invention, the balloon, might be used for military observations. Professor Thaddeus S. C. Lowe made several captive ascensions from the grounds of the armory on the Mall. To illustrate the speed with which observations could be reported, Lowe carried aloft a telegraphic apparatus attached by a long wire to the Executive Mansion. Mr. Lincoln received the message, 'The city, with its girdle of encampments, presents a superb scene.' Professor Lowe claimed an ascent of five hundred feet, though the correspondent of the *Star* thought it not more than two hundred.

XV

As soon as the Washington train pulled out of Baltimore, the traveler began to see the pickets guarding the railroad tracks, and the pale blotches of the camps, growing ever larger and denser as the cars moved south. The waste land around the capital seemed to have flowered in a profuse and gigantic crop of tents, guns, caissons, and white-covered wagons. Passing through the Washington depot in late June, a man felt the war like a blast of furnace heat. The gentlemen of the Thirty-seventh Congress were assembling for the special session convened by the President's proclamation. The withdrawal of the delegations of the seceded States had diminished their numbers, placing the ambitious Republican leaders in control of both Houses. Not disaffection, but death had vacated one Democratic Senator's seat. The sudden passing of Stephen A. Douglas early in June had deprived the administration of the support of the powerful little demagogue from Illinois.

New Englanders would head the four Senate committees that shaped wartime legislation. Charles Sumner of Massachusetts was chairman of Foreign Relations, and his colleague, Henry Wilson, would preside over Military Affairs. Hale of New Hampshire would rule Naval Affairs, and Fessenden of Maine, Finance. These men and others like them — Wade of Ohio and Chandler of Michigan — were the radicals of their party, to whom war offered an opportunity to punish the hated South and put an end to slavery. Equally vindictive was the crippled old leader of the House, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, a brilliant and bitter antagonist of the region below the Mason and Dixon line. Stevens would hold the purse strings of the nation as chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, which included jurisdiction over appropriations.

The urgency of the country had induced the government to anticipate the

convening of Congress by giving the order for an advance into Virginia. Viewing the war as a soldier, not as a politician, Scott was still looking toward a grand campaign of encircling the Confederacy in the autumn. An immediate invasion of Virginia would be 'a little war by piecemeal,' which would settle nothing conclusively. In vexation at the turbulent clamor of the public and the press and the interference of President Lincoln and Secretary Cameron in military affairs, he had nevertheless been forced to yield, and he had requested General Irvin McDowell to prepare a plan for a movement toward Manassas, where the Confederate forces were concentrated under command of General Beauregard. Late in June, at a military council composed of the President and the Cabinet and a number of Army officers, McDowell had spread his map on the table and demonstrated his project with clearness and precision. The plan had been adopted, and McDowell was placed in command of the army which would take the field.

The Confederate position had been well chosen strategically. It guarded the junction of the Alexandria and Orange Railroad with the branch line running to the Shenandoah Valley, and the forces at Manassas and Winchester could thus be speedily concentrated at either point. An essential condition of McDowell's plan was that this combination should be prevented, and General Scott gave assurances that Patterson, an old general of Pennsylvania militia, would detain the Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston in the Valley.

One day in June a thin, redheaded soldier had turned up in Washington to get his colonel's commission. William T. Sherman had not been easy in his job with a St. Louis street railway company. He had been appointed colonel of one of the new regiments of regulars, and while it was being recruited he was ordered on inspection duty with General Scott. At the end of the month, when McDowell

received permission to put his regiments into brigades, Sherman was placed in command of one of them.

General Scott, overburdened by his duties and suffering severely from his gout, had failed in the last few months. At his headquarters he lay on a lounge drawn into the centre of the room, and pointed with a long reed to the military maps on the wall. After dinner, under the tropical blaze of a six-burner gas chandelier, he dozed in his chair in his shirt sleeves, with a servant at his back, brushing off the flies. Two aides supported him as he hobbled to and from his carriage. Scott's manifest infirmity did not disturb the popular faith in his leadership. Many believed that he would command the army in person. It was said that a light carriage was kept always ready for a swift journey to Virginia. Scott had grown reconciled to the idea of the piecemeal war in Virginia, and was confident that the movement would succeed.

At his headquarters at Arlington, Lee's abandoned mansion, McDowell was troubled by deep misgivings. Since assuming the command in Virginia, he had met with a hundred obstacles. He was expected to weld a mass of raw regiments, belatedly straggling across the Long Bridge, into an army. Many of them were not sufficiently organized to obtain their own rations. The Federals showed no respect for the rights of Virginia civilians, arrested them and broke into their houses; and in some regiments there was a wanton tendency to loot and plunder. Near the Aqueduct there were farmhouses that had been completely sacked. McDowell had begged Mr. Cameron and Mr. Chase not to force him to organize and discipline and march and fight all at the same time. In the Mexican War he had been acting adjutant-general of Wool's column; now he was going to command an aggressive movement of thirty thousand men.

Mr. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*, obtained a pass from General

Scott and set out on a hired horse to see the Virginia camps for himself. He noted the weakness of the rudimentary fortifications at the end of the Long Bridge, and marked the filth of the camps, the officers' ignorance of company drill, and the different calibres of the artillery. Russell flatly concluded that the Federal army was a rabble.

McDowell had worked hard on his fine paper plan. He was serious and painstaking, and he had welcomed the opportunity of distinguishing himself. Yet, in the hot days of early July his soldierly figure moved against the garish Washington scene — walking alone through streets filled with troops too careless or ignorant to salute him, in spite of the gold star on his shoulder straps — like a man under the compulsion of a tragic destiny. His friend, John Bigelow, visiting him at Arlington, saw that he was greatly depressed. 'This is not an army,' McDowell said. 'It will take a long time to make an army.' Bigelow pitied him as he had never before pitied any man.

Over the telegraph, the news winged to the Union that at last there was going to be an advance. Files of Northern newspapers were regularly sent from Washington to the headquarters of McDowell's West Point classmate, Beauregard. The Confederate forces were not, however, obliged to depend for their information on newspaper stories, distorted by patriotic boasting, crazy rumors, and bare-faced inventions. It was not hard to travel quietly between Washington and the enemy lines. The secessionist ladies of the capital were not all innocent sentimentalists of the old régime. There were resolute spirits among them who would stop at nothing to aid the Southern cause. The most important of these was the elegant widow, Mrs. Rose O'Neil Greenhow. During the Buchanan administration, she had known everyone of official consequence. Statesmen, soldiers, and diplomats had dined at her table, escorted her

on promenades, paid her evening — sometimes late evening — calls.

After the outbreak of hostilities, Mrs. Greenhow's Southern sympathies had not prevented her enjoying the society of Union officers. She was not estranged from her friends among the Republican leaders. She still received Secretary Seward, and commented that she found him convivially loquacious after supper. Senator Wilson of Massachusetts was frequently a guest in her little house, across from St. John's Church. That plebeian abolitionist had none of Mr. Seward's social grace, but he was a powerful figure in the Senate. He was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mrs. Greenhow later avowed that her relations with the Republicans had been prompted by a desire to learn their plans, in order to make herself useful to the South. 'To this end I employed every capacity with which God had endowed me,' she wrote, 'and the result was far more successful than my hopes could have flattered me to expect.' In May she had been approached by a friend, Captain Thomas Jordan of the United States Army, on the subject of sending information to the Confederate forces. Jordan had lingered in the capital long after his allegiance was given to the rebellion. Before he changed his blue coat for a gray one and went off to become colonel and adjutant-general in Beauregard's army, he provided Mrs. Greenhow with a cipher code. Behind his earthworks at Manassas, the little Creole general had reason to appreciate the happy foresight which Jordan had shown before departing from Washington.

According to General Beauregard, it was about July 10 when he received his first message from Mrs. Greenhow concerning the Federal advance. It was delivered by a Washington girl, Miss Bettie Duvall, to the South Carolinian, General M. L. Bonham, at Fairfax Court-House. Bonham saw in Miss

Duvall the beautiful spy of romance, with glossy black hair and dark, sparkling eyes. On the preceding day she had crossed the Chain Bridge in a market cart. At the house of Virginia friends she had changed her 'peasant dress' for a neat riding costume, and posted off to Fairfax on a borrowed horse. Admitted to Bonham's headquarters, Miss Duvall took out her tucking comb, and from beneath the tumbling masses of her hair drew a package the size of a silver half-dollar, sewn up in black silk. It contained the information that the Federals would advance by way of Fairfax Court-House and Centreville, and that an attack might be expected by the middle of July. This news was confirmed by other reports. Beauregard immediately began to prepare for the attack, and dispatched an aide to Richmond to advise the Confederate authorities.

XVI

July 9 had been the date set for McDowell's movement, but it was only by great exertion that he was able to get his army under way a week later. On the morning of Tuesday, July 16, there was intense excitement in Washington. For the last two days, troops and wagon trains and ambulances had been going across the Potomac. The extension of the Federal pickets had interfered with the underground communication between the Confederates and their friends in Washington. During the night of July 15, a man named Donellan was secretly ferried across the Potomac at a point below Alexandria, and in the morning he entered the capital, rumorously with the army's advance. Donellan knew the city well, for until recently he had been a government clerk, and he had no trouble in finding 'a certain house . . . within easy rifle-range of the White House,' in General Beauregard's phrase. The credentials which he handed to Mrs. Greenhow consisted of a small scrap of paper on which the words 'Trust bearer'

were written in Colonel Jordan's cipher. Mrs. Greenhow, in the same cipher, wrote nine words: 'Order issued for McDowell to march upon Manassas tonight.' By her own account, she had been able to obtain a copy of the order.

Donellan was sped in a buggy, with relays of horses, down the eastern shore of the Potomac to a Confederate ferry in Charles County, Maryland, a district of slaveholding planters strongly secessionist in sentiment. On the Virginia side, the message was handed to a cavalry courier, and galloping relays carried it to Manassas. At nightfall, Beauregard had the nine words which Mrs. Greenhow had written — momentous words to him. Within half an hour he had ordered his outpost commanders to fall back before the enemy to already designated positions. Next morning he sent an urgent telegram to Richmond asking that General Joe Johnston's forces in the Valley be permitted to join him, and was promptly assured that not one army but two would confront the Federals at Manassas.

On Wednesday the army straggled into Fairfax Court-House, and twenty-four hours later into Centreville. In its wake followed visitors who had been attracted to the country capital by the interesting prospect of a battle. Parties on horseback and in carriages succeeded in making their way to the head of the advancing column. As the rebel outposts fell back, Northern newspapers exulted over a Confederate retreat. On to Fairfax! On to Centreville! The soldiers were as joyous, said the *Boston Transcript*, as if bound on a clam-bake.

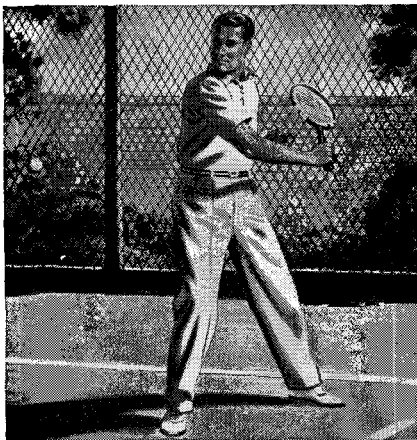
At Centreville, McDowell's force faced the main army of Beauregard, which was entrenched beyond Bull Run, a winding, sluggish stream bordered by steep wooded banks. On the hot morning of Thursday, as the London correspondent went into the department headquarters on the Avenue, Mansfield dashed out of his room. 'Mr. Russell, I

fear there is bad news from the front.' 'Are they fighting, General?' 'Yes, sir. That fellow Tyler has been engaged, and we are whipped.' Messengers and orderlies, aides and civilians, were running in and out of the departments, the Executive Mansion, and the Capitol. On the Avenue, an Army officer shouted as he rode, 'These confounded volunteers have run away.' From the Capitol, smoke could be seen rising in Virginia, and people thought it came from cannon, though it was evidently from burning houses and campfires.

At Army headquarters, word had been received that the divisional commander, old Colonel Tyler, ordered to make a reconnaissance of the lower fords of Bull Run, had bravely exposed a large part of his force to heavy fire, under which the men had retreated in confusion. The major engagement had been postponed. McDowell remained at Centreville, seeking to obtain information about the difficult terrain and to concentrate his half-organized command. There had been much burning and pillaging of Fairfax Court-House. The men were wearied by their march in the terrible heat, and shaken in spirit by Tyler's blunder.

Stories of desperate fighting and immense losses continued to circulate in Washington on Friday; yet the confidence of the unionist population remained unshaken. With such an army as McDowell's, the dislodgement of the Confederates from their works, said the *Star*, could only be a question of hours. The July sun glared from a brazen sky. Early in the day a troop of regular cavalry rode exhausted through the city, horses and men flagging in the heat. Laggard Federal soldiers wandered idly through the streets, without fear of arrest, and skulking officers were numerous in the barrooms and restaurants. In the evening, General McDowell and two or three staff officers were ushered into General Scott's quarters. McDowell had completed his reconnais-

Some Suggestions for enjoying your Summer



Week-end athletes should be careful. It is unwise to plunge straight from business into hours of strenuous exercise over the week end. Exercise is most beneficial when you take it easily and gradually. Stop before you are "all in," and avoid any unusual exertion soon after eating. That's the way full-time athletes keep in shape.



There's danger in the sun. You cannot get a nice coat of tan all at once—but you can get painfully, dangerously burned trying to. It is much better to expose yourself to the Summer sun gradually, in slowly increasing doses. To prevent sunstroke or heat exhaustion, it is well to keep the head covered in direct sunlight; to wear light, loose, porous clothing; and to get plenty of rest.

There are poisons abroad. It is well to be able to

recognize poison ivy and poison sumac. Also, to look before you leap or step or reach—in sections where these hazards are present or where there are poisonous snakes. Dependable antiseptics should be kept handy to prevent cuts and scratches from becoming infected. If infection does threaten, a doctor should be seen *promptly*, before one of these poisons has time to do serious harm.

Eat and drink carefully. Drink plenty of cool, clear water—but, like experienced hikers, carry pure water with you or drink only from wells, brooks, or springs that you know are safe. It is wise to make sure that the milk you get in a strange locality is pure. You will feel better if you eat light foods, right for Summer, and if you are careful to avoid overeating.



Water sports bring their hazards. Learn to swim ... always swim with companions or in sight of other people. Before you dive, make sure the water is deep enough and that there are no submerged objects you might hit. Any boat you are in should be manned by someone who can handle it safely. Those who cannot swim would do well to stay out of small boats altogether.

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sance, and the great battle would be fought on Sunday.

Washington received the news with rejoicing. 'Before the battle,' wrote 'Sunset' Cox, a Democratic Congressman from Ohio, 'the hopes of the people and of their representatives are very elate and almost jocosely festive.' Already, at Centreville, the carriages of the visitors gave the bivouacs 'the appearance of a monster military picnic.' On Saturday there was a great rush to obtain passes to Virginia for the fighting next morning. The demand for picnic lunches was tremendous. 'The French cooks and hotel-keepers,' Russell wrote, 'have arrived at the conclusion that they must treble the prices of their wines and of the hampers of provisions which the Washington people are ordering to comfort themselves at their bloody Derby.' All the carriages, gigs, wagons, and hacks in Washington had been hired at advanced rates.

In the tranquil loveliness of the summer morning, the army of sightseers crossed the silver Potomac and drove through the wooded hills, the deserted farms, and the ripening cornfields of the Virginia countryside. The gentlemen were dressed in thin summer clothing. They carried spyglasses, rifles, and revolvers. In their comfortable carriages they had stowed rich lunches, bottles of wine, and flasks of Monongahela and Bourbon. There were a few adventurous ladies among them. Negroes looked from the doors of their cabins, as they jolted over the road ploughed up by artillery and army wagons. The muffled pounding of artillery began to be heard in the distance, growing heavier and louder as the carriages rolled toward Fairfax. Out of a cloud of dust came a shambling body of troops, with carts laden with baggage and chairs and tables. They were the men of the Fourth Pennsylvania. Their time was up, and, with the Eighth New York Battery, they had been discharged at Centreville the day before. Talking and laughing, they

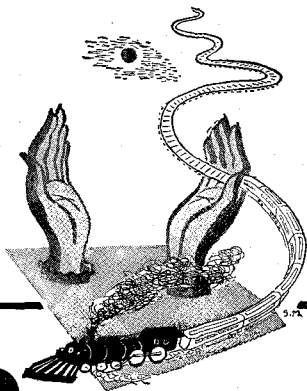
hurried on to Alexandria, with the battle roaring at their backs.

Among the Senators on the road to Centreville were some of the Republican leaders who had been loudest in their demand for an advance — Henry Wilson and Ben Wade and Zach Chandler. The holiday mood of the partisans was enriched by the anticipation of seeing the rebels run for Richmond. Congressman Albert G. Riddle of Ohio had a sentimental duty to his constituents. He had promised 'our Grays' that, if a battle were fought near Washington, he would join them and share their fortunes on the field. It was as simple and informal as that. Matthew Brady, the fashionable photographer, drove to Centreville, lugging his huge camera and plate holder. He was a bushy-haired little Irishman, with a pointed beard and a big nose, and he wore a long light duster and a straw hat. His wagon was shrouded with black cloth and fitted with chemicals, for Brady was obsessed with the idea that he could do something which no man had ever done before — make a photographic record of a battlefield.

XVII

Meantime, in Washington, the Sunday streets were quiet. There was a feeling of strong suspense, but no alarm. A quiet throng stood all day in front of the Treasury, listening to the dull rumbling of the distant guns. After church, Mr. Lincoln studied the unofficial telegrams that were coming in from the vicinity of the battlefield. He went to call on General Scott, and aroused the veteran from an afternoon nap. Scott still expressed confidence of success, and composed himself to sleep again.

Later in the afternoon, a reassuring report was received at Scott's headquarters. The dispatches all declared that the Federals were pressing forward; and with a feeling of relief the President ordered his carriage. He had not returned from his drive when, at six o'clock, Mr.



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Seward came to the White House, haggard and hoarse-voiced. He asked the private secretaries where the President was, and whether they had any late news. They had the reports of a Federal success. 'Tell no one,' Mr. Seward said. 'That is not true. The battle is lost. The telegraph says that McDowell is in full retreat, and calls on General Scott to save the capital.'

At first Scott received the adverse news with incredulity, but it was confirmed by a dispatch from McDowell himself. The President and the Cabinet gathered in Scott's quarters. They sat gravely in their black coats among the old pedantic War Department generals and the fledgling staff officers with brass spurs and rakish kepis. Orderlies ran across from the War Department with the telegrams. The acting Adjutant-General, Colonel E. D. Townsend, sat near the door to receive them, and read them aloud. Once he faltered — after the words, 'Colonel Cameron.' Townsend looked for a moment at the Secretary of War, whose brother was at the front with his Highland regiment; then he whispered the rest of the sentence — 'was killed.'

Still, in anxiety for definite news of the outcome, the Washington crowds, many women among them, lingered abroad. Before Willard's blazing windows the pavement was packed, and every arrival was closely scanned and questioned. The traffic on the Long Bridge was growing heavy. The night air was cool after the burning day, as the sightseers clattered home in the moonlight to the capital.

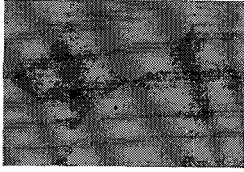
All those who returned toward midnight had been in the tumult and dust and terror of the retreat, the smashing, tumbling torrent of carriages, army wagons, sutlers' teams, and running soldiers. Some people who had driven out in the morning did not come back that night because their carriages had been wrecked, or commandeered to carry the wounded. Mr. Russell's gig had de-

parted without him while he was off having a look at the battle, and he had been obliged to ride all the way to Washington. 'Stranger, have you been to the fight?' called the soldiers at the city end of the Long Bridge.

Ben Wade and Zach Chandler drove into Washington with set and angry faces. Near Fairfax, their carriage and Congressman Riddle's had blocked the road and stopped the rush of panic-stricken soldiers. Ben Wade had threatened the runaways with his rifle. He and Chandler made straight for the White House.

Back came the other Republicans: Senator Trumbull, feeling dreadfully mortified; Senator Wilson, who had been obliged to mount a stray army mule; Senator Grimes, who had escaped capture by less than a minute, and resolved that this was the last battlefield he would ever visit voluntarily. Congressman Riddle returned shaken by a knowledge of the depths of his own nature. Examining the body of a dead Union soldier, he had discovered in himself 'a brutish desire to kill.' He would gladly have plunged into the fight with his Remingtons, but the battle had moved on, and no rebel was in sight. He was a teetotaler, but he admitted that he took a long drink of whiskey.

On a lounge in his office, the President received the spectators of the battle. Some thought that the soldiers had been infected with panic by the frightened sightseers, some thought the civilian teamsters were to blame. Others cursed the want of morale among the three months' men, who were thinking only of getting home. All decried the volunteer officers who had deserted their commands and run to save their necks. Lincoln listened in silence. He did not go to bed all night. Clouds swirled across the face of the moon, the sky darkened, and a sullen morning dawned in a drizzle of rain; and with daylight came the soldiers — not the victorious rebel army, but the defenders of the Union. Across



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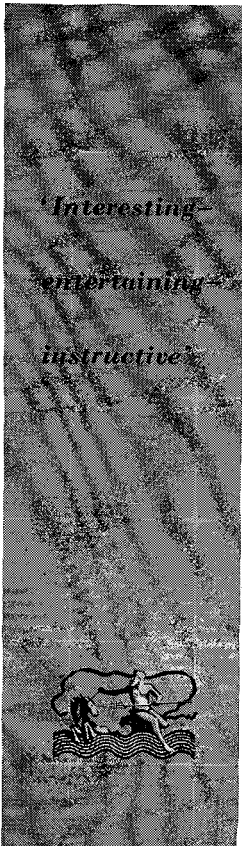
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the Long Bridge and the Chain Bridge and the Aqueduct, they scrambled back to Washington; to safe, familiar streets, to shops and houses, to a place where they had had rest and rations and letters from home.

By six o'clock the tramp and splash of their feet and the murmur of their voices rose loudly above the drumming of the rain. Occasionally a regiment marched in order. The men still bore their arms and had the look of soldiers. Most of the groups were conglomerations of squads, broken companies, and stragglers, mingled in disorder. They did not appear to be soldiers, said an excellent observer, Frederick Law Olmsted, so much as 'a most woebegone rabble, which had perhaps clothed itself with the garments of dead soldiers left on a hard-fought battlefield.' Their bright militia uniforms were smoke-stained, muddy, and sopping. Guns, coats, caps, shoes, and haversacks had been lost or thrown away. They staggered through the staring city like sleepwalkers, dropped on the steps of houses, crumpled on the curbstones with their heads against the lamp-posts, stretched full-length in the flooded gutters. Artillerymen and officers slept on their horses as they rode.

There were many slightly wounded men in the streets, and more were lying strewn along the road from Fairfax Court-House. A hospital had been set up in Alexandria, and Andy Carnegie had got a sunstroke superintending the transport of the wounded on the cars, but ambulance-loads were coming into Washington as well. A little wagon drove along the Avenue with Judge Daniel McCook in the driver's seat. In the back he had the body of his son, Charles, a boy of seventeen, who had enlisted in the Second Ohio. Before Mrs. Parris's boardinghouse, across from Brown's Hotel, a sympathetic crowd gathered, while they carried the body in. Two years later the old judge himself would fall in a skirmish in the West. Mr. Matthew Brady came forlornly back to

his photographic studio on the Avenue. He had lost everything — wagon, camera, equipment. His duster was badly wrinkled, and under it he wore a sword which he had been given by some Fire Zouaves who had found him lost in the woods near Bull Run.

All day McDowell's army streamed into Washington. They stood in the wet streets around smouldering fires built of boards pulled from the fences, and told fearful stories of masked batteries, black horse cavalry, and regiments cut to pieces. A gaudy handful of men, grouped in front of the Treasury, claimed to be the only survivors of the Fire Zouaves. Soldiers were begging for food at the doors of the houses. Ladies stood in the rain, handing out sandwiches and coffee. Citizens sent their carriages across the river to carry wounded and exhausted men into town.

Helplessly stretched in the mud, Washington awaited capture in the morning; but no invasion came. The rebel army, too, was made up of volunteers. They had been as disorganized as the Federals by their unexpected victory. Across the Long Bridge came only the wagon trains which had slowly disputed the narrow road from Centreville — white-covered supply wagons, boxlike ambulances, country carts, and sutlers' vans. By noon on Tuesday, the Long Bridge was solidly blocked from end to end. The cries of the wounded could be heard above the shouts of the drivers.

The sight of Confederate prisoners awakened fierce resentment, for stories of atrocities to the Federal wounded had spread through the city and were believed. Some were spattered with mud and cursed as they marched from Mansfield's headquarters to the Old Capitol on First Street, where it had been decided to confine them. Soldiers and citizens, gathered in front of the Treasury, assailed one party of prisoners with cries of 'Kill them!' and the escort of marines had hard work to keep the crowd



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back with their bayonets. However, the Southerners presently discovered that they had friends in Washington. Mrs. Greenhow, who had been in New York over the week-end, returned to visit them, and to raise a fund to supply them with food and clothing. In this work she was assisted by Mrs. Philip Phillips, wife of a Washington attorney who had formerly been a member of Congress from Alabama; and, according to the *Star*, Senator Breckinridge of Kentucky also went to the Old Capitol to see the Confederate prisoners. A few days later, however, visitors were excluded. Mrs. Greenhow was especially named in the order.

To the sanguine expectations of the North, the reverse had been a cruel disappointment. In spite of bitterness and angry criticism, the Union did not flag in its determination to carry on the war. Even as the militia hurried north, new regiments of three years' volunteers tramped through the depot, to form and march in Washington. The hurrah of their arrival resounded amid the confusion and the defeat. Up the Avenue went their serious young faces, their dapper officers, rich flags, and bleating bands. For a second time the nation was rising in force to defend its capital and its cause.

On the banks of Bull Run, more had been lost than the battle, more than pride and honor. The tradition of Lexington had suffered an eclipse. The notion was spreading which for weeks had been voiced in Washington, that gallant hearts were not enough, that training, too, was needed to make an army. American volunteers had been whipped, and shamefully whipped, and the country's blame fell heavily on their

officers. Many of them had been among the first to run. Soldiers had been left leaderless on the field. Two hundred officers sent in their resignations after the battle. Others filled the Washington barrooms, drinking, defeated, sick of the war, indifferent to their orders and their men.

In the chorus of recrimination, the higher officers suffered as well. West Pointers were derided. A scapegoat was needed for the humiliating blunder of the battle, and General McDowell was proclaimed incompetent. Quiet and self-possessed, McDowell sat at his headquarters at Arlington Heights, trying to reorganize the broken army. He wrote John Bigelow that it was his chief consolation that his friends seemed warmer to him than ever. He had welcomed the opportunity of distinguishing himself. No one knew better than he how disastrously — and how fortuitously — he had failed.

General Patterson had weakly permitted Johnston's army to join Beauregard. The old three months' general from Pennsylvania had had too great a responsibility in the Valley. He was mustered out in a storm of obloquy. Even General Scott was suspected of being in part responsible for the mismanagement of the battle. He lost his temper and blamed the politicians, and called himself the greatest coward in America; and across his magnificent figure a shadow fell. It was cast by the stocky young major-general who was summoned from western Virginia to supersede McDowell and Mansfield in command of all the troops at Washington. The nation which hailed George B. McClellan had learned that no summer excursion of militia would end that war.

(To be continued)

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